

Girls
&
Games
Kate O'Beirne

October 13, 1997 49145 \$3.50 U.S., \$4.50 Canadian

The Way We Look Now — Special Section

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Beginnings Of Faith

William F. Buckley Jr.

Leading from Behind — The GOP And Quotas

Ramesh Ponnuru

John O. McGinnis

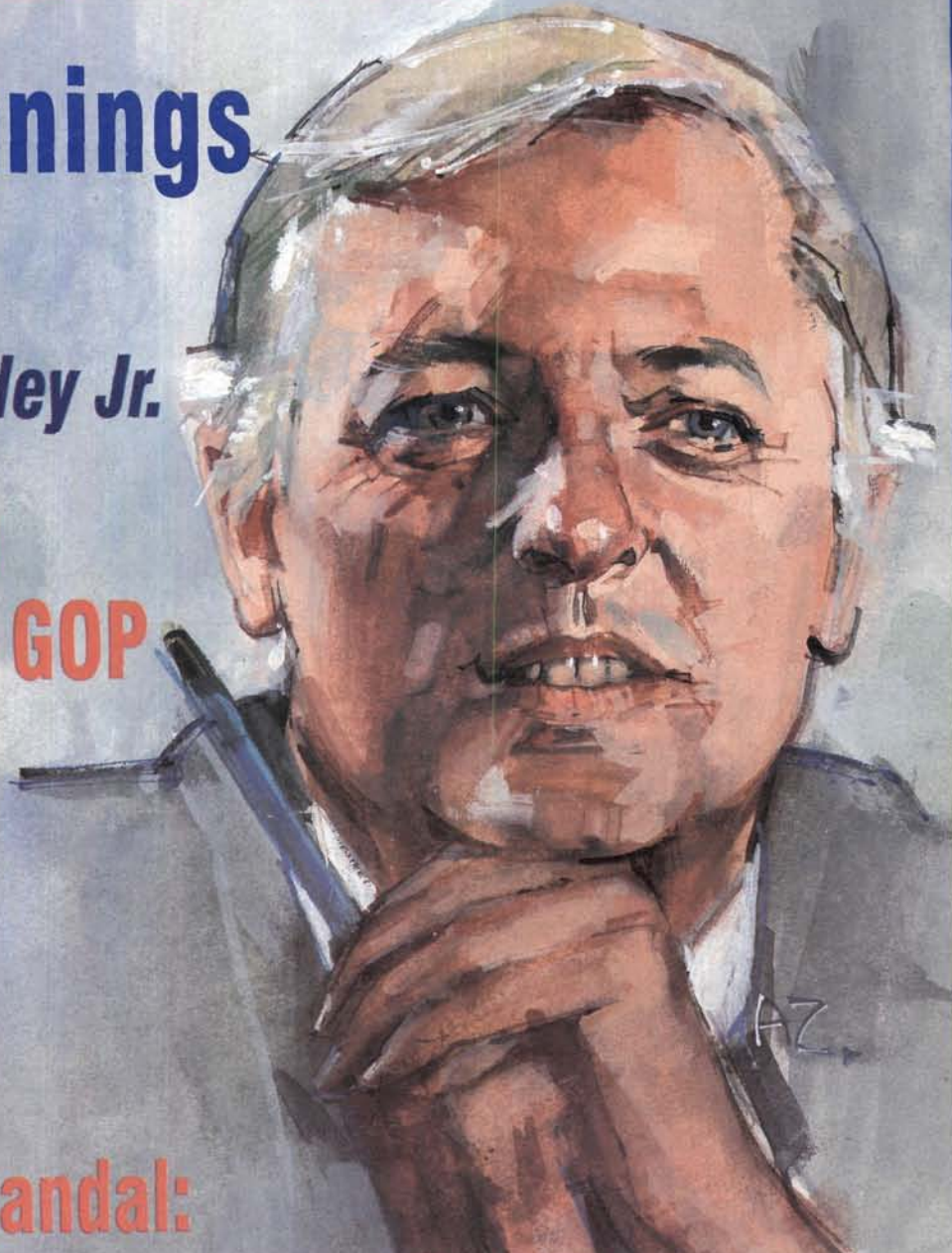
Gail L. Heriot

Frederick R. Lynch

Evan Gahr

Latest Dem Scandal: Toddlergate

David Mastio



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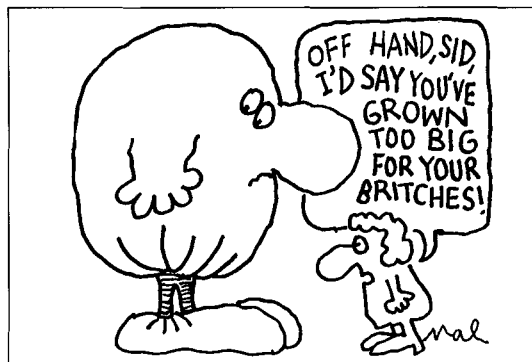
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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 13, 1997 VOL. XLIX, NO. 19



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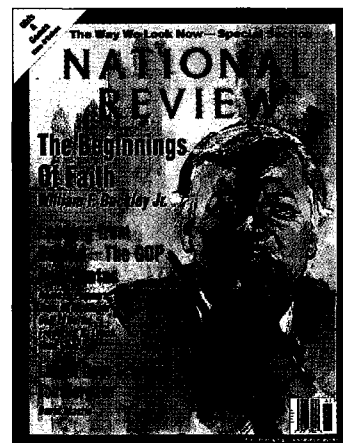
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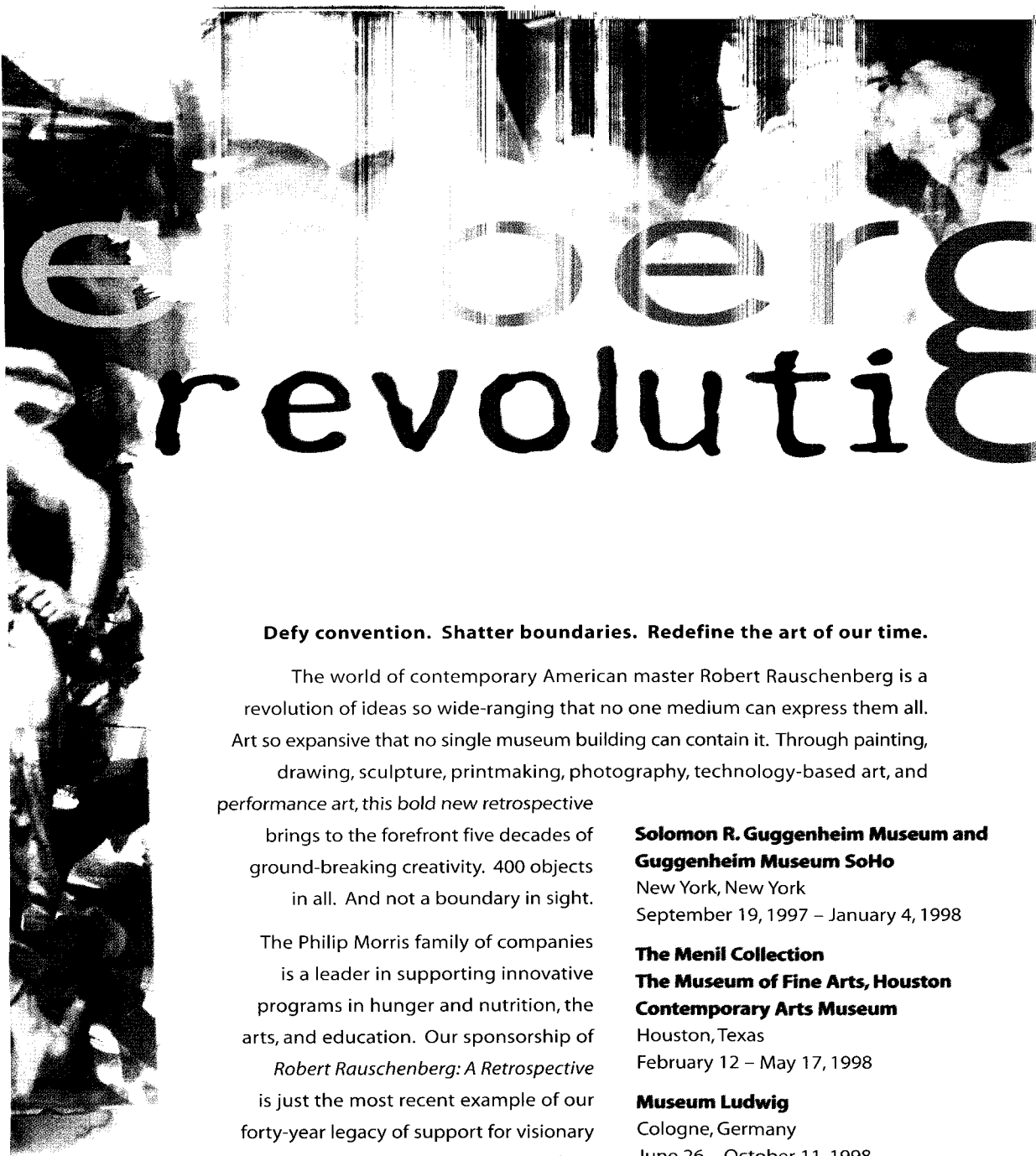
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rauschen



Above: *Chain Reaction (Anagram)*, 1996,
vegetable-dye transfer on paper,
courtesy of Pace Wildenstein

Left: Robert Rauschenberg, Alex Hay,
and Carolyn Brown performing *Pelican*,
New York Theater Rally, May 24–26, 1965



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LETTERS

Future Leaders?

Just how dumbed down are America's schools [Sept. 15]? Probably not as much as they will be. I've worked in schools for years, in four states. During the 1996-97 school year, I asked 21 students in grades 8 to 12 if they knew the three branches of government. Only one did, and he spelled them: "Judishal, Ledgeslative, and Executive." One of the more interesting answers was: "Democratican, Republican, Non-Denominational." I asked the same group in what year Abraham Lincoln was born: 1492, 1565, 1809, or 1908. Five thought it was 1492, five 1565, and two 1908. I then asked how Lincoln died. One student believed he died in battle, one thought at the age of ninety, and five said hepatitis. When I asked which war he was associated with, four said the Revolutionary War, and three thought it was the French and Indian War. Only six students could recite the first six words of the Gettysburg Address, and not a single one knew how many years four score and seven represented. I also asked the students simple math questions. My recommendation—count your change.

David L. Snell
Faubush, Ky.

This Is the Deal

Ronald Trowbridge's "sky-is-falling" crusade against school choice ["Devil's Deal . . .," Sept. 15] actually helps to preserve the status quo of socialized elementary and secondary education. Regulation is a serious concern, about which we must be ever vigilant. But take Mr. Trowbridge's worst-case scenario: America's post-secondary educational system. Yes, private colleges are too regulated, but they maintain essential autonomy. More important, students may use government aid at private or public schools. The system is the world's best.

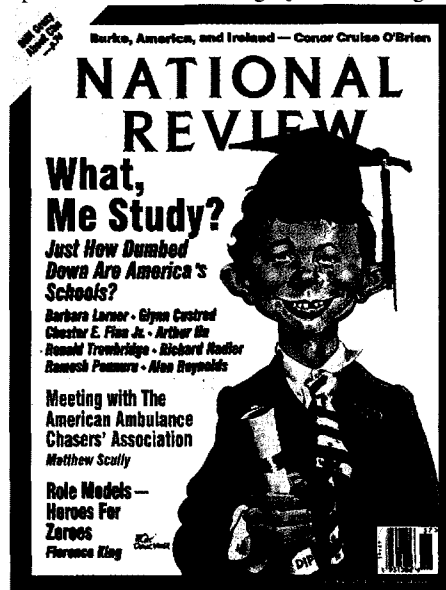
Compare that to America's elementary and secondary schools—one of the modern industrial world's worst. Roughly 10 per cent of children attend private schools. The real "devil's deal" is confining the vast majority of children (particularly the poor) to monopolized public education.

But the regulatory menace is overstated in any event. After seven years of choice in Milwaukee the result is a great clamoring not for heavy regulation of private schools, but for deregulation of public schools. Vermont has had a rural school-choice system for over one hundred years with no regula-

tion of private schools. The net effect of placing resources in the hands of parents is far greater parental and community control over education. School choice could precipitate the greatest domestic expansion of freedom in this century. That libertarians would find themselves marching against freedom with the likes of the National Education Association is appalling.

Clint Bolick
Litigation Director, Institute for Justice
Washington, D.C.

If fear of state-regulated education does not justify acceptance of a continued massive monopoly of state-regulated education, Ramesh Ponnuru's prudential response to Mr. Trowbridge ["... The Right



Choice"] may be enough to outweigh that argument against parental choice in education. But when conservatives tremble at the very same prospect that gives fits to big-government advocates, it is reasonable to wonder what is going on.

Once, only the Left argued that history is a one-way street and that government is an arena in which the forces of "progress" will forever triumph. It is, to say the least, ironic to find this Marxist teleology implicit in the warnings of current American conservatives. I realize we have had a bad century, but the time has come to shake it off and get on with the business of realizing the Founders' vision of a competent but limited government.

Critics of parental choice from the Right appear oblivious to the possibility of limit-

ed government. What good is democracy if government is in itself an irresistible natural enemy to freedom, a force that cannot be harnessed to the will of its citizens? Do not equate our non-defeatism with gullibility. We were not simple-minded when we devised the voucher, which can be legally acceptable only if it is applied as a free and independent act of a citizen. A transfer of authority from state to citizen inheres in this instrument, for government cannot authorize a "direct payment" to a religious institution, whereas a citizen might freely choose a school where the word "God" is spoken aloud. This is why vouchers will be approved, why they will work, and why they are feared on the left.

Of course we should be wary of post-voucher efforts to regulate citizens' decisions. Yet the less hopeless among us suspect that once Mom and Dad have had a taste of a freedom essential to their vocation as parents, politicians who like being in office may become cautious about taking it away. What voucher proponents believe is that democracy can work. And if we are going to get an argument on that point, we would rather not hear it from conservatives.

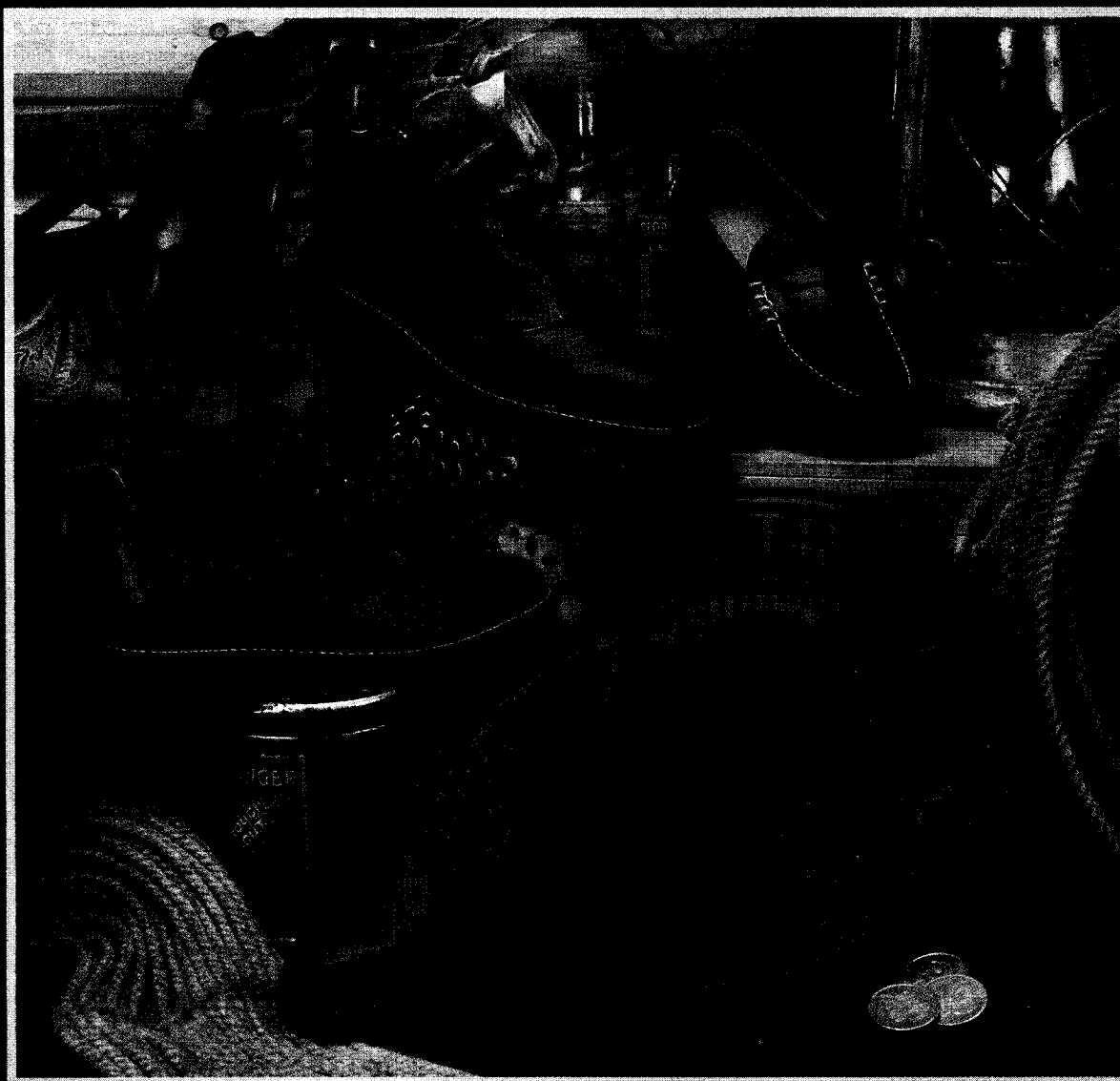
Michael S. Joyce
The Bradley Foundation
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Voucher critics like Ronald Trowbridge have performed a valuable service in alerting conservatives to vouchers' dangers. Messrs. Bolick and Joyce are right, however, that the realization of those dangers is by no means inevitable—a judgment given added weight by their practical experience fighting in the trenches for educational freedom. We can all agree that conservatives must remain ever vigilant in fending off overregulation of private schools. —RP

English Speaker

John O'Sullivan's analysis of Newt Gingrich's comments in *The New Yorker* about the number of languages spoken in the Chicago school system ["From the Editor," Sept. 15] may unintentionally have left your readers with the impression that the Speaker is not a strong advocate for the idea of a common language. Nothing could be further from the truth. Speaker Gingrich has long been a staunch supporter of U.S. English's efforts to make English the official language of the United States. He spoke eloquently from the floor of the House last year in support of HR-123, and even devoted an entire chapter of his book, *To Renew America*, to the importance of English as the common language of America.

Despite the fact that official-English legislation has the overwhelming support of the American public, too many politicians have been timid in their support for fear of



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offending self-proclaimed minority leaders. NATIONAL REVIEW should be commending the Speaker as one of the few who speak out boldly on this subject, instead of condemning him for an idea which, unlike current bilingual education, at least aims to produce students fluent in English.

Mauro E. Mujica
Chairman of the Board/CEO,
U.S. English
Washington, D.C.

I am delighted that Mr. Gingrich is a staunch supporter of official English, and I look forward to satisfactory legislation from Congress. My point, however, was a different one: namely, that Republicans have fallen into the habit of seeing the most improbable silver linings around the most threatening clouds. Mr. Gingrich's words were an example of this. We should all remember Louis MacNeice's lines: "The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever, / But if you break the bloody glass, you won't hold up the weather." —JO'S

Getting a Big Head

One point worth adding to J. Philippe Ruston's lambasting of Stephen Jay Gould ["The Mismeasures of Gould," Sept. 15] is that Gould's famous political argument—that *Homo sapiens* hasn't been around long enough for significant racial differences to evolve—is directly contradicted by Gould's own famous scientific theory of "punctuated equilibrium," which holds that evolution can occur extremely rapidly.

Steve Sailer
Chicago, Ill.

I do not know whether the size of the brain is connected to a high IQ or not. However, when Mr. Rushton claims that "MRI . . . have shown a strong positive correlation (0.44) between brain size and intelligence," he is absolutely wrong. A correlation of 0.44 is a weak one. I know, PhDs in psychology and EdDs get ecstatic about correlations as low as 0.3. But it can be shown that such correlations can be had in astrology, and astrology is a pseudo-science. Any correlation of less than 0.5 is meaningless; and you have to get to 0.7 or better before you can talk about strong.

George Noonan
Sylmar, Calif.

The 0.44 correlation between brain size and intelligence is the same magnitude as that between socioeconomic status and intelligence. Even small differences in brain size translate into millions of cortical neurons and a difference in mental activity. If Mr. Noonan could predict stock movements as well as brain size predicts IQ, he would be extremely wealthy. —JPR

So Sue Me

Matthew Scully ["Law of the Jungle," Sept. 15] has adopted the mass-media outcry that what is wrong with America is that we have too many lawyers. Would he blame General Motors for traffic jams or sanitation workers for overflowing landfills? In most cases, lawyers do not sue without a willing, enthusiastic client. It took Mr. Scully a trip to the American Bar Association convention to discover that "law . . . is business." A trip to other conventions—say, for doctors, accountants, plumbers, or morticians—would reveal that other professions have lectures, books, and advice on billing practices too.

Mr. Scully complains that lawyers neglect justice for cases. Judges are to dispense justice. Lawyers are advocates. And is Mr. Scully suggesting governmental intervention in contingency fees? Like freedom of speech, freedom of contract can lead to some very unpopular activities, but it is nevertheless a cherished constitutional right.

Estella S. Gold
Attorney at Law
Moorestown, N.J.

A motion for delay is requested while I study counsel's landfill analogy. Meanwhile, I would remind Miss Gold that law is not business, it is the administration of justice. Lawyers are not entrepreneurs, they are officers of the court. And the contingency fee is not a constitutional right, but a payment system entirely within the power of legislatures to abolish. —MS

Say It Right

Rep. Peter T. King's problem is revealed in the phrase "British rule in Ireland" ["Letters," Sept. 15]. There is no British rule in Ireland. There is no nation called Britain. The nation he means is "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland." "British rule in Northern Ireland" is akin to "contiguous-48-states rule in Alaska." The contiguous 48 states don't rule Alaska, Alaskans do (as part of the U.S.); and the Northern Irish rule Ireland (as part of the UK). If the Alaskans voted to join Canada, they could, and if the Northern Irish voted to join the Republic of Ireland, they could too. Incidentally, since 1922 citizens of the Republic of Ireland residing in the UK have had the right to vote in UK elections, and do so in large numbers.

Mind you, the British government (as it often calls itself) is at fault too for not insisting on correct terminology, and correct symbology. Right understanding stems from the right use of words. The opposite view is called "postmodernism."

Tom Shippey
Webster Groves, Mo.



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FROM THE EDITOR

Type Casting

■ Our contest for the best use of “multicultural” to mean “good” or “worthy” produced many amusing entries—and one clear winner. Mr. Tom Rood of Decatur, Illinois, sent in the following Knight-Ridder advance puff for Disney’s forthcoming television *Cinderella*:

“Disney’s newest *Cinderella* passes multicultural muster with flying colors. The title role belongs to singer-actress Brandy [who is black] . . . Her prince is Paolo Montalban, a newcomer of Hispanic descent. Milk-skinned Bernadette Peters has the role of the wicked stepmother whose two haughty daughters are played by white and black actresses [Ugly Sisters under the skin, presumably]. Whitney Houston is the fairy godmother, Jason Alexander [is] . . . the Prince’s loyal steward, Lionel, and Whoopi Goldberg gets to be Queen Constantina.” (My brackets.)

“We hope that this *Cinderella*, as we approach the millennium,” says co-producer Debra Martin Chase, “is reflective of what our society is today.”

Not quite. The Ugly Sisters—oops, sorry, “haughty daughters”—should surely be white and Asian. But the new Disney *Cinderella* is a brilliant reflection of what multiculturalism itself means in our society—i.e., a monocultural fairy tale involving people of different races and ethnic groups.

So, congratulations and the usual bottle of bubbly to Mr. Rood.

■ Several entries lost because, though hilarious, they did not use “multicultural” as meaning “good” or “worthy.”

Of these the best was Appendix B of the U.S. Army’s Training Circular 28-6, the “Commander’s Guide to Equal Opportunity,” listing the concessions that the armed forces should make for the sake of “contemporary religious accommodation.”

The religions to be accommodated include not only black and white supremacy “religions,” the Branch Davidians, and scientologists, but even the Church of Satan.

The document does not actually list what concessions commanders should make to Satanist practices. One suspects that they might be prejudicial to good order and discipline. But Native Americans are to be allowed “sage-burning” (peyote) and adherents of Santeria get animal sacrifices.

Native Americans also are given access to a medicine man in time of sickness, unlike Christian Scientists, who are accommodated with perfect logic by getting “no use of medicine” at all.

On the whole, I think this document is a hoax, but the modern world outdistances satire so often that I cannot be absolutely sure.

■ Recently Michael Kelly was fired as editor of *The New Republic* after turning down an article by proprietor Marty Peretz, who wanted to argue that the latest revelations of Al Gore’s chicanery were “old news and overblown.”

This led me to recall a remark of Schopenhauer’s sent in by a reader: “There are three steps in the revelation of any truth: in the first it is ridiculed; in the second, resisted; in the third, it is considered self-evident.”

If most people now regard Mr. Gore’s chicanery as “self-evident”—which we may reasonably treat as synonymous with “old news”—that is not least because of Mr. Kelly’s fine columns.

■ Sen. Jay Rockefeller recently protested that Trent Lott had not included John Chafee as a Republican member of the House-Senate conference on children’s health.

Chafee had been denied a seat, complained Democrat Rockefeller, simply because he “tends to agree a lot more with people like me than with those on his side of the aisle.”

Sen. Chafee has been “outed.”

I am grateful to a friend on Capitol Hill for this testimonial—one of those inadvertent little truths (“gaffes”) that illuminate the political scene.

—JOHN O’SULLIVAN

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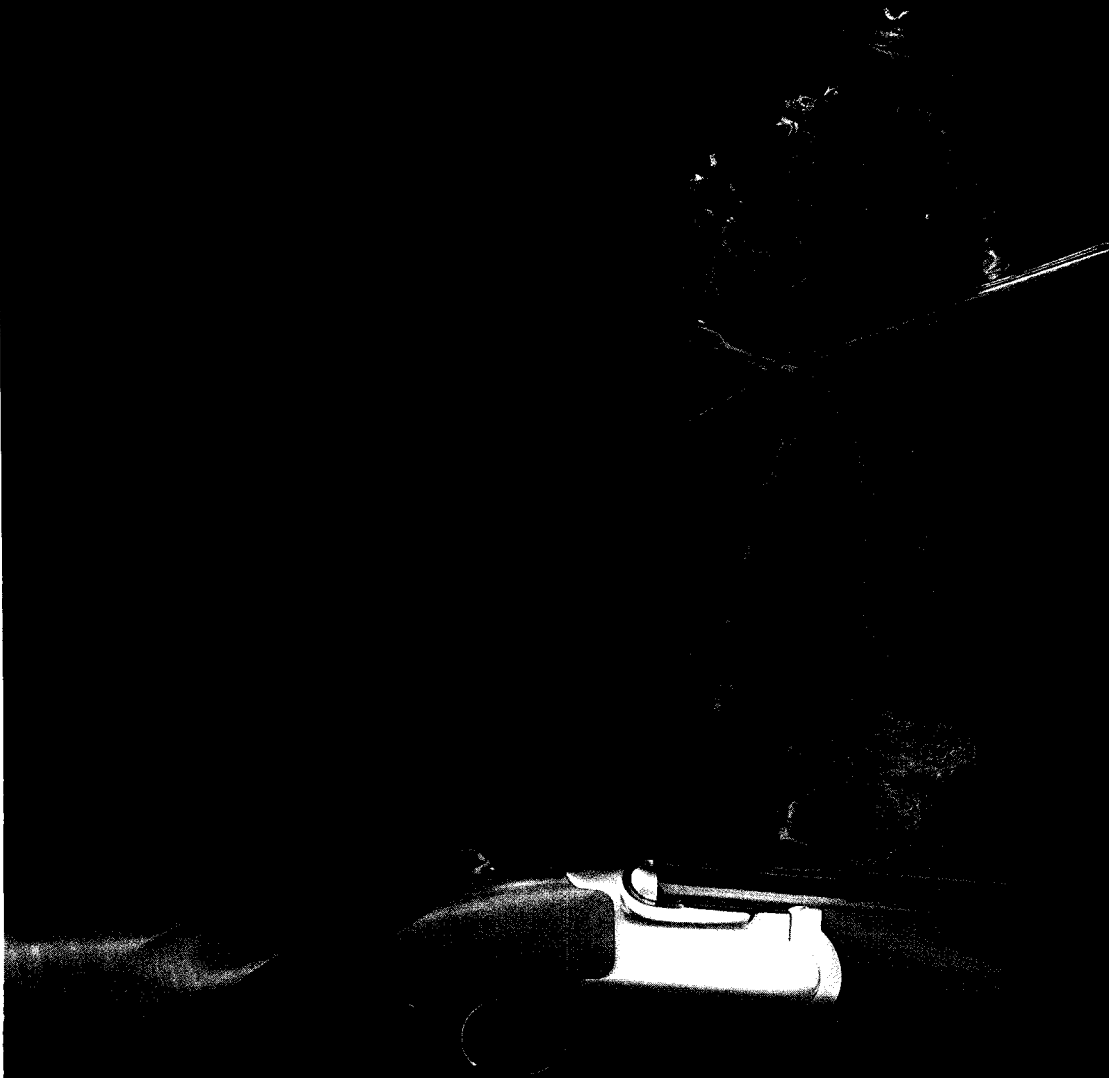
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This was the ancient Law of Youth.
Old times are past, old times are done;
But the Law runs true, O little son!"*

—Charles T. Davis



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FOR THE RECORD

■ In interview with **Michael Lewis** of *New York Times Magazine*, **Harold Ickes** is skeptical of campaign-finance reform: "Money is like water. If there is a crack, water will find it. Same way with political money." . . . *U.S. News & World Report* says that **Rick Kaplan**, Friend of **Bill** and new president of CNN, has told staffers to limit their use of word "scandal" in reporting on campaign-finance scandal. . . . In one news story, former **Gingrich** press secretary **Tony Blankley** finds "four not-for-attribution leaks by people close to **Gore**—not defending **Gore**, . . . but pointing their finger at other staffers. We saw that kind of activity in the **Dole** campaign in late September. That's when senior staffers start being suspicious about whether their boss has got viability." . . . L.A. Councilman **Michael Woo** (who lost 1993 mayoral race to **Richard Riordan**) plays ethnic politics: "Asian-Americans are facing the most profound crisis we have seen since the internment of Japanese-Americans over fifty years ago."

■ Rep. **Sheila Jackson-Lee** (D., Tex.), while visiting Mars Pathfinder Mission Control Center, asked whether the Pathfinder had taken pictures of the American flag planted by **Neil Armstrong** in 1969. . . . Rep. **Bill Paxon** (R., N.Y.), in first major policy foray since resignation from House leadership, urges abolition of tax code by end of 2000. But in CBS anchor debut, Mrs. Paxon, former Rep. **Susan Molinari** (R., N.Y.), declares her support for women in combat. . . . Rep. **John Boehner** (R., Ohio) calls for returning any federal budget surplus to taxpayers. . . . Gov. **Tommy Thompson** (R., Wisc.): "For the last year and a half, I haven't heard anyone from Washington—Disneyland East—talk about devolution of authority and giving power back to the states." . . . ABC's **Peter Jennings** lets **Christopher Hitchens** attack **Mother Teresa** during her funeral Mass.

■ Heresies: Urban League President **Hugh Price** at League's annual convention: "If urban schools as we know

them continue to fail in the face of all we know about how to improve them, then your customers will be obliged to shop elsewhere for quality education. We Urban Leaguers believe passionately in public education. But make no mistake. We love our children even more." . . . In *Wall Street Journal*, **William Kristol** dilates on "national greatness conservatism": "Are we willing to say that the country is worse off because of **FDR** or **JFK** or **LBJ**? I'm not willing to say that." . . . Only 23 Senate Republicans support eliminating National Endowment for the Arts.

■ In National Press Club appearance, **Charlton Heston**, new vep of National Rifle Association, explains, "My right to have a gun is more important than your right to rail about it in the press." He adds, "For too long you've swallowed manufactured statistics and fabricated technical support from anti-gun organizations that wouldn't know a semiauto from a sharp stick." . . . Citizens for a Sound Economy distributes buttons saying, "Read my e-mail: No new taxes." Rep. **Chris Cox** (R., Calif.) and Sen. **Ron Wyden** (D., Ore.) have introduced Internet Tax Freedom Act. . . . Among 228 "instances of anti-gay bigotry" documented in People for the American Way report: MTV's airing of all-gay episode of *Singled Out* in a late-night slot instead of prime time. . . . NR's **Rob Long** (*Cheers*) rolls out latest TV effort, *George & Leo*, on CBS, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. And NR's **Jack**

Fowler begins rise to power by winning GOP primary for alderman of Milford, Connecticut. . . . Hey, big spender: Urban Institute ranks the last hundred years' Presidents in terms of how much they increased domestic spending as a percentage of national income. Top five, in order: **Richard Nixon**, **Herbert Hoover**, **Dwight Eisenhower**, **Harry Truman**, **George Bush**. The lowest spender? **FDR**.

■ Ex-Gov. **William Weld** (R., Mass.) could still join diplomatic corps—as Mexico's Ambassador to United States. Mexican elites and press swooned over Weld, calling him "the enemy of our enemy, Mr. **Helms**." . . . General **Charles Krulak**, Marine Corps Commandant, apparently performed back-bone transplants on other Chiefs to stiffen their opposition to deeply flawed land-mine treaty signed by 89 other countries. President Clinton pulled U.S. out, despite media calls to sign as a way to honor **Princess Diana**. . . . The UN, under watchful eye of **Maurice Strong**, is passing around six different proposals for reassessment of payments. None would significantly change U.S. responsibility for 25 per cent of general budget and 31.7 per cent of far-larger peacekeeping costs. Rep. **Roscoe Bartlett** (R., Md.) added up costs of U.S. support of UN activities and concludes that UN owes America \$3.4 billion. . . . Colombia's Constitutional Court approves euthanasia, though only for terminally ill patients who have given their consent. Sufficient safeguard? In Netherlands, two physicians who killed patients in violation of euthanasia guidelines, Dr. **Sippe Schat** and Dr. **A. Makdoembaks**, were set free without penalty. . . . Forget daylight-savings time—North Korea now has "Juche calendar," which starts from 1912, year of **Kim Il Sung**'s birth.

■ Jay Leno on Paula Jones's IRS audit: "She thought Clinton harassed her. . . . Wait till the IRS gets done with her. She's gonna be running back to that hotel room, 'Okay, what do you want me to do? . . . I'll do it, I'll do it!'" . . . **Joseph Doria**, leader of Democrats in New Jersey Assembly, quoted in *New Jersey Law Journal* on bill repealing race and gender preferences: "My colleagues and I are upset by this blatant attempt to replace diversity with fairness." He denies having said it.

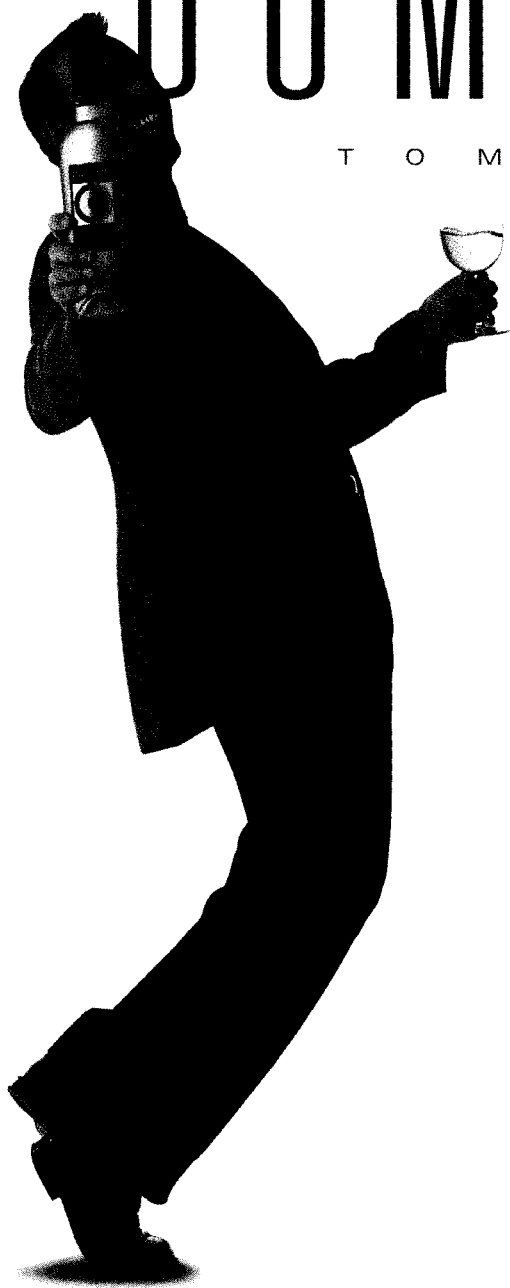


"Kevorkian sent me."

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THE WEEK

■ Ted Turner is giving the United Nations \$1 billion. Should buy a lot of black helicopters.

■ Texas Gov. George W. Bush has already won one primary in the race for the next Republican presidential nomination: that of political professionals, who are eerily united in their view that he is the presumptive nominee, or at least The Man to Beat. But it is rank-and-file conservatives, not those professionals, who provide the party's energy. They divided their support in 1996, but this time around Steve Forbes is working hard to unite and mobilize them. (Witness his enthusiastic reception at the Christian Coalition's annual convention.) If Gov. Bush allows himself to be defined as the party establishment's candidate, he will simply create the conditions in which Forbes or someone else—John Ashcroft? Dan Quayle?—can lead a conservative insurgency. The more inevitable Bush's supporters think his victory is, the less it will be.

■ Janet Reno began a 30-day review that could lead to a 90-day prelude to considering the feasibility of preparatory steps toward a preliminary investigation of the possibility of deciding by January 20, 2001 whether or not to appoint a special prosecutor to look into alleged fundraising irregularities by Bill Clinton.

■ No issue offers a tableau of Washington bad faith quite as compelling as campaign-finance reform. President Clinton supports it because he violated all manner of current campaign-finance laws; Republicans like Fred Thompson and John McCain support it because they crave media adoration; Democrats like Tom Daschle support it so that they can beat up on those Republicans who don't; the press supports it so that it can increase its own power and influence. So, while professing pious regard for the American system, all the above are willing to pass McCain-Feingold legislation that will violate First Amendment rights of political parties and independent groups to influence American politics. Even a "compromise" McCain-Feingold bill banning unregulated "soft money" would hamstring those most important political actors, the parties. And reformers probably couldn't resist limiting the activities of independent groups like the National Right to Life Committee that are such an annoyance to politicians who prefer not to be bothered by the opinions of the great unwashed. The good news is that Democratic enthusiasm for

"reform" legislation drastically declines once it takes any steps to prevent unions from illegally spending member dues on politics. The chances still are, that, one way or another, McCain-Feingold will lose—sunk by, among other things, the sheer weight of its supporters' hypocrisy.

■ Because of anger over high auto-insurance rates, New Jersey Gov. Christie Whitman's lead over challenger, Jim McGreevey, has narrowed. Polls showing how voters would react if a Republican were in the race were not available.

■ Sen. Richard Lugar's contretemps with Sen. Jesse Helms over the Weld nomination was in full view on national television. But even more puzzling was Lugar's backstairs attempt to bypass Helms on NATO enlargement. He sent a ten-page confidential memo, filled with disparaging comments about Helms, to White House National Security Adviser Sandy Berger, and offered himself as the Senate point man on NATO enlargement. The trouble is, Trent Lott, Madeleine Albright, and Jesse Helms are all in favor of NATO enlargement, and so Lugar's role as self-anointed savior is a bit redundant. Lugar has an important intellectual contribution to make in the fight for NATO enlargement. But his political stumbling doesn't help his cause.

■ How about Roger Tamraz as ambassador to Mexico?

■ House Republicans apparently believe that the budget deal and congressional approval ratings above freezing create an atmosphere friendly to the first cost-of-living increase for members since 1992. For the last five years increases were blocked by amendments which forced Congress to vote up or down on any hike. This year, GOP leaders used a parliamentary maneuver to prohibit such amendments, leaving surprised opponents of pay raises the option of voting against the entire appropriations bill (the majority of Republicans did just that). The 2.3 per



cent increase, which boosts pay to \$133,600, is defensible on its merits, but the trickery is politically indefensible. Rank-and-file Republicans campaigned against "stealth pay raises"; they were handed one by their leadership. With such antics, they won't be majority leaders for long.

■ It may be galling to everyone who would prefer to be done with him, but it seems Bob Dornan was cheated out of his congressional seat last November. Preliminary investigations found that in the race Dornan lost to Loretta Sanchez by 980 votes, at least 300 votes were cast illegally by non-citizens. Since then the inquiry has been bogged down by the disastrous disorder of the Immigration and Naturalization Service's records. But a House Oversight Committee investigation has found that *thousands* of non-citizens were registered to vote in the district. They almost certainly swayed the result against the voluble Republican. The question now is: What will the GOP do about it? The party can either toss out Miss Sanchez—who apparently represents not just the 46th Congressional District, but Mexico Abroad—or leave her, in which case it might as well go all the way and set up voting booths in Tijuana and Pascualitos.

■ The Rev. Al Sharpton was chagrined when a count of paper and absentee ballots knocked him out of a runoff for the Democratic mayoral nomination in New York City, and rightly so. Such deference to actual votes would never be allowed in New Orleans, or Orange County.

■ William Kristol and David Brooks, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, propose a "national-greatness conservatism," based on the principles of Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, and TR. "National-greatness conservatism does not despise government. How could it? How can Americans love their nation if they hate its government?" Paul Craig Roberts, writing in the *Washington Times*, counted the ways. "No aspect of our lives has escaped assault by government. . . . Neighborhood schools were destroyed by judicially decreed busing to achieve racial balance. The famed melting pot that produced the American Citizen was destroyed by multicultural ideology imposed by unaccountable judges and bureaucrats. . . . The Constitution of the United States has been reduced to a scrap of paper." Kristol and Brooks aren't for any of that, of course. But why not be angry about it? Their heroes would be—Hamilton fought a revolution against irresponsible taxation. Conservative thinking about American history has been pretty narrowly focused on a few periods and figures—the Sixties, the New Deal; Lincoln, Jefferson. But our usable past won't all fit into a be-happy Op-Ed piece.

■ Don't believe the rumors: Jack Kemp did *not* endorse Al Sharpton in New York's mayoral race.

■ Mobutu Sese Seko, exiled dictator of Zaïre, was buried in Morocco on September 13. His funeral was a television

Clinton's Dead Horse

The strategy's to flog the weed.

It puts opponents off their feed

(Bob Dole turned anorexic), while

The goo-goos, who would walk a mile

To save a gimping camel, coo.

Would someone contact Elmer's Glue?

—W. H. VON DREELE



spectacular. Frank Sinatra played and sang an old tune originally written for Mussolini, but with updated lyrics ("Goodbye, Zaïre's rogue"). Large solemn crowds followed the hearse—the American, Belgian, and French intelligence chiefs-of-station who had served in Zaïre during Mobutu's 32-year rule; distraught Union Minière shareholders; lawyers and bankers hoping to examine his Swiss bank accounts. Idi Amin was there, as was Emperor Bokassa—a sentimental moment. Most pathetic were the people of Zaïre—now the Democratic Republic of Congo—whose new ruler, Stalinist thug Laurent Kabila, will soon make them nostalgic for Mobutu.

■ University of Texas law professor Lino Graglia has now been hauled before a People's Court and found guilty of practicing anthropology without a license. What Professor Graglia said was this: "Blacks and Mexican Americans are not academically competitive with whites in selective institutions . . . It seems to be the case that [they] spend much less time in school. They have a culture that seems not to encourage achievement. Failure is not looked upon with disgrace." All this has been said before, notably by Shelby Steele in *The Content of Our Character* and even by Jesse Jackson on occasion. Yet Graglia was instantly denounced by the University of Texas's acting president, Peter Flawn. The Law School faculty issued a statement "opposing his views"; UT chancellor William Cunningham called his remarks "insulting" to minority students; and the local press editorially conducted an auto-da-fé about his "racism." What we see here is a ritual in which whites who have no objective reason to feel racial guilt are nevertheless driven to cleanse themselves of "racism." They pilloried Graglia to show—once again—that their hearts are "pure." Meanwhile, Professor Graglia takes nothing back. Nor should he.

■ San Francisco school officials refused to let a school newspaper take a \$5,000 award from the Playboy Foundation. Katherine Swan, the paper's faculty advisor, dissents: "*Playboy* does get some fine articles." OK, teacher: name one other magazine publishing fine articles that can throw around \$5,000 awards to school newspapers.

■ Thanks to the miracles of modern technology, the last few words of Rich Lowry's article in the September 29 issue were dropped. The last sentence should read: "[Mitch] McConnell offers a Third Way, and will no doubt be dogged in pursuing it—as those newspaper articles enshrined on his office wall amply attest." Another gremlin in "From the Editor" gave the time at which *Fox Newswatch* is shown on Sunday as 9:00 A.M. It is in fact noon, Eastern time.

■ The Environmental Protection Agency wants a ban on inhalers for asthma that use chlorofluorocarbons, because they allegedly damage the ozone layer. Yet as Robert M. Goldberg of George Washington University points out in the *Wall Street Journal*, the Clinton Administration, in so arguing, appears to have forgotten its commitment to poor black children. Inner-city youngsters with asthma tend to use CFC-propelled inhalers because they are one-eighth the cost of non-CFC brands. And asthma specialists point out that varying side effects make it preferable that there be as wide a selection of inhalers as possible. Mr. Goldberg notes that the rising cost of inhalers is a contributing factor to the 300 per cent increase in asthma-related deaths among children between 1980 and 1993. Cost-benefit analysis, however, is excess baggage on the EPA's march to environmental Nirvana. Only one thing can save the children now: if Al Gore needs a sibling with asthma for the 2000 Democratic convention.

■ The *New York Post*, which has one of the liveliest and most conservative editorial pages in the country, has just lost the man overseeing it. Scott McConnell (also a contributor to our pages) ran a tough editorial on the dangers of Puerto Rican statehood, which caused an uproar. Though the editorial page softened its stand a bit, the offense against what the *Post* perceived as iron demographic realities had been committed, and McConnell went. Interestingly, the guardians of press freedom and diversity failed to bark; apparently deviations to the right can be snuffed with impunity. We hope the paper will



Courting Jesse Helms

There was no consummation.

The tea was never set.

Helms pumped the pianola.

Weld parted in a pet.

The governor's still sulking.

Helms makes a moue, like Liz.

The dueña wasn't helpful—

But Clinton never is.

—W. H. VON DREELE

keep fighting the good fight on other issues—including its defense of America's common culture against the forces of balkanization, which McConnell had made the *Post*'s unique selling point in New York City. But in the Big Apple, Puerto Rican statehood has already arrived.

■ A German journalist scores the latest famous-dead-guy outing by arguing that it was really the eternal masculine that drove Goethe on. Don't know about Goethe, but it sure drives modern journalists.

More to Come

WITH the recent publication of the Rand Corporation's long-awaited report *Immigration in a Changing Economy: California's Experience*, a significant paradigm shift in economists' thinking about immigration is complete. Traditionally, economists have taken a (mildly) benign view of immigration. But the new consensus is that this does not apply to the particular influx accidentally unleashed by the 1965 Immigration Act. The reasons: the paradoxes of the current selection system, which has produced an uncontrolled, largely unskilled, non-English-speaking flow; and the perverse incentives of massive transfer programs for health, education, and welfare. The solution, according to Rand: reducing immigration to "a moderate range"—around the 550,000 a year envisioned by the Jordan Commission in 1995 and embodied in the ill-fated 1996 Smith-Simpson bill. Instead, the influx is likely to be double or triple that range as far as the eye can see.

The Rand study comes four months after the equally devastating National Academy of Sciences report (see *NR*, "The Week," June 16). The NAS found that the infinitesimal macroeconomic benefits to Americans of the current immigration presence—estimated at \$1 to \$10 billion in a \$7.5-trillion economy—were being swamped by a net fiscal cost estimated at \$15 to \$20 billion. In California, this net fiscal burden amounted to an astounding \$1,174 tax for every native household. America had a revolution over less.

NR can modestly say that this new academic consensus represents a complete triumph for us and a fatal reproach to our numerous critics, including too many friends in the conservative establishment. We first reported the emerging paradigm shift in a June 22, 1992, cover story by Senior Editor Peter Brimelow, who developed this and other arguments in his 1995 book *Alien Nation*.

We do differ from the Rand authors. Their conclusions are in some ways even more radical than they realize. For example, they think that immigration is actually displacing American workers—that about 1 to 1.3 per cent of California's native population is currently unemployed because of immigration. So they recommend that immigration be treated as a labor-market issue and the numbers permitted to enter be varied by executive action

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Newt's NAFTA clears the dance floor,

But Newt prefers to lead.

Bill Clinton doesn't follow well,

So toenails often bleed.

—W. H. VON DREELE



according to economic conditions, instead of being fixed by statute. Additionally, the Rand authors want to improve immigrant skill levels—including English proficiency, which would sharply reduce the inflow of Hispanics. They suggest too that the 100,000-a-year refugee pro-

gram, which has been hijacked by ethnic factions and turned into a subsidized fast-track immigration program, be incorporated under the lower ceiling, which would slash it.

These are all sensible suggestions, which is why NR has already made most of them. But the 1996 debacle in Congress suggests that the ethnic and business special interests that now control Washington are simply too selfish, unscrupulous, and entrenched to allow any such detailed reform. If that is so, they must be met head-on with an immigration moratorium for several years. It will take that long for Americans to debate and decide how many immigrants should be admitted annually, on what terms, and possessing what skills. A moratorium would also give the special interests a real incentive to agree to sensible reform: namely, the prospect of getting the moratorium lifted. Finally, it would have useful (and important) side effects: reducing the need for expensive emergency educational and social programs that Rand thinks is entailed by the current policy.

Although NR and the immigration reformers have won the intellectual argument, we have clearly lost the politi-

Right Data

IS sex discrimination rising in the workplace? That's how many feminists interpret a recent *New York Times* story. After two decades of shrinking, the male-female wage gap, reports the *Times*, is widening again. The full-time working woman currently earns 75 cents for every dollar a man earns, down from 77 cents in 1993. Even among college graduates and in occupations where women outnumber men, the male income advantage is rising.

While technically correct, these figures are misleading. There are now millions of women working full time (many in their fifties and sixties) who stayed home for a decade or more raising children. Obviously their wages will be lower than those of males of similar education and skills who have been on the job continuously.

Many working women, planning to interrupt their careers at some point to have children, prefer lower-paid jobs that also are safer, have more flexible hours, and allow one psychologically to check out at the end of the day. Sally Pipes, an economist and president of the Pacific

Research Institute on Public Policy, suggests that many women do not want to reach parity at the highest levels of the corporate world. She cites a recent

WELFARE MOMS MEET THE GLASS CEILING?

Women's Earnings as a % of Men's

	All Women (16 and over)	White Women 16-24	White Women 25+	Black Women 16-24	Black Women 25+
1980	64.4%	79.2%	61.8%	91.3%	73.5%
1990	71.9	89.5	71.9	94.0	82.7
1993	77.1	93.9	73.1	101.6	87.9
1996	75.0	92.3	74.1	94.9	86.4
1997 (Q2)	74.8	92.2	75.3	87.5	85.7
Percentage-Point Change, 1993-1997 (Q2):					
	-2.3	-0.7	+2.2	-14.1	-2.2

Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics (Data are for full-time workers only.)

Korn/Ferry study that found only 14 per cent of corporate women aspiring to the CEO position, compared to 46 per cent of their male counterparts.

One way to get an angle on how home-life differences affect wages is to restrict the analysis to workers who have never been married. Most will be younger people. As a group, young working women (ages 16 to 24) earn far closer to what their male counterparts earn than do older women. Among young people who have never had a child, women's earnings approach 98 per cent of men's.

Older women who have never married and whose careers are a major focus of their lives come even closer to parity with men. Indeed, a 1993 Census study found that never-married women who work at full-time jobs earn \$1,005 for every \$1,000 made by comparable men.

Economists at both ends of the political spectrum say that welfare reform may explain the recent widening of the wage gap. "Non-married women with children have had an enormous increase in employment, which coincides with the dropping welfare caseloads," says June O'Neill, the labor economist who is head of the Congressional Budget Office. "These are the least skilled people entering the work force, and that would have a downward pull on median wages."

The data seem to support this view. Black women ages 16 to 24 are the group for whom the gender gap has widened the most. In the spring of this year such women earned 87.5 per cent of the median pay for black men their age, down sharply from 101.6 per cent in 1993. When liberals discuss welfare reform they cite such trends as a sign of poverty among erstwhile welfare recipients.

One might equally conclude that, as members of the workforce, they have taken their first steps out of poverty.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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cal argument—for now. We know this because the *Wall Street Journal's* Paul Gigot has told us so. In an August 22 column, he blamed us for alienating the Hispanic immigrants he sees as otherwise clamoring to cut the capital-gains tax and vote Republican. Was Mr. Gigot taking the day off? Not only did Hispanics vote overwhelmingly Democratic long before immigration became an issue, but they are also now (thanks to that paradoxical selection system) a poverty population with a direct interest in transfer programs.

"The debate should be over," Mr. Gigot instructs us. What debate? The *Wall Street Journal* editorial page has not run an article opposing its open-borders zealotry in years, while *NR* has repeatedly published immigration enthusiasts like Ron Unz and Julian Simon. The *Journal* has yet even to report the existence of the NAS report or the Rand study. Surely Mr. Gigot does not want to be classed with the multicultural censors at, say, the *San Jose Mercury*, which in its editorial on the NAS report said, amazingly, that "there is some news in this report that becomes alarming *in the wrong hands*." (Italics added.)

We agree, of course, that congressional Republicans are in full flight on immigration. Recently, only the heroic Rep. Lamar Smith's last-minute intercession with Sen. Phil Gramm stopped Sen. Connie Mack and Rep. Lincoln Diaz-Balart from smuggling through a measure that could have amnestied another million illegal immigrants. Sen. Arlen Specter and Rep. Frank Wolf have a well-intentioned religious-persecution asylum bill that could nonetheless bring in tens of millions.

But so what? The congressional Republicans are in full flight on everything. We prefer to follow the example of Robert Bork and Milton Friedman, who defied the conventional wisdom of their day—on antitrust policy and floating exchange rates, respectively—and unexpectedly prevailed. Reason is on our side.

So is the inexorably rising numbers of immigrants—though they are not on America's.

Janet Reno's Last Chance

RONALD Reagan's attorney general Ed Meese asked for an independent counsel within two weeks of his initial inquiry into the Iran-Contra affair. As Landmark Legal Foundation's Mark R. Levin has pointed out, this was before any credible evidence of wrongdoing had emerged. By contrast, Janet Reno has spent most of this year finding legalistic ways to avoid asking for a counsel in a case involving well-documented highly questionable activity at the highest levels of the Clinton Administration, including fundraising calls by the President and Vice President that clearly violated federal law. Even Miss Reno's latest decision to open 30-day preliminary inquiries looks like a delaying tactic intended to give Clinton's and Gore's newly hired lawyers a chance to squirm out of their legal fix.

As soon as President Clinton claimed memory loss about whether he had made fundraising calls, it should have been clear to everyone that he had made them. Now it appears that he was asked by his staff to make three times as many calls as had first been revealed—the same pattern of escalating calls as in the Gore case. Bill Clinton and Al Gore may turn out to be the highest-ranking telemarketers in the country. Not only is this unseemly, it is illegal. Title 18, Section 607, of the federal code prohibits fundraising on federal property. The law was originally intended to keep federal office-holders from dunning federal employees for contributions. But by 1980 Congress understood the law to bar *any* fundraising on federal property, and the Justice Department has concurred in



The Week in Verse

With autumn comes the Empty Nest Syndrome:
Both *Scots* and *Welsh* devolve, *Chelsea* leaves home,
And still *Diana's* loss we feel also—
The *Nobel's* not enough: rename *Heathrow*!
Who'll say us nay? But what? *Who's* found a spine?
Could that be *Clinton* unbanning the mine?
Dare he acknowledge that he's got less heart
Than she, although he may be just as smart?
It's true 's approval rating tops threescore
(Enough to wedge Health Care through the back door?).
What though gaunt *Reno* flouts subordination,
Belatedly, to start investigation?
Yet *Stonewall Clinton* fights and will not yield—
Just ask poor *Thompson*, limping from the field,
Who flung into the fight *Tamraz*, *Meddoff*,
And still could not begin to see him off
So long as *Fowler* only did his job
Of raising money (and forgetting "Bob").
Likewise, Bill didn't—never mind how odd it
Might seem—know anything of *Paula's* audit.

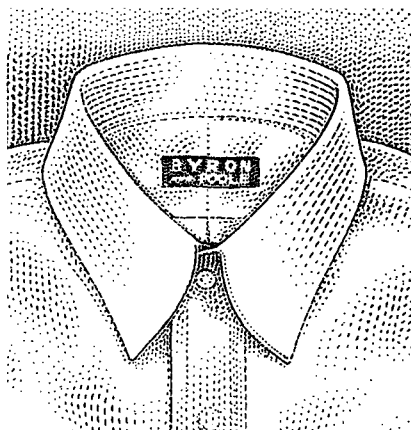
Not that the hearings have been held in vain
They'll boost campaign reform—and *John McCain*,
Though *Ashcroft* woos the *Christian Coalition*
And hopes (in vain) to Heav'n for some ignition.
Though all to *Robertson* may say "Amen,"
The big news is that *Forbes* is born again.
Against abortion eloquent he waxes,
Hints he's as anti *Newt* as pro flat taxes.
Is this our paladin to battle *Gore*,
Unchain the rich, and liberate the poor,
Th'excited calm, the sluggish new enthuse,
And bump *Marv Albert* from the evening news?
Who says our fighting spirit has been quelled?
Why, look at how we fought in *Helms v. Weld*!
Though *Battlin' Bill* has won a victory,
They're battling to the death i'th' *GOP*.

—JUVENAL

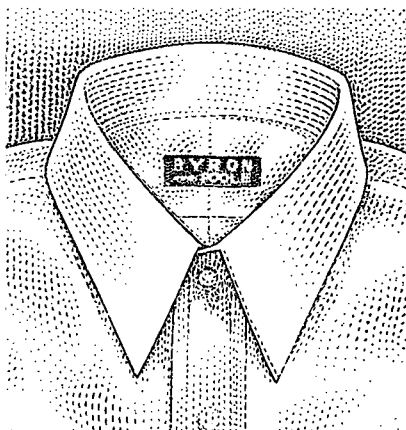
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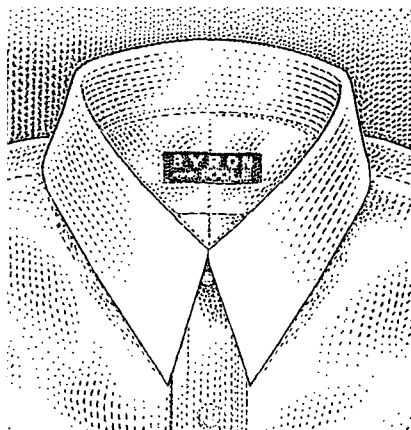
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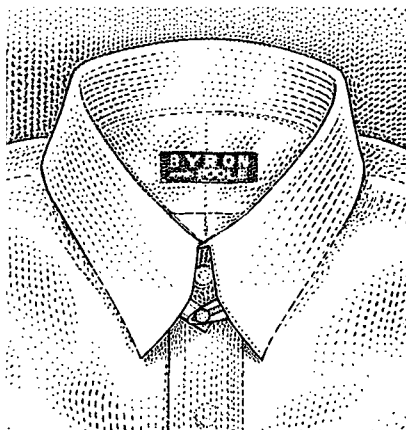
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that interpretation. Even though it is a crime, the offense is—as Administration apologists are quick to point out—a relatively minor one (it has almost never been prosecuted). But the fundraising calls are important because they have become the easiest way to prove to Janet Reno that laws were broken by persons covered by the independent-counsel statute. Once a counsel is appointed (which now looks unavoidable), his mandate surely would include investigating the broader scandals with their whiff of bribery, whether what the contributions bought was access, favors, or even federal policy.

This is the aspect of the scandal that the now-aborted Thompson hearings had been trying to bring to public light. In Roger Tamraz—oilman and unrepentant big-time Clinton contributor, who wanted the Administration to endorse his idea of building a Central Asian pipeline—the Thompson Committee had found a face for all the low-lives and hustlers who were the darlings of the Clinton fundraising apparatus in 1995–96. Wanted by Interpol, labeled unreliable by Clinton's own national-security staff, Tamraz nonetheless found himself receiving the attentions of Democratic National Committee Chairman Don Fowler, the Energy Department, and even the CIA, once he had ponied up \$300,000 to the Democrats. Tamraz made it into the White House six times, and says his only regret now is that he didn't give \$600,000. Despite this juicy testimony—plus the revelation that the FBI has evidence that Los Angeles businessman and Democratic contributor Ted Sioeng acted as a Chinese agent during last year's election—Thompson has decided to wind up his hearings by harassing the Christian Coalition and National Right to Life Committee in pursuit of campaign-finance reform.

At least an independent counsel could pick up the work Thompson has (for now) abandoned. An independent counsel running loose in Clinton's second term would ensure that he never rises above the rank of Franklin Pierce, but this just might save Janet Reno from being remembered in the same breath as John Mitchell.

Send to Detention

IF Congress were braver, it would welcome Bill Clinton's threat to veto the massive spending bill for the Labor, Education, and Health & Human Services Departments. If the veto stuck, three of the most noisome agencies in Washington would all but shut down. If Congress succeeded in overriding it, it would have a rare victory. Either way, the country wins.

Two education items triggered the veto threat. The Senate voted (narrowly) to meld a clutch of "categorical" school-aid programs into a block grant that local school systems could spend pretty much as they pleased. And the House voted to deny funding to Clinton's pet national-testing program. If either of those items makes it out of conference, says the leader of the free world, he will nix

the entire bill. Characteristically, he has already got the spin going: an evil Congress will be weakening the nation's schools and undermining their standards.

Also characteristically, he is fibbing about the substance beneath that spin. The block grant would take a big step toward deregulating schools and taming the federal bureaucracy. It trusts American communities to spend the taxpayers' education dollars wisely. Slade Gorton deserves plaudits for proposing it and the Senate for enacting it. The national-testing situation is more complicated. Neither house wants Mr. Clinton to proceed with his current testing scheme. The Senate overwhelmingly agreed to a Bill Bennett-inspired makeover to turn the whole matter over to an independent board and charge that board with undoing the mischief the Education Department has already done. In the House, an unusual coalition produced a 2 to 1 vote to stop the program altogether. Nobody knows what a compromise would look like. The Education Department meanwhile proceeds with its testing plan as if neither chamber had spoken.

It is probably too late to salvage the once-promising idea of testing that the President has now compromised beyond repair. But the block grant is worth holding onto, even at risk of a veto. The real problem is that the GOP has forgotten how to talk about education. It should not be hard to explain why Congress killed a host of politicized, bureaucratized programs, and opted instead to trust communities with decisions and dollars.

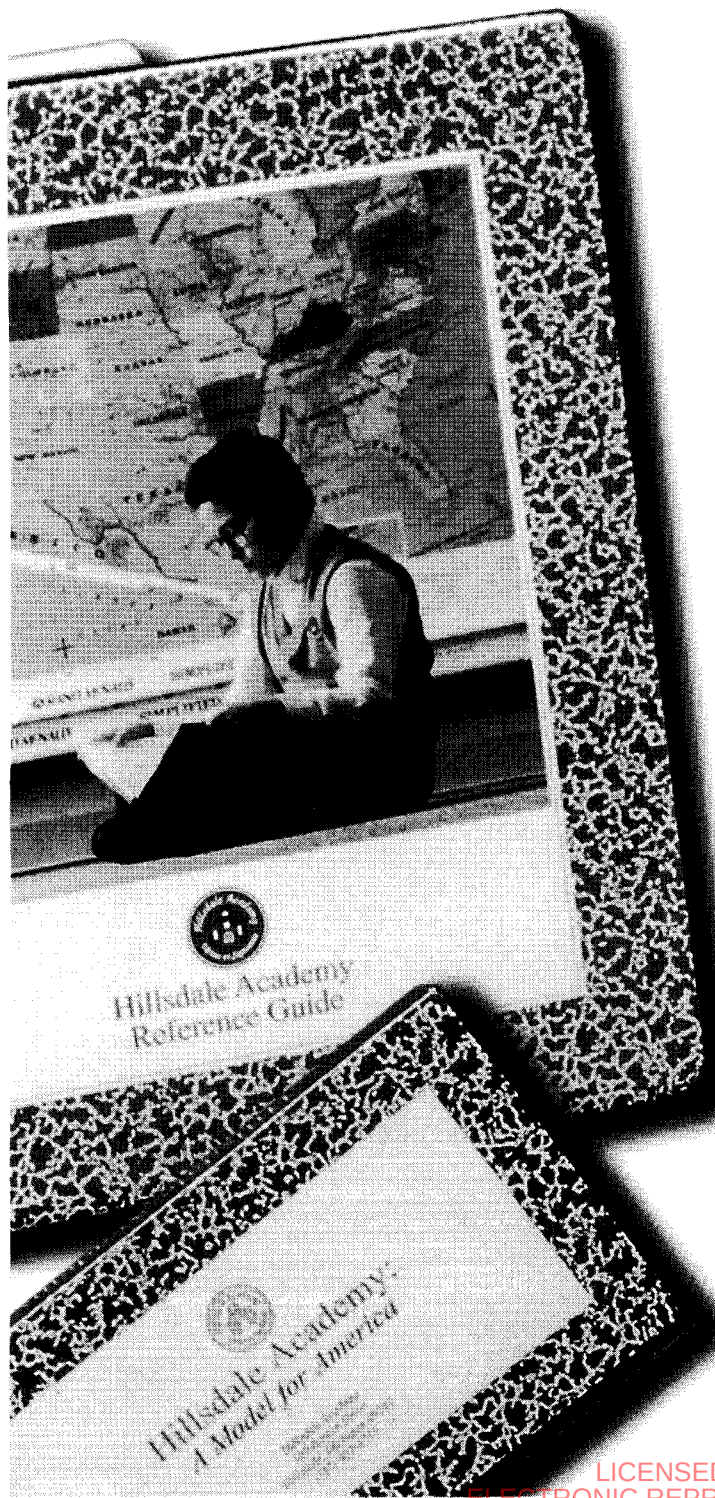
Mr. Annan's Neighborhood

IN January, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright testified that UN Secretary General Kofi Annan shared Congress's concerns about waste and corruption at the United Nations. Yet Mr. Annan's proposals for reform address none of the problems cited in the Senate bill that authorized a payment of \$819 million to the UN. Instead, he is backing the radical agenda of UN-led world governance.

—*The Secretary General supports a UN rapid-deployment force.* Countries which can no longer sustain their imperial ambitions, particularly Russia and France, would seek to dispatch these troops to defend their interests. At the same time, requiring a UN mandate before using military force would make it more difficult for the U.S. to act unilaterally when its own national-security interests are at stake.

—*The Secretary General intends to regulate the world economy, redistribute wealth, and undertake massive new Third World development schemes.* Proposed amendments to the UN Charter would give the organization's Economic and Social Council much greater control over national economies. Unlike the Security Council, the Ecosoc does not honor the principle of permanent membership or grant veto power. Thus, American interests would be at the mercy of member states that seek to exploit America's

The Private Truth About Public Education



DO YOU RECALL *The Little Engine That Could*? It's what we used to teach our schoolchildren: "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can." The moral emphasizes the true rewards of positive thinking, hard work, and courage.

But that moral is absent from many of today's public school classrooms. Instead students are taught that their "self-esteem" matters most. "Do not judge the rightness or wrongness of each student's answer," advises one math text. "Let those determinations come from the class."

The Little Engine That Could was happy precisely because it worked hard to reach the top of the hill. At Hillsdale College's model school, Hillsdale Academy, we know that genuine self-esteem can come only from genuine achievement, and we have designed our curriculum accordingly.

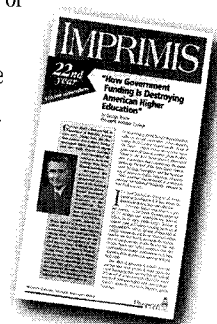
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- Faculty Handbook
- Introductory Video
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resources as "global commons." The UN would obtain "new and additional resources for development" by requiring developed countries to raise their annual foreign-aid budgets to 0.7 per cent of GDP, an increase of at least \$50 billion for the United States.

—*The Secretary General threatens to "tax or find other sources and other means of funding."* Although Secretary Albright and Mr. Annan assured Congress that no form of UN taxation would be considered, Mr. Annan expects American corporations to provide him with additional resources voluntarily.

When the Secretary General presented this plan, he said that Congress's "unilateral demands do not impress, they do not intimidate. In fact, they offend." If Kofi Annan wants confrontation with American lawmakers, let him have it. Congress must reject this plan and its assumption that the U.S. Treasury and military are—like the world's oceans—the "common heritage of mankind." It should freeze immediately all payments of assessed contributions to the UN. If the Clinton Administration can't defeat the Annan plan, then Congress should take steps to pull the U.S. out, and let Ted Turner pick up the whole tab.

NOTES & ASIDES

- Dear Bill: A little word play for your amusement.
Hope this finds you well and happy.

Ineffably,
Jack [Kiley, a/k/a Johannes Eff]
Lake Oswego, Ore.

The Devil and Webster Hubbell

WEBSTER: Who
Are you?

THE DEVIL: I'm up from the nether region.
My name is Legion.

There are hundreds of us, each with a name,
And our work is all the same.

WEBSTER: What trade do you ply?
SATAN: I lie.

WEBSTER: Lying? That's not against the law
In Arkansas.

We call it feeling your friend's financial pain,
For a large political gain.
I need a personal way out of mine.

BEELZEBUB: Obviously you must refine
Your potential for deceit.

WEBSTER: How? Please be concrete.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Once you learn dependably to lie,
You will be promoted high
Enough to prove no wrongdoing was done.
You are now in the Lovely Loop of Corruption,
And free to feather your nest
With the best

Thieves in the Village.

WEBSTER: There's nothing I like better than pillage.

It takes a lot of lying to raid a bank,

If I may be perfectly frank.

SCREWTAPE: Just don't screw it up by getting cocky:

Jail time could get a little rocky.

—Johannes Eff

- Dear Mr. Buckley:

A recent study by the Right-Handed Driving Group confirmed that left-handed drivers have more accidents on right-handed turns than right-handed drivers.

Therefore many states' Attorneys General are now preparing to declare left-handed driving illegal, and the states will pay \$234 million to retrain left-handed drivers. The states will be reimbursed by allowing them to tax property in neighboring states and to sue automobile manufacturers for medical costs associated with left-handed driving accidents, going back to 1960.

Allowances will be made for left-handed drivers who have difficulty making the transition. They will be allowed to drive, providing a right-handed spouse or friend handles the wheel on right turns.

They will also be required to have a sign, "LEFT-HANDED DRIVER," on the right and left sides of their front and rear bumpers. Left-handed teenagers must show a photo ID at every Stop sign.

It pleases me to be able to report progress on at least one front.

Stephen Handman
New York, N.Y.

- Dear Mr. Buckley:

Greetings! The Lady Beech passage ("Notes & Asides," June 30) was Nancy Mitford (*Pigeon Pie*, around page 24 in my Carroll & Graf paperback), as I imagine you have been informed by now.

I had just read your column when, for the first time in my ill-educated life, I picked up *Pigeon Pie* and there it was! What a world, huh?

Good book, incidentally, at least so far; written on the very eve of WW II (before I was born); full of jokes and laughter, but then—

Riding home from the last meet of a season, late in the afternoon of a spring day, there would be primroses and violets under the hedges, far far away the sound of a horn, and later an owl. The world is not a bad place, it is a pity to have to die. But, of course, it is only a good place for a very few people. Think of Dachau, think of China, and Czechoslovakia and Spain. . . . We must die now, and there must be a new world. . . .

And then more funny stories.

Best wishes,
J. G. Owen
South Huntington, N.Y.

—WFB



Bill Clinton



Larry Klayman

WHY DID CLINTON OFFER ME \$2 MILLION HUSH MONEY?

My name is Larry Klayman and three years ago I founded Judicial Watch to fight government corruption and to be the Conservative movement's response to the ACLU. I am a trial lawyer and so are our attorney volunteers. Only through court action to force respect for ethics, the law and morality will our country survive.

When we received information that the Clinton administration was selling out our country for political contributions, we filed lawsuit after lawsuit to get to the bottom of this criminal corruption. No one lifted a hand, not even Congress, as Judicial Watch prosecuted its cases, at great personal expense to me. In so doing we uncovered scandal after scandal: including **shredding of documents, obstruction of justice, illegal campaign contributions, money laundering** and possible **espionage**. It was Judicial Watch who found and deposed John Huang, which sparked the ongoing hearings. Now as we prepare to depose John Huang again and other Clinton officials, the Clinton administration has offered to pay us an immediate \$2 million bribe in attorneys fees if we will agree to stop before we uncover all of the truth. This money could finance our other causes, but we can't accept it now. To continue, we must look to you for help.

AND WHY I WON'T ACCEPT CLINTON'S BRIBE TO STOP NOW

This incredible and outrageous offer to muzzle the American people's only hope of getting to the truth in the ongoing Clinton Administration scandals is made even more horrible by the fact that they want to use your money, not their own, to pay the bribe! Those guilty of these high crimes should pay the legal fees themselves, but the Clinton officials want to bribe us with taxpayer money to stop the investigation. But I won't be bribed and stopped now! The courts have ruled that we will be able to depose under oath Hillary Clinton, Bernard Nussbaum, Craig Livingstone, Anthony Marcasa and others involved in the Clinton Administration scandals. But each of these depositions costs at least \$10,000. This is money that we just don't have. That is why I must turn to you, the American people, to help us with the funds needed to find the truth and bring the perpetrators to justice.

If you are interested in helping Larry continue the fight against government corruption and want to know how you can offer your support: please call or write us.

Judicial Watch, 501 School Street, S.W., #725, Washington, D.C., 20024

Tel: (888) JW-ETHIC

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CAPITAL SCENE

Toddlergate

DAVID MASTIO



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C. ONE reason Democrats on the Senate committee investigating campaign-finance abuses seem so unutterably obtuse may be that they are guilty of some of the same fundraising shenanigans practiced by the Clinton White House and the Democratic National Committee.

The crime central to almost all the cases uncovered so far is using shell contributors to mask what would otherwise be illegal contributions—that is the case at the Buddhist temple, with the Lums, with Ron Brown's son, and the bags of checks delivered to the Clinton legal-defense fund. Federal Election Commission records from the last election show signs that three Democratic senators—Bob Torricelli (N.J.), Carl Levin (Mich.), and Dick Durbin (Ill.) may have accepted \$83,000 worth of similar “pass-through” contributions, in this case, via the real donors’ offspring.

The easiest place to find young donors is by checking FEC records for “students” who generally range in age from

newborns to people in their mid twenties. The top twenty recipients of this “kiddie cash” include Torricelli (12), Levin (20), and Durbin (9), while no Republican members of the committee showed up on the list.

None of the senators had much to say. Torricelli, in a one-paragraph statement, said plenty of kids have the dough to make donations. Durbin’s campaign manager argues it is not the responsibility of campaigns to check into suspicious donations. But their donors, when they would talk, were quite revealing.

Randy Shapiro is the mother of Leslie, a 22-year-old “student donor,” who gave \$2,000 to Dick Durbin’s 1996 Senate campaign. When I asked Mrs. Shapiro how I could get hold of her daughter to ask about the contributions, she replied, “You can call her, but she’ll have no idea what you are talking about.”

Why not? “Well, the money came from us.” Meaning from her and her husband, both large donors to Sen. Durbin.

The clueless honesty of the Shapiros isn’t usual. More typical are parents like Michael Sonnenfeldt, whose children, Joya Clair and Forest, each gave \$2,000 to Sen. Torricelli’s last campaign. Mr. Sonnenfeldt says bluntly, “They’re too young and I prefer to keep them out of this.” He refused to give their ages or to speculate on why his kids might have chosen to give on exactly the same day as he did. Then he slammed the phone down.

It is possible the young Sonnenfeldts gave legally—children of any age can give according to federal rules as long as they give of their own free will and the money is theirs. My bet is the kids haven’t a clue how their names were being used, but only an investigation with the power to look at bank records can prove anything.

A few of the student donations are plausible. Sam Siegal, a 21-year-old Princeton economics major, worked for

then-Rep. Torricelli over a couple of summers and last election gave \$1,450 to his old boss. Mr. Siegal says the money is from summer jobs.

OK, maybe this is an honest kid who is just very interested in politics, but there is an interesting pattern that holds even when, as in this case, the “student donor” appears to have had both the inclination and the resources: 100 per cent of the time, the young donors give to the same people their parents did and almost always after their parents had given the maximum contribution.

It is barely possible that every young person in this country with enough money to make a political donation feels the same about politics as his parents. It is very possible, however, that these questionable donations are the acts of people who want to give more than federal law allows.

A closer look at FEC records reveals that the top twenty campaigns received over 44 per cent of donations from “students,” a sign that some campaigns’ receipt of such money is more than accidental. For instance, last year Bob Dole and Bill Clinton raised similar amounts of hard money, but Clinton received six times the number of “student” donations that Dole did.

And the motive for this bi-partisan dodge (Phil Gramm and Lamar Alexander are also top recipients of kiddie

One way to raise extra cash is to get your most stalwart donors to give a little more, maybe through their kids.

cash) is made clear in numerous memos from last year’s campaign. One from the DNC put it simply: “There is only so much money we can raise from the same people. If the President wants more money [we] will raise less.” One way to raise extra cash is to get your most stalwart donors to give a little more, maybe through their kids. It’s clearly an idea that has occurred to the Democrats—at least a half-dozen of their top fundraisers (including the new co-chair of the Democratic National Committee), responsible for millions in contributions, have children who have also donated.

But the media keep missing the story.

Mr. Mastio is a member of USA Today’s editorial board.

Indeed, Clinton scandal coverage is replete with near misses.

The most ridiculous near miss is the case of the Lums—along with Ron Brown's son, the only people to admit to legal culpability so far. Nora and Albert Lum have admitted using their employees to launder campaign contributions to Democrats; they also admitted to using their daughter Trisha to make extra hard-money contributions to the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee (\$10,000 worth).

Newspapers have been remarkably uninterested in following up this story: Are those the only contributions Trisha made? (No; she made \$15,000 more since 1992.) How old was she when she started making donations? (She was 23 and listed as a "student" in FEC records.) Is Trisha unusual? (Not really; 11 other "students" made hard-money contributions of between \$5,000 and \$20,000 in 1995–96 to Democratic Party committees like the DCCC.)

The *Wall Street Journal* profiled Al Gore fundraiser Howard Glick on its front page. While pointing out Mr.

Glick's vast history of sleazy dealing, they neglected to mention the generosity of his two sons, Aaron and Stephen—donors of \$2,000 to the Clinton campaign.

Newsweek, in a story about a deal between two Clinton supporters to use a non-profit to benefit the Clinton campaign, doesn't notice that both donors' kids also gave. The *Los Angeles Times* recently mentioned in a long story on the Buddhist fundraiser that one of the temple's earliest dodges of campaign-finance law (back in 1989) was to use the nephew of a temple official to give the donations. He was listed in FEC records as a "student."

The *Washington Post* reported that the Clinton Administration has appointed Vinod Gupta, an Omaha businessman and Clinton fundraiser, to the choice beach-mansion job of consul general to Bermuda. The *Post* neglected to mention that Mr. Gupta's three sons (then 11, 14, and 17) gave \$4,000 to Clinton. The eldest denied to me having anything to do with the contribution.

Most disturbing, though, are the

near-misses that came in July and August. In mid July, the *New York Times* revealed that President Clinton was asked to make a dozen fundraising calls. Few of the names on the list, including Gail Zappa and Dirk Ziff, belong to parents of apparent kiddie donors. (FEC records shows students giving from the same address, but neither would return my calls.) In August, Dirk Ziff showed up in the *Wall Street Journal* as one of Bill Clinton's party pals on Martha's Vineyard. This is on top of a dozen kiddie-donor parents who attended fundraising coffees or slept in the Lincoln bedroom.

The single fact that separates kiddie cash from the Asian money and other campaign-finance scandals is that nobody has admitted that any of this was wrong. The Democrats have given back their Asian money, but politicians of both parties are sitting on more than \$2.4 million in contributions from "students." Much of that money is clearly illegal. All of it is highly suspect.

Bill Clinton is sitting on the most. When will he give it back? □

Ex-Navy Engineer Puts Armor-Piercing Material on a Driver. Outguns Steel and Titanium on Distance.

PGA professionals outthit their titanium drivers by 25 and 50 yards

by Mike Hensen

YALESVILLE, CT – And you thought steel and titanium were tough. Well, steel and titanium can't penetrate an armor-plated tank or sink a warship. To pierce their defenses the military had to make something so powerful it had to keep it secret... so powerful that once it was declassified, some innovative company would surely apply it to the face of a golf club to add distance.

One has and it doesn't bode well for golf's current state-of-the-art metal, titanium. A well-known professional outthit his own titanium driver with the new club by 25 yards. Another Tour professional outthit his titanium driver by almost 50 yards!

The new driver is the creation of a former Naval Ordnance engineer who used to apply the material to the tips of torpedoes, and a small golf company in Connecticut.

The material – called CT-20 – is twice

as hard as steel and 70% harder than titanium. It

whacks a ball with such force that at clubhead speeds of 120 MPH – the level of longball champs – the new club split the cover on some balls.

CT-20 also increases a golfer's accuracy by holding the ball on the face of the club four times longer than steel and titanium. This makes off-center shots far less likely to hook or slice, and allows a good golfer to draw and fade the ball with more control. I watched a top Tour professional test the club at a PGA Tournament. Here's what he told me.

"I'm hitting the ball 30 yards past my driver and controlling it like a five-iron. You see all my competitors smiling at me? That's not admiration. It's worry."

A company spokesman said this.

"It's basic physics. The harder you hit a ball, the farther it goes, and the Condor® Armor-Pierce (the club's name) clobbers a ball like a battering ram. The club also reduces *abnormal* spins. That's why he's controlling his 300-yards shots like a five-iron. You know who he is? (I said I did.) He loves the club. I wish he weren't tied up with a big company. He would

shoot in the 50's with it. Imagine that on TV. Titanium drivers would be history before he changed shoes, especially at the Condor Armor-Pierce's price."

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BREAD & CIRCUSES

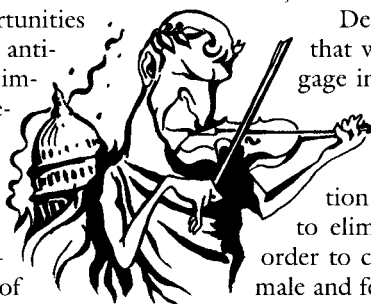
OPPONENTS of race-based preferences are winning in the courts, but, thanks to the Clinton Administration, sex-based preferences have triumphed in the gym. In the name of "gender equity," colleges belonging to the NCAA have cut 20,900 male athletes from team rosters over the past five years. Male wrestling and gymnastics programs face extinction. Although eliminating men's teams does not improve athletic opportunities for women, a 25-year-old anti-discrimination initiative imposes strict quotas on collegiate playing fields.

Back when the Equal Rights Amendment was wending its way through the state legislatures, Congress approved Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972, which prohibited sexual discrimination in federally assisted education programs. There's little evidence of discrimination in education today. The majority of students in college now are women, and women earn the majority of masters' degrees. But the feminists are not content.

The problem is that, while enjoying enormous educational success, women are not playing sports to the same extent as men. The number of female athletes has increased dramatically since the early Seventies, when young women were not encouraged to play competitive sports and only 300,000 high-school girls did. In my all-girl high school, neatly pressed gym uniforms were the priority for our teacher, who presided over the class in stockings and heels. Apparently, ironing was thought to contribute to our physical fitness. One of my sisters abandoned competitive swimming when our mother pointed out that large shoulders would look terrible in evening clothes.

Today 2.4 million high-school girls enjoy the benefits of competitive sports. However, in both high school and college, the proportion of female students playing competitively has, after an initial surge, leveled off to less than 40 per

cent. A sensible person might conclude that this reflects women's natural inclination to be less interested in sports. After all, men made up 60 per cent of the TV audience for the women's NCAA basketball finals. And female students are plenty engaged in other activities. Studies show that high-school girls are more involved than boys in non-sports extracurricular activities like choir, band, and debate and drama clubs.



Despite the evidence that women now freely engage in sports in proportion to their interest, federal courts and the Clinton Administration are forcing colleges to eliminate men's teams in order to create an even ratio in male and female athletics.

The National Women's Law Center celebrated the 25th anniversary of Title IX by filing complaints with the Department of Education against 25 universities whose athletic teams don't have the same male-female ratios as the student body. (Who says girls can't do math?) The Department's own enforcement policies and a recent case involving Brown University will force colleges to adopt a strict proportionality between men's and women's teams or risk losing federal payments.

Although Brown was an early supporter of the women's athletic movement, it was sued when budget-cutting in 1991 led to the elimination of two women's teams and two men's teams, which affected 37 men and 23 women. The court recognized that Brown funded 32 teams, half for men, half for women. However, women accounted for 51 per cent of the enrollment and only 38 per cent of the varsity athletes. Brown argued that it provided athletic opportunities sufficient to meet the interest and abilities of its female students, but the courts ruled that under Title IX schools must structure teams so that the ratio of male to female athletes matches the ratio in the student body. Brown was told to fund any sport women might want to play, regardless

of cost, or eliminate 213 slots for men. In April, the Supreme Court denied Brown's petition for review.

This interpretation of Title IX has led to the elimination of hundreds of men's programs—with no appreciable gains for women. As interpreted by the Clinton Administration and enforced by the courts, Title IX has been four times more effective in eliminating male athletes than in developing female athletes. The NCAA reports that there are now more women's teams than men's among its members, but male rosters remain larger, and so, as one university coach puts it, the "carnage" afflicting men's sports continues.

Over the past five years, NCAA Division III programs cut 9,000 male slots while adding a mere 178 female slots. In the last three years, 16 Division I schools have dropped their men's swim teams and more than 60 schools have eliminated men's track programs. There were 133 men's gymnastics teams in 1975; there are only 32 today. In 1972, there were 777 college wrestling programs; there were only 315 by 1996 despite enormous interest at the high-school level. Florida has 253 high-school programs with 6,850 participants, but no college teams at any level.

Recent news accounts indicate that the number of men's high-school teams in Florida might also be facing a precipitous decline. State education officials have notified several schools that under state law and Title IX they risk being eliminated from all athletic competition if they don't recruit more female athletes. Officials at one Florida high school complain that they don't have sexual parity in athletics because 25 per cent of their female students are already or soon to be mothers.

CONGRESSMAN Denny Hastert (R., Ill.), who spent 16 years as a high-school wrestling and football coach, has been leading congressional efforts to enforce the original anti-discrimination intent of Title IX. When higher-education programs are reauthorized next year, he wants Congress to clarify that colleges "shouldn't reduce opportunities for either gender to participate in order to satisfy proportionality." If Hastert's GOP colleagues prove too timid to eliminate reverse discrimination in collegiate athletics, they ought to be benched.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

This Is Your Liberal Catholic (Not on Drugs)



Meet Bob. He's on the parish council, and he's a real nice guy. When his wife suddenly moved in with a woman, left him with the kids, and divorced him, he understood. He felt her pain. She needed to find herself. He knew it was all his fault, which his therapist confirmed, explaining that, after all, Bob's a male in an oppressive patriarchal society. Now, to atone for his guilt, Bob urges his daughter to become an Army general and his son a daycare provider.

Bob has always loved trees — he even hugs them — and he worries about overpopulation. So he put his daughter on the Pill at age 12 and had himself fixed. Bob happened to mention that to his new pastor, Fr. Joe, who understood perfectly. (What a cool guy!)

After Bob remarried, he told Joe he hadn't bothered with the annulment rigamarole. Fr. Joe commended Bob for his courage. Days later — indeed, on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, Bob's favorite holy day — Joe asked Bob to be a eucharistic minister, the first time Joe ever asked a nonwoman. Bob was deeply moved, but felt unworthy: He told Joe he just couldn't bring himself to stand at the altar until the Church ordains women. Joe understood.

Bob came to admire Joe's pastoral sensitivity. Then an amazing thing happened. When Fr. Joe removed the Tabernacle and the kneelers, and took down the crucifix, Bob felt suddenly transformed. No more bowing and scraping, no more bad vibes! A strange burden was lifted from Bob's shoulders. Indeed, when Bob told his new spouse how good he now felt about himself, she gave him permission to stop seeing his shrink.

When, a few years later, Fr. Joe was dying of

AIDS, he asked Bob to deliver the eulogy. Bob was touched to the core of his being. At the funeral, after introducing Joe's latest lover, Bob told the grief-stricken people that Joe was not only a compassionate person of faith, but a lifestyle pioneer and a martyr for diversity, like Rock Hudson, only more so. There wasn't a dry eye in the house. Bob then confidently told the gathering that Joe was in Heaven now with God and Her angels and saints. At that, the people broke out into prolonged applause, and then spontaneous hugging, thereby discombobulating old Sister Freda, the new parish administrator, who was offstage waiting anxiously to launch into her liturgical dance.



Poor Blob — uh, *Bob*. He doesn't really know what Catholicism is about. He came of age in the 1970s, and no one taught him. So don't blame Bob *too* much. He just wants to go with the flow — be hip, even at his age.

These days everyone's a victim — except Bob's a *real* victim, in ways he doesn't realize. And the rest of us, who have to put up with all the dissent, disorder, and drug-free dopiness in the Church, are real victims too. This is where the NEW OXFORD REVIEW comes in. An orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, we proclaim the fullness of Catholic truth with energy, humor, and pizzaz. If you've had it with mush-head Catholicism, subscribe today! You'll get a bang out of us.

(Bob, Fr. Joe, Sister Freda, and the entire story are fictional.)

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ON THE SCENE

Chinese Puzzles

PETER W. RODMAN



Roman Gerni

PEKING
A VISITOR who remembers the China of the 1970s and 1980s is easily dazzled by the physical changes in Peking. Mao's China practiced economic "self-reliance," that is, a particularly stultifying form of Communist autarky. Mao's Peking was a grim, poor, and sleepy town, with spare socialist architecture, no traffic on the wide and dusty boulevards except trucks and a few official cars, a million bicyclists, and nearly the entire population (except small children) dressed in drab, Mao-suited Orwellian uniformity. Deng Xiaoping's Peking, after 18 years of 10 per cent annual growth and economic opening to the West, is a booming capital with an efficient new highway and road system, ubiquitous construction of hotels and office buildings, neon signs, traffic jams of cars and taxis (as well as bicycles), a mushrooming of small businesses, and a well-dressed (Western-style) population. In short, Peking today

Mr. Rodman, an NR Senior Editor, is Director of national security programs at the Nixon Center for Peace and Freedom.

looks like a modern city. The route to and from the airport used to be a quiet, narrow tree-lined road; now it's a six-lane toll highway.

Capitalism is clearly flourishing. Indeed, it is flourishing beyond both Chinese and American intentions. The Ministry of State Security, at American urging, has finally launched a crackdown against piracy of intellectual property. Yet in an open-air market within spitting distance of the American Embassy, this writer was accosted by no fewer than five different Chinese murmuring "CD-ROM," "CD-ROM," in a conspiratorial tone that suggested a certain lack of confidence in the intellectual-property-rights status of the product. Perhaps the Ministry of State Security (and the American Embassy) need to take another look.

On the surface, an American visitor to Peking gets an impression of a China eager to improve relations with the United States. Official Chinese, in the governmental and military leadership and in the key think-tanks (which all have some official affiliation), are in a mood to reassure. Within the past year, the Chinese government has become alarmed at the anti-China sentiment building in the United States, and the word has clearly gone out that an effort must be made to allay this. China is no threat, a visitor is repeatedly told; China will remain a poor developing country into the middle of the next century. China has no ambitions to dominate East Asia and the Pacific; on the contrary, it is acutely conscious of the interest it shares with the United States and others in a peaceful and prosperous region. Deng's theme of interdependence has replaced Mao's doctrine of "class struggle." Aside from the contentious issue of Taiwan, China sees its strategic interests paralleling ours. Its military

buildup is defensive and slow, and we are told that China will never match the firepower of Japan, let alone the United States. The human-rights situation is said to be steadily improving (a Tiananmen "could never happen again," I was told flatly by a senior official). China hopes the summit visit of its president, Jiang Zemin, to Washington in October will put cooperation back on track.

Chinese think-tankers admit that the topic of "America in decline" was hot a few years ago (about when it was hot in the United States, after Paul Kennedy). This could only have whetted nationalist aspirations. Chinese scholars still spend time thinking about it, though most of them are powerfully impressed by America's economic performance today (especially compared to that of the Europeans and Japanese). America's great technological dynamism comes not only from its resource base but also from its vigorous research and innovation, which, a Chinese senior official acknowledged, are not depletable. America is expected to remain the world's pre-eminent economic and technological power for the next fifty years at least.

The real problems in the relationship, of course, are not so visible on a quick visit to Peking. There is no longer a common Soviet threat to unite the two countries; since Tiananmen in 1989, the domestic constituency in the United States in support of the relationship has unraveled, and the Chinese leadership has come to fear Western democratic ideas as a threat to the survival of the

*China
and America
are suspended
somewhere between
cooperation
and rivalry.*

regime; and now China is emerging as a potential superpower in its own right. China and America are suspended somewhere between cooperation and rivalry.

Despite the reassurances, China's military buildup in fact is clearly directed at U.S. vulnerabilities—in the form of anti-ship missiles, air-to-air missiles, and wake-homing torpedoes that could do

serious damage to U.S. forces in the near term. China's ace military strategists are zeroing in on the weaknesses even of our future electronic-war capabilities. (They're eagerly studying anti-satellite and anti-stealth techniques and working on how to conduct "crippling attacks on the information systems" of an opponent.)

The U.S. and Chinese militaries have exchange programs, but there is not full reciprocity. Many Chinese officers come to the U.S. and study American military history and doctrine; few U.S. officers are able (or permitted) to do the same in China. Even the physical location of the Chinese Ministry of National Defense is kept secret; foreign visitors are received at a pleasant guest house nowhere near the real headquarters. (Chinese military leaders in Washington are welcomed in the Pentagon and are shown many other facilities.) Transparency this is not.

The Chinese military, indeed, write of the United States as their "opponent" and sometimes, off guard, speak to visitors disparagingly of Americans' low tolerance for casualties and their own doubts that America really will defend Taiwan. The danger of miscalculation is a bit frightening.

The U.S. military and intelligence services seem surprisingly complacent about all this. An April 1997 Pentagon report to Congress, required by Section 1305 of the FY1997 Defense Authorization Act, was evasive if not deceptive in its dodging of hard congressional questions about China's strategy and capabilities. There is no mention of China's anti-ship, anti-satellite, anti-stealth, and other relevant pursuits. If Chinese underestimation of the U.S. is dangerous, so is U.S. underestimation of China. Effective deterrence—which means steadfast maintenance of U.S. military primacy in the Asia-Pacific region—is essential. A sensible long-term relationship with China indeed presupposes it.

The emerging Chinese giant is itself vulnerable, but the vulnerability lies in its internal evolution. Your eager correspondent ventured, in informal settings, to predict that major political change was inevitable in China. The Chinese are a great people, I said; they are fully capable of a modern economy—and a normal political system. And dictatorship is not normal. Instead of the vigorous rebuttals I expected (and received as a matter of course in free-wheeling foreign-policy discussions), I was usually met with a thought-

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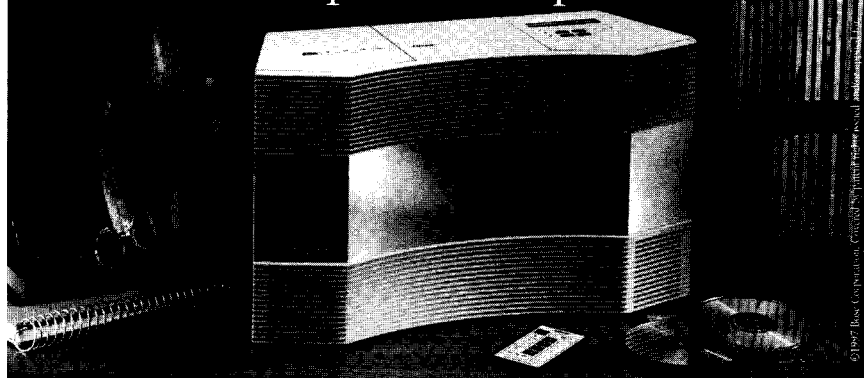
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ful and tempered reaction (and an occasional wink of agreement from younger attendees). The China that catches up with America in economic strength thirty or forty or fifty years from now

(if such is the case) may be as unrecognizable to the infrequent tourist then—and not just in superficial terms—as today's Peking is to the visitor who remembers the days of Mao. □

Patriotic Gamble

URI DOWBENKO



Roman Germ

NEVADA
I'M not going to allow the ID card into Nevada. There will be no ID cards," says Aaron Russo emphatically.

In the course of his career, Russo has been a nightclub owner, a music promoter, and a successful manager with movie stars like Bette Midler and Susan Sarandon, and music groups like Manhattan Transfer. More recently he has been active as a Hollywood producer, with hits like *Trading Places*, starring Eddie Murphy, *Teachers*, starring Nick Nolte, and *The Rose*, starring Bette Midler. He is perhaps best known in Hollywood as the first producer to get a \$1-million fee.

Now Russo has traded his Hollywood base for Nevada, announcing plans to run as a Republican candidate for governor in 1998. Why has he given up the lucrative movie business for politics?

"I believe that America is rushing headlong into becoming a socialist totalitarian society," he says, "and I want to help stop it. I see the Federal Government disobeying the Constitution. When the government is allowed to take con-

trol by force and act unlawfully, then that's tyranny."

What Russo has in mind is things like the Omnibus Appropriations Act, 1997, a/k/a Public Law 104-208, passed by Congress and signed by President Clinton last year. Buried deep within this one-inch thick document lies a scheme for national identification cards. Presented as a safeguard to keep illegal aliens from working in America, this new law mandates a program for establishing a national database. In bureaucratic terms, they call it "Employment Eligibility."

Title IV, Subtitle A, "Pilot Programs for Employment Eligibility Confirmation," calls for so-called "machine-readable documents" with "the individual's Social Security account number" and photo identification. There is also a stipulation for the development of "counterfeit-resistant Social Security cards," implying the use of biometric data like fingerprints and/or retinal scans. This is not sci-fi, folks, it's the law.

In addition there will be a toll-free telephone line so an employer can check on a prospective employee, in the words of the law, "concerning an individual's identity and whether the individual is authorized to be an employee." That's on page 664. Believe it or not, this code section ends on page 666.

Sitting in Nate 'n' Al's, a movie-industry eatery in Beverly Hills, Russo seems an unlikely person to go up against Big Brother. His successful career in entertainment, however, is probably an asset. He knows how to reach people. And, as he says, "Nobody's telling the American people what's going on." About the ID card, first, but that's not the only area in which Big Brother is active. For example, there is the "Communication Assistance for Law Enforcement Act, in which every phone in America will be pre-wired for a tap," says Russo.

He is running as a Republican, but he

doesn't see these as specifically Republican issues. "My support is across all party lines," he says. "I think if you're a Democrat or Republican, you don't want to carry an ID card. You don't want your phones tapped. It's about freedom in America."

For Russo has the quaint idea that the Founders of our country meant what they said. "Under the Constitution, only Congress can make law. But now you have all these government agencies making rules and regulations that will have the force of law." The FDA, for instance, which has continually overstepped the boundaries of its jurisdiction. "I want to make Nevada the alternative-medicine oasis of the United States," declares Russo. "I believe in freedom of choice in medicine. The FDA has tried many times to stop doctors across the country from practicing alternative medicine. I believe it's up to every individual to make his or her choice about what kind of treatment to receive. That's another thing we're fighting for."

As for national educational testing and standards, the point isn't whether the particular standards are good or bad; "I believe that the job of educating children belongs to the local community." First federalism, now limited government; what will he think of next?

HOW about due process? "Last year in America, there were 250,000 asset forfeitures, and 80 per cent of these people were never charged with a crime, much less convicted of anything. If the government can come in and take your assets without due process of law, then that's the definition of a totalitarian country."

Russo also has harsh words for the

I'm not going to allow ID cards into Nevada,' says Aaron Russo emphatically.

Internal Revenue Service. "We're going to make sure that people who get tips, which are gifts, will not have to pay taxes on them. Under the IRS's own code, gifts can only be taxed if they're over \$10,000. There are many people in Nevada who cannot afford to live.

"I met one waitress," he continues,

Mr. Dowbenko is chairman and CEO of New Improved Entertainment.

"who was working 16 hours a day and she was living in a car with her five-year-old child because the government pre-assumes how much money she's making in tips and takes it out of her paycheck.

"She earns \$900 every two weeks and takes home \$167 after taxes. It's beyond comprehension. Imagine—the government assumes how much money you should make, then you have to pay taxes on it. I'm going to go to the Supreme Court," says Russo, "and stop the IRS from taxing people's tips in Nevada."

Voter apathy and mistrust of government have also captured Russo's attention.

"I'm very concerned about voter fraud," he says, "because when you use a computer to cast a vote, there's no way to really tell if there's fraud because there's no paper trail. In Nevada, I've been having many meetings with the Registrar of Voters in Clark County. I'm telling them that the computer has to spit out a paper receipt which the voter looks at to see if it matches his vote. If it matches, he presses a button which verifies that the receipt's correct and then he drops the paper receipt in a ballot box. So now you have a ballot box and a computer voter and those two should line up with each other, so you can verify the computer votes with the paper trail."

In tackling Big Brother, Aaron Russo's platform is clearly based on states-rights issues defined by the Tenth Amendment of the Bill of Rights. In fact, much of what he says is reminiscent of the prophetic words of Patrick Henry from *The Anti-Federalist Papers* (June 5, 1788). Henry warned his compatriots, "... Happy will you be if you miss the fate of those nations, who, omitting to resist their oppressors, or negligently suffering their liberty to be wrested from them, have groaned under intolerable despotism. . . .

"Those nations that have gone in search of grandeur, power, and splendor have fallen a sacrifice and been the victims of their own folly. While they acquired those visionary blessings, they lost their freedom."

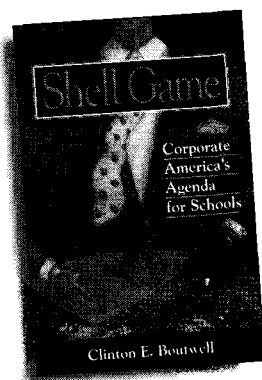
When asked what he'd like to accomplish, Aaron Russo says, to "stop the tide of the Federal Government's encroachment on everybody's life. If I can do that and light a spark in America, other states can see that it can be stopped." That would be a significant contribution. □

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GEKKO

IT sounds as if Prime Minister Matathir of Malaysia was reading my speculator friend's insulting comments quoted in an August Gekko. At the International Monetary Fund/World Bank meetings in Hong Kong, he was acting with all the self-restraint we've come to expect from recently discharged Postal Service workers.

I remember the first time I interviewed a Malaysian finance minister, at the IMF meetings in Belgrade in 1979.

The image projected was that of a classic Oriental potentate who would brook no challenge to his authority. And after the recent troubles, there has been a lot of fulminating about how America and its evil speculators will be thrown back across the Pacific. But I think we can discount, at least for a few years, the idea that either the Japanese Yen or the Chinese renmenbi will be able to supplant the dollar in Asia. The Japanese are far too preoccupied with their domestic troubles to embark on a yen-based Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere. And while the Chinese might want to get the region's central bankers to fill their reserves with renmenbi instead of dollars, they have a little matter to deal with first: the insolvency of their banking system.

So while eventually our financial empire may go the way of Babylon's, Mongolia's, or Portugal's, for the moment Matathir and his sycophants can just shut up and take their medicine. That means concentrating on their real problems, such as inadequate educational systems and crony capitalism. If George Soros wanted to hold them back, he couldn't do what they're doing to themselves.

■ On the other hand, let's give credit where it's due. Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister of Russia Anatoly Chubais has just managed to buffalo the finance officials of the developed world, including those in our own Treasury, into accepting Russia into the Paris Club of rich-country creditors. In case

you think that is an empty honor, consider this: we have now accepted the principle that the rusting T-62 tanks that the Soviet authorities shipped to Mongolia, as well as the time-bomb nuclear reactor they sold to Cuba, are worth just as much as the Boeing jets whose financing has been largely guaranteed by U.S. taxpayers. Other major debtors of the former Soviet Union include Vietnam and Egypt.

The Vietnamese debts to the USSR are especially interesting, now that our Treasury believes that all that 7.62-mm ammunition fired at our soldiers on credit should be paid for in hard currency. All told, Cuba owes some \$30 billion to Russia, and Mongolia and Vietnam owe about \$20 billion each.

Of course Chubais and his colleagues know perfectly well that there isn't any \$30 billion in Cuba or \$20 billion in Mongolia. And until recently, it was assumed that these countries, when their reconstruction started, wouldn't be burdened with the responsibility for paying for a lot of useless weapons and junk "industry" foisted on them by Soviet emissaries and crooked Communist governments. Now the Russians have agreed to give some discounts on these debts, but they don't say how big these discounts will be.

Here's one scenario for the ultimate outcome: a few years from now, when



"You show me a man who can't buy happiness, and I'll show you a man who doesn't know what to do with his money."

the Russians face a payments crisis with their creditor countries, they can sign over the \$111.8 billion in Soviet-era "loans" as payment on what they owe us. Then Treasury Undersecretary Larry Summers or his successors can send the repo men to Havana, Hanoi, and Ulan Bator and see how far they get.

Boris Yeltsin recently defended Chubais against his critics among the Russian bankers, saying that the minister was like his child. If Chubais can strike those kinds of deals with the U.S. Treasury, I'd like to adopt him myself, sometime before April 15.

■ I know that now that it's a New Age, we should put our faith in falling semiconductor prices, foreign investors, and the Psychic Hotline 900 number, but I was brought up to believe that money supply matters, and money supply (in the form of MZM, Gekkos passim) in the U.S. has in recent months been growing at a rate just shy of 8 per cent. That is consistent with the inflation rate rapidly increasing over the next couple of years unless the Fed tightens hard.

I know gold isn't good for much any more, apart from paperweights and occasionally to cover short positions, but some technical analysts still find it a useful indicator. For example, Martin Pring says, "The only reason gold goes down is deflation or disinflation, and the only reason gold goes up is inflation." So where does that take us?

According to Pring, "The key price level to look at is a weekly close above \$328 an ounce. If gold moves above that point, it is on its way to the mid-300s. In the course of moving there, it could easily be whipsawed up over \$400 an ounce, thanks to all the huge short positions out there." On the downside, Pring believes that a weekly close below \$318 an ounce would indicate a further slide down to the \$300 or \$290 level.

If that should happen, Warren Buffett and the other bond bulls will be very happy puppies. If we actually got \$400 gold, though, you will have wanted to switch out of those stock funds some time earlier.

■ Some of my speculator friends were so upset that I hadn't heard any Princess Di jokes that they passed along several to me. Such Wall Street jokes are far too tasteless for NATIONAL REVIEW, but if you want to have them, e-mail me at dizard@msn.com.

—JOHN DIZARD

A Spiritual Autobiography

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

IT was during the summer of 1938 that we were given the dreadful news. I forget from whose hands it came. Probably from “Mademoiselle,” our governess. She was the authority in residence at Great Elm, given that my mother, my father, and three of my older siblings were traveling in Europe. That left six children to romp happily through one more summer in Father’s large house in Sharon, the village designated by the Garden Club of America two years before as the most beautiful town in Connecticut after Litchfield. The six of us left behind ranged in age from Jim (15) to Maureen (5). We were superintended by Mademoiselle Jeanne Bouchex and by three Mexican nurses; fed and looked after by a cook, a butler, and two maids; trained and entertained in equestrian sport by a groom and an assistant, making use of Father’s eight horses; instructed in piano by a 23-year-old New Yorker who came and stayed with us three days of every week, giving us each a lesson every day on one of the five pianos in the house; and instructed in the guitar or banjo or mandolin (we were allowed our pick) by a Spanish-born violinist who traveled once a week from Poughkeepsie.

It might have been Mademoiselle who told us what Father had decided, or it might have been Miss Hembdt, Father’s secretary. She lived in Yorktown Heights and regularly relayed to us bulletins from Father, transcriptions of letters he would mail her, mostly to do with his business affairs but now and then including something directed to one or more of his absent children, supplementing what we would learn from letters received from Mother or from one of our siblings traveling with them. With these notes came our monthly allowances, a directive or so touching on this or that subject, references to a book Father had just read which we should know about, or read ourselves. . . . That dreadful day in August the directive, however transmitted, was as horrifying an edict—my two afflicted sisters and I agreed—as had ever been sent to three healthy and happy children from their father. The directive was to the effect that the next school year Jane, Trish, and I would pass in

boarding schools near London, the girls at St. Mary’s in Ascot, I at St. John’s Beaumont, in Old Windsor.

The news fractured the arcadian spirit of our summer. We had got used to quite another routine, where summer vacations evolved almost seamlessly into a return to school, where academic life required no radical departures from our way of life and none at all from our surroundings,



because we were taught by tutors right there in the same rooms in which we played when indoors during the summer. When school began for us at the end of September we continued to ride on horseback every afternoon, we swam two or three times every day until the water got too cold, our musical tutors continued to come to us just as they had done during the summer, and some of us would rise early and hunt pheasant before school; our classes began at 8:30, ended at 12, and there would be study hall and music appreciation between 4 and 6. Three or four neighborhood children joined our school, and though we sorely regretted the summer’s end, the academic regimen

was light, and at our ages—Jane had turned 14 that summer, Trish was 11, I was 12—the schooling we got was as tolerable as schoolwork could be. Now, suddenly, we were to go to boarding schools in England. Why?

We fled to Aunt Priscilla. She lived with her maiden sister in a house nearby, returning home to Austin, Texas, in the fall. We went to her: *Why? Why? Why?* Aunt Priscilla was infinitely affectionate, sublimely humorous, but also absolutely self-disciplined. After hearing out our outrage, she agreed to write to Father in Europe to put our case before him: What really was the point in going to England to school? We had all already *been* to England to school . . . only five years ago—it was there that Trish and I had first learned English. Jane, Trish, and I had gone to Catholic day schools in London, the oldest four to boarding schools, the two girls to that same St. Mary’s, Ascot, where now Jane and Trish would go.

THEY hadn’t liked St. Mary’s, hadn’t liked it one bit. Aloïse, the oldest, had been 14, possibly the most spirited girl the dear nuns at St. Mary’s had ever come across, with her singular, provocative independence. They had got on at Ascot because by nature

This essay is drawn from the first chapter of Mr. Buckley’s Nearer, My God: An Autobiography of Faith, just published by Doubleday. Copyright ©1997 William F. Buckley Jr.

Aloïse and Priscilla (11) were irrepressible; but they had never pretended to *like* their school. John (13) and Jim (10) had gone to the Oratory Preparatory School in Reading. John had kept a diary at the school and was manifestly amused by his foreign experiences, which he depicted in words and in drawings. But the entire family had been shocked and infuriated to learn that not once but t-w-i-c-e our brother Jim had been—caned! Called into the headmaster's study and told to lean over. The first time, he had received one "swipe." The second time, two swipes. Not quite the stuff of Nicholas Nickleby's Dotheboys Hall, but news of the punishment was received as such in the family corridors, and the rumor spread about the nursery in our house in London that Father and Mother even considered withdrawing the boys. It did not come to that, but Jim was for at least a year after the event regarded by his brothers and sisters as a mutilated object. He, being sunny by nature and serenely preoccupied with his interest in flora and fauna, hadn't actually thought very much about the episode. For the rest of us, it was the mark of Cain, discolored our year of English schooling.

And now we were headed back for more of the same kind of thing? We needed to know—Why? Surely Aunt Priscilla would set things right.

The Word came, about two weeks later. A letter from Father. She didn't read it to us, but she explained that Father "and your Mother"—this was a blatant invention, we knew; it would never have occurred to Mother to impose any such ordeal on us—believed it would be a very fine educational experience for us. "Besides"—Aunt Priscilla winked—"as you know, your father has complained that five years have gone by since he understood '*a single word*'"—Aunt Priscilla did a light imitation of Father, elongating a word or phrase, to give it emphasis—"uttered by any one of his children." In England we would learn to *open our mouths* when we spoke. We moaned our dismay at one of Father's *typical* exaggerations. It is true that Father was a nut on elocution, and true that his nine children, on returning from five years in Europe, had quickly adapted to lazy vocalisms which Father, then nearing sixty, had a progressively more difficult time deciphering in the din of the three-tiered dining room, the main table for the older children and the adults, the middle table for those roughly 9 to 13, the third, little table for the incumbent baby(ies).

We felt certain that his objective wasn't merely to put us into Catholic schools. Such a thing, in our household, would have been supererogatory. Mother was a daily communicant. Father's faith was not extrovert, but if you happened on him just before he left his bedroom in the morning you would find him on his knees, praying. Our older brothers and sisters, here in the States, were not at Catholic schools. So we ruled that out as one of Father's objectives.

We dimly understood that Father had always stressed the value of cosmopolitan experience. We lived now in Connecticut rather than in Mexico City, where, bilingual, he had gone to practice law after graduating from the University of Texas, intending to raise his family there. But he had been exiled from Mexico in 1921, pronounced by the President of Mexico an "*extranjero pernicioso*"—a pernicious foreigner. Which indeed he was, having backed a revolution

against President Obregón which, among other things, sought to restore religious freedom to Mexican Catholics. He bought the house in Connecticut, but soon, pursuing business concerns, he moved the family to France, Switzerland, and England. It was in Paris that I first went to school, speaking only Spanish. Was Father simply seeking out further exposure to another culture?

It was much much later, after the war, that we learned the hidden reason Father thought it prudent to have three

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of his children of sensitive age away from home. It was why Aunt Priscilla hadn't read to us out loud the explanatory letter she had received from him: Mother had become pregnant again, against her doctor's advice. It was not known if she would survive the birth of her eleventh child (one baby had died at birth, ten years earlier). At the time, we knew only enough to be vaguely apprehensive about Mother. We did not know how dangerous the doctors thought the birth, due the following November, could be.

But whatever speculation we engaged in, however horrified we were at the very thought of the ordeal ahead, there was never any doubt, in my father's house, what his children would be doing at any given time, i.e., what Father said we would be doing at any given time. So that, on September 18, 1938, after an indulgent 24 hours in New York City shepherded about by our beloved young piano teacher to movies, a concert, and Horn & Hardart Automats, we—Mademoiselle, Jane, Trish, and I—boarded the S.S. *Europa* for Southampton.

THESE was much political tension. We couldn't fail to note it immediately on landing in Southampton. British sentiment was divided between those who favored standing up to Hitler—who had just occupied the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia—and those who opposed any move that might threaten war. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain was scheduled to return the next day from his meeting with Adolf Hitler in Munich. Before boarding the train for London we were fitted out with gas masks.

In London we were greeted with Mother's distinctive affection and Father's firm embraces. Little was said, that I can remember, about where we would be taken the next day, but Father did tell me that he had found Fr. Sharkey, the headmaster of St. John's, a "fine" person, and Jane and Trish were told that the Mother Superior at Ascot was someone other than the Mother Superior, so disliked by our older sisters, who had presided five years earlier.

Mother drove in one car with Jane and Trish and their bags to Ascot; Father and I, in another car to St. John's.

It was late on a cold English afternoon (Father instructed the driver to detour to the landing field and we saw Neville Chamberlain descend from the airplane that had flown him from Munich to announce that he had brought "peace in

our time"). A half-hour later, we turned into the long driveway that took us to the pillared entrance to the school, the whole of it contained in one large square brick three-story building.

We were taken by a maid to a primly decorated salon, and Fr. Sharkey, short, stubby, his hair grey-white, came in, took my hand, and chatted with Father for a few minutes about the international situation. Tearfully, I bid goodbye to my Father and was led up with my two bags to a cubicle, halfway along a line of identical cubicles on either side of a long hallway that held about thirty. To enter you needed to slide open a white curtain that hung down from a rod going across the cubicle's width, about eight feet up from the floor. The rooms had no ceiling of their own—looking straight up, you saw the ceiling of the large hallway, perhaps ten feet up. To your right and to your left were white wooden partitions. On the right, a dresser—two or three drawers and a hanging locker. To the left, your bed. A small table of sorts stood near the bed, and on it I quickly placed pictures of my family. On the window ledge, which I could reach only by standing on my bed I placed one end of a huge Old Glory I had bought that last day in New York, holding it down with two weights I contrived from something or another so that the United States flag could hang down behind my bed, all five feet of it. The dormitory master, Fr. Ferguson, knocked on the wooden partition, drew the curtain to one side, introduced himself, and told me he would lead me to the refectory, as it was time for supper.

The dining hall was crowded with the eighty boys who boarded at St. John's. The youngest were aged 9, the oldest, 14. After supper, we went to the study hall. I was three weeks late in arriving for the fall term and so without any homework to do, pending my introduction the next day to my form master.

I don't remember how I passed the two hours. In due course we were summoned to evening prayers. We knelt along two of the quadrangular corridors in the building, a priest at the corner, boys at a right angle to his right, and to his left. He led us in prayers, to which we gave the responses. Fr. Sharkey then materialized, and the boys filed by him. He shook hands with each of us and said goodnight. When it was my turn, he said, "Goodnight, Billy. You are very welcome at St. John's." We walked up the circular staircase to our cubicles and were given 15 minutes before Lights Out. Just before the light was switched off, the dormitory master read the psalm (#129) "De Profundis," to which we gave the responses in Latin. These were thumbtacked behind one of the dresser doors. The first two verses exactly echoed my thoughts. "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications."

I DON'T remember very much about the period of acclimation. I do remember the quite awful homesickness (I had never before spent a night away from my family). It lasted about ten evenings, during which, smothering my face with the collar of my pyjamas so that I would not be heard by my neighbors, I wept.

I think I remember praying for war, confident that if war

came, Father would take us home. Mother had warned us that we would be homesick, that this would go away after a while, and that until then we should offer up our pain to God in return for any private intentions. In a closed conference, back in London, Jane and Trish and I had decided we would offer up our forthcoming torment for the safe and happy birth of Mother's baby in November.

The routine was extremely severe, up against what I had been used to. Rising in the morning always came as a wrenchingly disagreeable surprise. I remember ten years later reading C. S. Lewis's *Surprised by Joy*, in which he told that throughout his early schooldays in England he remembered primarily how tired he always was. I assume Mr. Lewis had a special problem because once awake I was all right, but getting up was for me then—for some reason—more difficult than rising, six years later, at 5:30 in the Infantry, or, a few years after that, at 4 A.M. to do watch

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duty racing my sailboats. Once or twice every month the school Matron, as she was called, would ordain that this boy or that should have a "late sleep," which meant we would sleep an extra 45 minutes, rejoining our classmates at breakfast, after Mass. In those preconiliar days Catholics could not take Communion unless they had fasted since midnight. For that reason alone, breakfast could not have preceded Mass.

The pews were stacked along the sides of the chapel. Twenty boys sat and kneeled in the top right pew, looking down on the heads of twenty boys a foot beneath them. Then across the little aisle, to the faces of twenty boys at the lower level, and another twenty above them. To view the altar one needed to turn one's head. There was no sermon, except a brief one on Sundays. The Mass lasted about 25 minutes.

I have always been impatient, and so it was I suppose surprising that I came so quickly to feel at ease with the daily Mass and then became gradually engrossed in the words and the ritual. We were studying second-year Latin and I was dreadful at it, incapable of understanding why, while they were at it, the Romans hadn't simply settled for Spanish. But I paid increasing attention to the Ordinary of the Mass, which is to say that part of it that doesn't change from Sunday to Sunday. It was easy to follow—the right-hand column of the missals carried the English translation. The liturgy took hold of me, and I suppose that this means that liturgy has theatrical properties. Yes, but something more, I reasonably supposed, and suppose so now. Thirty years later I would write a scorching denunciation of the changes authorized by Vatican II and of the heartbreakingly awful English translations that accompanied the jettisoning of the Latin. The Mass, in Latin, had got to me.

I had of course attended Mass every Sunday for as long as I could remember and thought myself something of a

pro in the business, inasmuch as I had been trained, in Sharon, to do duty as an altar boy. I very nearly became a godfather—I remember the thrill, followed by the humiliation. Our devout black butler, Ben Whittaker (he was a first cousin of Fats Waller), became a special friend of mine at Great Elm. After his wife gave birth to quadruplets, he told me excitedly that he wished me to serve as godfather. It transpired that I could not act as godfather, not having yet been confirmed. The honor fell to my older brother John, though by the time the formal event took place, only one of Ben's poor babies was still alive.

It was then that I was told about emergency baptisms, extemporaneously given to anyone in danger of dying. I once improvised on this privilege. Mother had a friend who visited often at Great Elm, sometimes bringing along her two daughters, one in her late twenties, the second a few years older. On overhearing a conversation between Mother and Mademoiselle, I learned that the two ladies had never been baptized. I thought this shocking and talked the matter over with my sister Trish: we devised our strategy, and knocked at their guest-room door early one morning, after establishing that they had both been brought breakfast, in bed, on trays. I knocked and told them that Trish and I were looking for my dog. They welcomed us in to search the room. I knelt down to see if he was under the first bed and, a drop of water on my forefinger, touched it on Arlie's forehead as if reaching to maintain my balance, silently inducting her into the Christian community, while Trish, emerging from under the other bed in search of the dog, did as much for her older sister.

My mother was solemnly attentive when I whispered to her the happy consummation of our Christian evangelism. She did not betray her amusement: that was a part of her magic as a mother. She would never permit herself anything that might suggest belittlement—whatever her child's fancy. And then, too, she was as devoted a child of God as I have ever known, and perhaps she permitted herself to believe that her friend's two grown-up daughters, neither one of them at death's door, had in fact been baptized. When in England I found myself going to Mass every day and offering every Mass for the health of my mother, I felt a closeness to her that helped diminish the pain of separation.

In those days I remember a special reverence for Our Lady, to whom I appealed as a mother herself. I hadn't the capacity (even now I am not comfortable with the abstraction) to imagine infinity. I accepted it as a gospel truth that the Mother of God was "infinitely" wonderful, which meant to me that she was many times more wonderful than my own mother, but this hypothesis I had difficulty with: How was it possible to be many times more wonderful than my mother? I never asked any of the priests for help with that one. After all, I reasoned, they did not know Mother, so they might find the question surprising, impudent even. I knew that would not be the case if they had

known Mother. But Our Lady became in my mind an indispensable character of the heavenly cloister. A long time after that I learned that a thing called Mariolatry had been especially condemned by noisy iconoclasts like Charles Kingsley. My first instincts were not combative, but sad: that someone so much like my mother should be disdained was incomprehensible.

NO doubt my religious ardor was stimulated by the circumstances we lived in. St. John's was run by Jesuit priests. They were, as members of the Society of Jesus tend to be, thoroughly educated. It required 13 years to become a member of the Jesuit Order, and the training was exacting, the regimen spare. Fr. Manning was our form master. At the end of each hour, at every other school I would ever encounter, a fresh master moves in to teach the class his specialty. Fr. Manning did not teach us French, for which purpose a layman was brought in whose British accent, when he was speaking in French, I would ostentatiously mock, my own being so superior, as anyone's would be who learned French at age six in Paris. But excepting French, Fr. Manning taught every subject in "Figures IIA"—the equivalent, roughly, of first-year junior high. Geography, History, Maths [*sic*], Latin, Doctrine. Each of the six school years at St. John's (grades three to eight) had a single form master. Two of these were pre-ordination Jesuits, climbing up the long ladder to priesthood serving now, so to speak, as field instructors at a boys' boarding school. They were addressed as "Mr." But they met with the priests at faculty conferences, which were conducted in Latin, and I often wondered when did they sleep, since they were always up and around before we rose, and never appeared ready to retire when our lights went out.

I remember once being handed a corrected paper by Fr. Manning in his study. I leaned over to retrieve it and accidentally overturned his can of pipe tobacco. I heard the slightest whinny of alarm and then the majestic Fr. Manning was on his hands and knees, picking up each tobacco grain, one after another, replacing them in his can. "That is my month's allowance, Billy. I cannot afford to let any go unsmoked!" I thought this extraordinary. That this . . . seer should have less than all the tobacco he wanted.

On those rare afternoons when we did not do school sports, we would be taken for long walks in that historic countryside. We were within a few hundred yards of Runnymede, where King John had signed the Magna Carta. Striding alongside Fr. Paine, a tall, angular priest, about 35 years old, I'd guess—he was the administrative coordinator at the school and also its disciplinarian—I asked about Fr. Manning's tobacco, and he told me that Jesuits took a vow of poverty and that therefore they were given a monthly allowance which had to suffice for all their needs. I asked whether it would be permitted for a friend to give tobacco to a Jesuit priest and he said no, this was permitted only in



the case of food, when it was in short supply. (After the war, for several years, meat was very scarce, and Father sent meat every month to the Fathers.) Ten years later, at the wedding of my sister Trish, the Jesuit priest who officiated, a lifetime friend of the groom, told my father not to make the mistake of offering him a stipend in return for his services "because under Jesuit rules, we cannot turn down a donation, which in any event goes to the Order, not to the priest to whom it is offered." Fr. Paine told me that Jesuit priests needed frequently to check themselves, to guard against the sin of pride, because Jesuits were in fact very proud of the Jesuit Order and very happy in it. One inevitably wonders whether that pride is quite whole after the strains of the 1960s.

Fr. Paine would regularly check individual cubicles at night to say goodnight to each of the boys. When November came I confided to him that my mother was soon to bear a child, her tenth, and that I was anxiously awaiting a telegram confirming that the baby had come and that my mother was well. He leaned over and embraced me warmly and did so again extemporaneously after the baby came, and once finally seven months later when my father wrote to say that because of the lowering clouds of war, my sisters and I would be withdrawn from our schools after the

Esquire had asked me to write about where, that I had never been, I would most wish to visit. I wrote that I would most like to visit Heaven because it was there I would be made most happy.

winter term. Fr. Paine's warmth did not affect what I judged the extreme severity of the punishment I was twice sentenced to, for whatever social infraction. The first time it was a single ferule stroke, smacked down on my open hand; the second, two strokes, one on each hand, the cumulative experience with corporal punishment in my lifetime, if you leave out an unsuccessful fistfight with the strongest and biggest boy at St. John's, a rite of passage for any potential new-boy challenger (his name was Burns—I forget his first name, though first names were universally used among the boys). Many years later when as a magazine editor I contracted for the services of European correspondent Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, I learned from him that while I was a student at St. John's he was teaching the senior boys down the hill at Beaumont College, and that on learning, soon after arriving from Austria, that the ferule was the regular instrument of discipline, he had gone to the priest-executioner and demanded to receive six ferule strokes, the conventional ration for grave infractions, exactly as they were inflicted on student miscreants. He made his demand even after being reassured that, at his age, with adult, callused hands, he would hardly feel any smart. But he persisted, and after receiving the blows reported clinically that far from negligible, six ferule strokes, even for a husky Austrian in his twenties, was a singularly painful experience. I heard that for extreme acts of misbehavior the

birch rod was used on the buttocks, but I never knew any boy who received this punishment at St. John's. Fr. Paine and I exchanged a half-dozen letters in the ensuing thirty years, and we spoke once in London over the telephone in the Seventies—he was retired and had difficulty in breathing. He told me among other things that the young rowdies in London who were disturbing the peace should be given a good beating.

WHEN Lent came we were given a retreat by the brother of Fr. Sharkey, also a Jesuit. He was short, like his older brother, irradiating a singular charm on this 13-year-old (I had had a birthday soon after my sister Carol was born, and Father had redeemed his promise to make me the godfather). I thought back to this retreat twenty years later when I went to Washington with my brother-in-law for a retreat conducted by the president-emeritus of Fordham University, Fr. Robert Gannon, whose short, electrifying sermons I begged him to put on tape, eliciting an assurance that one day he would certainly do this (RIP, he never did). They were cognate skills, Fr. Sharkey's and Fr. Gannon's: dramatic, but never melodramatic; persuasive; poignant; inspiring. I recall only a single parable, if that is the right word for it, from that retreat at St. John's, six months before the world war. I put it in an essay I wrote on my boat during a transatlantic sail. *Esquire* had asked me to write about where, that I had never been, I would most wish to visit. I wrote, on that sunny, breezy day in the mid-Atlantic, that I would most like to visit Heaven because it was there I would be made most happy. I gave Fr. Sharkey's exegesis: He had been approached some weeks earlier, he told us, by a devout elderly woman who asked him whether dogs would be admitted into Heaven. No, he had replied, there was no scriptural authority for animals getting into Heaven. "In that case," the lady had said to him, "I can never be happy in Heaven. I can only be happy if Brownie is also there."

"I told her"—Fr. Sharkey spoke with mesmerizing authority—"that if that were the case—that she could not be happy without Brownie—why then Brownie would in fact go to Heaven. Because what is absolutely certain is that, in Heaven, you will be happy." That answer, I am sure, sophisticated readers of *Esquire* dismissed, however indulgently, as jesuitical. Yes. But I have never found the fault in the syllogism.

My sisters in nearby Ascot were in regular contact by mail. Trish, with whom I had been paired since infancy, wrote me twice every week, always—always—closing, "I hope you are well and that I will see you soon." We did in fact see each other every week. Father had rented an apartment (50 Portland Place, I still recall) where Mademoiselle would stay, looked after by James Cole, a New Orleans-born black cook-butler, a man of enormous spirits, a devout Catholic. Mademoiselle, driven by a chauffeur—his name was McCormack—would come to see us every Saturday afternoon, beginning after the two-week embargo against visiting new boys and girls. My sisters would be picked up at Ascot and driven to pick me up at St. John's, where I could be found sitting, waiting, at the end of the long driveway. We would all go off to Windsor, which, of

course, is where Windsor Castle and Eton College are located. I remember, breathless with pride and pleasure, recounting to my sisters the tale I had heard about when in 1855, five years after the founding of Beaumont, the headmaster had issued a challenge to the headmaster of Eton to a football match, and got back a note, "What is Beaumont?" to which the fabled answer had been, "Beaumont is what Eton used to be, a school for Catholic gentlemen." We would eat and talk and laugh and then—sadly—go back to our schools in time for supper. We were allowed, if I remember, two hours away.

THE principal extracurricular enthusiasm in my childhood was horses. Accordingly, as we neared the great day in March at Aintree, I wrote to my father in London—he and Mother had come to London in January, bringing the baby and her immediately older sister and brother and their nurse. Maureen and Reid were now the same age Trish and I had been when we had gone to day school in London in 1932, when we attended the same schools they now attended. I asked my father if I might be taken to the Grand National. We spent winters in Camden, South Carolina, which is the steeplechase center of the region, and I would hear nothing, during the first two weeks in March, from horse owners and their grooms but talk about who would win the Grand National, in which one or more Camden thoroughbreds would be competing. Father wrote back that I would need the permission of Fr. Sharkey. I sought it. He said, No, such exceptions to school rules could not be made. I wrote back to my father with the sad news. He then wrote a letter to Fr. Sharkey, a copy of which he sent me. Dire signs were visible on the horizon, my father wrote, and if I did not get to see the Grand National now, I might never have the opportunity again. Would Fr. Sharkey, under the circumstances, bend the rule to permit an American boy this experience?

I was summoned to his study. He had changed his mind, he said. I might go to the steeplechase.

Three days later Father's chauffeur drove up. Fr. Sharkey led me to the car and stopped me just as I was about to enter it. He reached into his pocket and withdrew a florin, a two-shilling piece. He leaned over and whispered to me, "Billy, put this on a horse called Workman, to win."

I was driven to 50 Portland Place, where my father and his close friend, his lawyer George Montgomery, got into the car, and together we went to the station at Euston and into a private compartment.

I spent the three hours poring over the tabloid coverage of the 36 horses who would compete, carefully apportioning the ten shillings my father had given me among the horses I thought likeliest to prevail. I was startled, on reaching Aintree, by the appearance of the famous track: it seemed as though all of Liverpool squatted on the infield. It was impossible to see the horses after the first turn. They

would reappear, after a minute or two, on the left turn. I was in a frenzy of excitement. Finally, they were off.

Of the 36 horses that competed in the race, 6 finished. On none of them had I bet. The winner was Workman. He paid 18 to 1.

And I had neglected to place Fr. Sharkey's bet.

I didn't dare tell my father about this . . . egregious, unspeakable delinquency. It passed through my mind to "borrow" the 36 shillings from him, but I was too ashamed. I was preternaturally silent on the train ride back and altogether silent in the car with McCormack, on the hour's drive to St. John's. It was nearly midnight when we reached the door. Fr. Sharkey opened it, exultant over the news he had got on the radio about the horse that won the Grand National.

"Father," I said, looking down at the stone steps, "I forgot. I didn't place your bet."

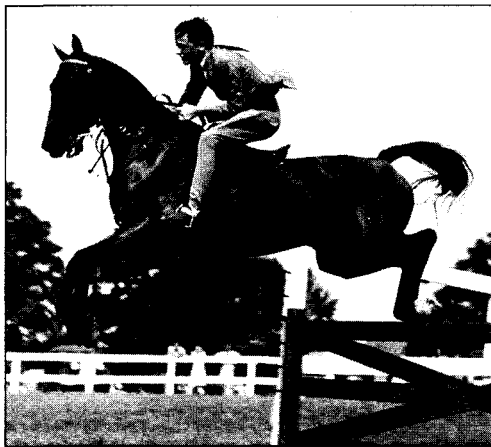
His dismay was acute. Then, suddenly, he smiled. "Those things happen. Now get to bed." I fell quickly asleep, but not before praying that God would forgive me, that God

should find a devious means of transmitting 36 shillings to Fr. Sharkey, that God should suspend the vow of poverty for long enough to permit Fr. Sharkey full and indulgent use of those 36 shillings. But I awoke in panic, fearing the obloquy of my schoolmates, already jealous about the privilege I had been given.

The scandal was stillborn, aborted by Fr. Sharkey. All that I heard the next day was from Fr. Manning, who wished to know what it had been like at Aintree, and had I been told that Fr. Sharkey had picked the winner?

Yes, I said—just that, "Yes." We had a secret, Fr. Sharkey and I, and I wondered whether, by his confessional vows, he was bound to silence about my sin.

WHEN my boy, Christopher, was 10 I took him to see St. John's. I had no intention of sending him there, but I was curious about what we now call his chemical reaction. My father was wonderful with children (up until they were adolescents, at which point he took to addressing them primarily by mail; until we were safe again at 18). He loved especially about them that they were incapable of deception. "You can always tell," he said to me one day in his wheelchair, after a stroke, his grandson on his lap, "whether they really like something or if they don't." Perhaps my son, who was much taken by what he saw, was reflecting my own irradiations. I had been, notwithstanding my distance from home, very happy there, and I knew absolutely—about this there simply was no doubt—that I had a deep and permanent involvement in Catholic Christianity. They say about alcoholics that they are never "cured." I am a senior citizen and my faith has never left me, and I must suppose that Fr. Sharkey and Fr. Paine and Fr. Manning had something to do with it; they, and the closeness I felt, every morning, to the mystical things that were taking place at the altar. □





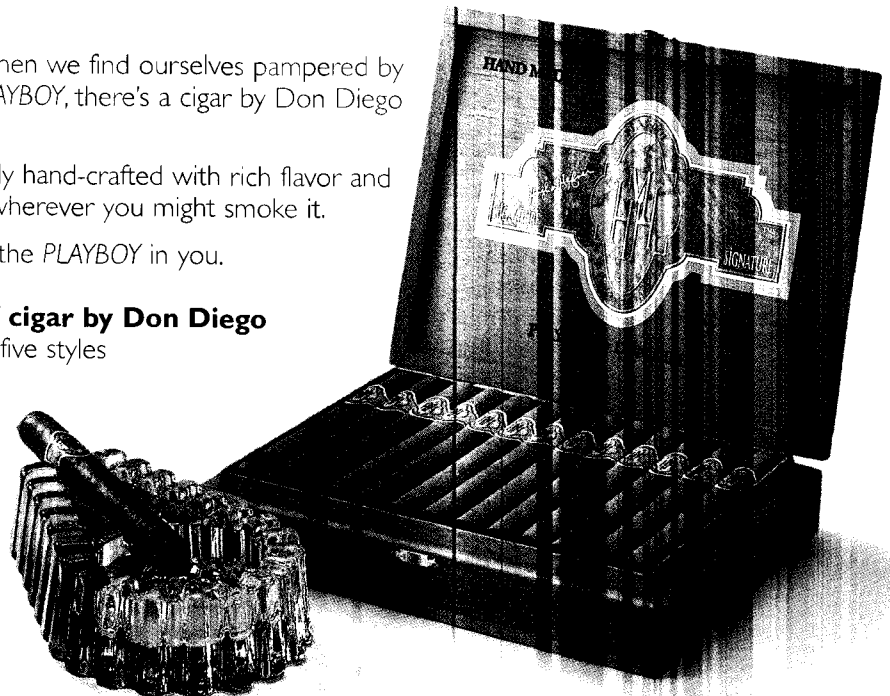
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The Way We Look Now The Way We Look Now The Way We Look Now

RACHEL CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON

FASHION HAS CLAWS. Its artful adornments should not be mistaken for mere fripperies. They display the primal instincts of the predator. Ever since the days of the French Revolution, when decadent aristocrats challenged their doom by tying crimson ribbons around powdered necks, fashion has taunted with its provocative play of power.

Earlier in this century, this power lay mainly in the hands of a few women. High personal style dominated the fashionable sphere. The dictators of a sybaritic and capricious way of life, a select group of the wealthy and aristocratic exerted influence by making modish what they chose to wear.

In the decades before and after the Second World War, fashion stood stiffly as the footman at the door. Its strength lay in social exclusivity. Couture cultivated a clientele a cut above the rest. The relationship was as ritualized as courtship, an elaborate balance of control and capitulation. The house of Charles Frederick Worth—arbiter of taste for almost a century—was dress-maker to the courts of Austria and France. Cristobal Balenciaga, a Basque who fled to Paris at the outset of the Spanish Civil War, became couturier to Europe's aristocrats, dressing the Duchess of Windsor, Countess Bismarck, and Pauline de Rothschild. Stitching along the seam between elegance and innovation, the gowns of great designers made the women wearing them seem as inaccessible as works of art.

The outbreak of war, of course clipped the wings of couture. Rationing began in Britain in 1941, with accompanying regulations to limit yardage and styles. But fashion contorted itself to take control of the circumstances. "Il faut skimp pour être chic," declared British *Vogue*. Practicality was promoted as patriotic. In France there was no such incentive to stint. Anything saved went to help the Nazi war machine. Fashion became a weapon against the occupying forces, comforting the French while discomfiting the Germans.

Mrs. Campbell-Johnston is a writer for the London Times.

Dior's "New Look" swept the scene in 1947, cocking a snook at compromise. It re-established social hierarchies. Although its nipped waists and wide, wide skirts might have gratified a general postwar longing for luxurious femininity, they were far beyond the financial reach of the average woman. One outfit would have exceeded an entire clothing ration. "The longer skirt is the ridiculous whim of idle people . . . who . . . might do something more useful with their time," fumed Betty Braddock, the testy Labour Party politician. But Princess Elizabeth was invited to a private showing by Dior, and her sister, Princess Margaret, was soon flaunting the New Look out in society.

Fashion's elitism tyrannized the expanding middle classes in the 1950s. Respectability was ardently valued by those who had recently risen in the social hierarchy. Arbiters of taste discriminated between types of cocktail dress suitable for early evenings and for theater showings at 8 P.M., with full evening wear to be paraded only after ten. Manuals such as Genevieve-Antoine Dariaux's *Elegance* informed women how to be "well and properly dressed on all occasions." As *directrice* of Nina Ricci's couture house she spoke with a ring of authority when she prescribed that alligator shoes—however expensive—should always be retired after 5 P.M.

Top fashion mannequins of the 1950s were glamorous creatures, such as Suzy Parker, Dorian Leigh, and Dovima—"the supersophisticated model in a sophisticated time, definitely not the girl next door," declared Jerry Ford.

The aristocratic appearance of the models served them well. Fiona Campbell-Warner married Baron Heinrich von Thyssen-Bornemiza, Anne Cumming became the Duchess of Rutland, and Bronwen Pugh, top model for Balmain, married Lord Astor.

But already the seamier side of fashion was becoming more flagrant. New art has always balked at the limitations of what went before. It is only by pressing back boundaries that the radical is reached, and up-and-coming designers began to push at the establishment's stiff structures.



By the late 1950s sexuality was creeping ever more flagrantly into fashion. Anne Fogarty in her 1959 manual *Wife Dressing* may have advocated “a girdle with everything,” blithely equating its restrictions with the Chinese custom of foot-binding, but Simone de Beauvoir made explicit the idea of elegance as bondage. She bared the brutal, subversive power of couture. With the publishing of *The Story of O* by Paula Reage, an overt connection was made between feminine fashion and sadomasochism. Indeed, before her first sexual encounter, O—who, incidentally, was a fashion photographer—dressed in “a whalebone bodice which severely constricted the waist.”

The cruel carnality of haute couture was unleashed by the revolution of the Sixties. This was a period of complete upheaval as much in sartorial as in political and social terms. “People are talking about . . . Vietnam and the Negro revolution . . . and Youthquake . . . the eruption of the young in every field,” pronounced American *Vogue* in 1965. Suddenly style swept in from the streets. High society lost its stranglehold on taste. Like many of the most powerful artists the new designers did not so much develop and perfect the ideas and techniques of their predecessors as shatter them. “Let’s kill couture,” declared Emmanuel Ungaro, “kill it in the sense of the way it is now.” His mentor, the great Balenciaga, was pronounced dead. The whole fashion industry underwent profound and permanent alterations.

Yves Saint Laurent designed a controversial Beat Look for the house of Dior. This was epitomized by a black crocodile-skin jacket trimmed in mink and worn with a black mink hel-

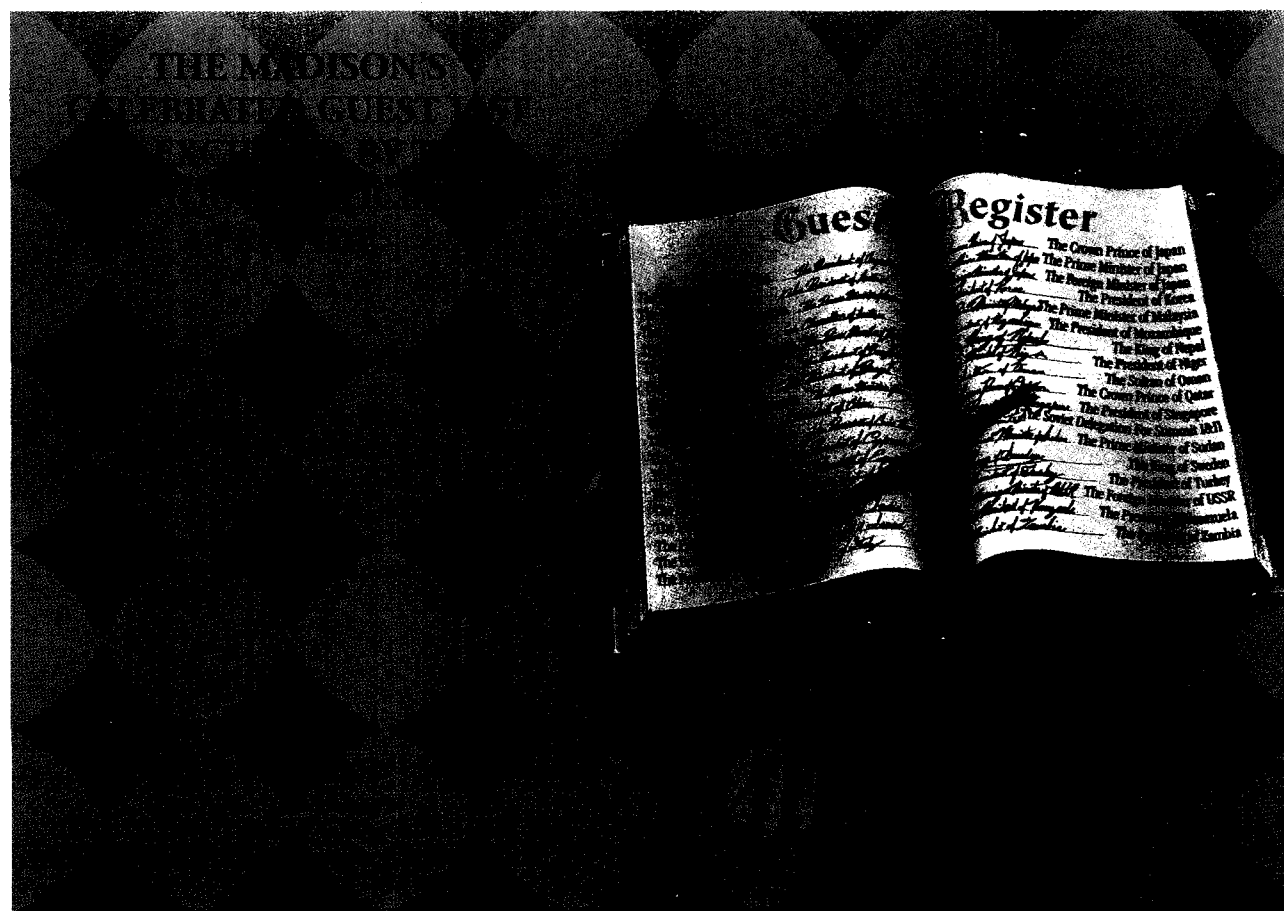
met. Though exquisitely designed, it took its inspiration from the subversive street style of Marlon Brando in the 1954 film *The Wild One*. Saint Laurent went on to pioneer his Rive Gauche line. “Ready-to-wear, for me, is not the last resource, a sub-couture, it is the future,” he said. Apace with the subversion of society came the snap of breaking taboos. For the next

The cruel carnality of haute couture was unleashed by the revolution of the Sixties. This was a period of upheaval as much in sartorial as in political and social terms.

thirty years strong sexual imagery was to influence both high fashion and street style.

David Bailey, a working-class Cockney, rose to fame as a fashion photographer, largely ignoring the clothes. He moved beyond the sensual to reflect his subject’s sex appeal. Photographing a fashion model was like a sexual act, he implied, with the camera as the phallus. In Antonioni’s 1966 movie *Blow Up*, a photographer kneels over a squirming model like a sexual conquistador.

With the 1970s came punk and the brutalization of the entire fashion system. Black leather invoked auras of sadomasochistic sex. Helmut Newton posed his models like streetwalkers. He emphasized the commercialism of sex. That which was subversive was perceived as liberating. Seduction and sub-



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version went hand in hand. Sexual masochism is always concerned with the taunting play of power, with forces of manipulation and control. Fashion grabbed at that power.

Avant-garde designers, such as Thierry Mugler, introduced a butch glamor to their work—stiffly structured silhouettes and stiletto heels. A new breed of “glamazons,” muscular models, became the aristocrats of the fashion world—quite literally, when girls such as Stella Tennant and Honour Fraser took to the catwalk.

Designers found their energy in disparity. To dress like a whore did not necessarily have to reflect a moral stance. As Jean-Paul Gaultier, the *enfant terrible* of French fashion, declared, “Perhaps those jolies dames in their little Chanel suits are the real tarts.” Gaultier’s girdles and corsets and torpedoed breasts wildly flaunted the fetishism of fashion. Tattooing and body piercing moved from the fringes of the sexual subculture to the center of youth fashion.

Gianni Versace picked up the iconography of sexual perversion: leather and latex, body harnesses and studded skirts. His imagery, stolen straight from the streetwalkers of Milan, was flagrant. He believed in fearless fashion. But the play of power had shifted. He mocked the world of pret-à-porter. Shorter, higher, tighter, deeper became a motto. And by sheer force of

personality he forced the richest and loveliest women in the world to dress like whores. Exulting in the success of his 1993 collection, he jeered at critics and clients alike: “They said these clothes belonged only in a leather bar. And now last night there were 200 socialites in bondage.” □

House Style

MARK STEYN

AS THE SLOGAN puts it, “If You Loved His Style, You’ll Love JFK PT Wear.” JFK is the late President; PT is “Patrol Torpedo”—a reference to JFK’s WW II boat, PT 109. In this exciting new range of leisure wear by Kerry McCarthy, the President’s cousin once removed (though it seems no Kennedy cousin is ever really removed), the clothes are not based on what the well-dressed PT crew member is wearing when the Japanese slice his boat in two: that,

Mr. Steyn is film critic for The Spectator.

Suitably Dressed

A PHOTOGRAPHER caught the scene, on a street in London, for the *New York Times*: a couple in their thirties were encamped for the evening on the sidewalk opposite Westminster Abbey, prepared to live that night on the streets for the sake of being present for every moment, the next day, of the funeral of Princess Diana. What the photographer caught—and the editors noted—was that the man had with him, on a makeshift valet, the suit and shirt he would wear the next day. Apparently there was no tolerance, in his own mind, for the flippant and the casual—and apparently no doubt that his dress reflected his judgment on the solemnity of the occasion.

In that reading of the situation, he reflected the sense of things that pervaded the British public throughout the week. The public wanted something emphatically public and communal—and it would not brook the McDonald’s

version. It wanted High Church, with the presence of the Queen and the trappings that marked dignity, expressed reverence, conveyed respect.

But all of this is to say that, as ever, fashion is rooted in the logic of “decorum”: the ordering, or scale, of things. As the old saying went, a man from Mars could look at the Parthenon and recognize at once that it was not a hamburger stand. We have a vocabulary, in architecture, to mark the difference between hamburger stands and buildings devoted to higher, civic purposes, or to things that are transcendent. And we would not dress for McDonald’s as we would dress for a wedding or church.

But in the late Sixties and early Seventies we suffered a sea-change in the codes of dress—another phase in a movement that began at the turn of the century and accelerated with the world wars. In London, after the First World War, it was no longer thought necessary to wear cutaways to the law firm or the investment house. That mode of dress was replaced by what was called the

“country suit,” or what we would consider today a business suit. As late as the Sixties, jackets and ties were expected on airlines; but these days it is no longer surprising to see people in tank tops and shorts.

Advancing along this scale starts producing patterns that describe a state, not merely of confusion, but of moral distraction. And so, several years ago the chairman of an academic department in another college began musing aloud to his colleagues: Why is it, he asked, that colleagues think it fit to show up for their classes wearing blue jeans, but when they are encountered in the evening at a fashionable restaurant they are wearing three-piece suits? Don’t we have there a rather precise measure of their ranking of things? My own suspicion is that if professors were obliged to wear cutaways or academic robes in the classroom, they would be embarrassed to walk in unprepared and run out the clock in rambling “discussions.”

In my own case, I guess I must rank my appearance in class as the most important thing I do in public, apart from being in synagogue or church, for I have been part of a vanishing breed who still wear ties and jackets to class. Just last week, after I had taught a class and met for a few hours with students at the end of the day, I was suddenly seized with a Trollopean angst. It was

Mr. Arkes, the Ney Professor of Jurisprudence at Amherst College, is a contributing editor of NR.

after all, was one of the few moments in his life when JFK was not thinking about image. Instead, it's the sort of yachtwear—JFK cap, \$19.95—the President used to favor when mooching about off the Hyannis coast in less turbulent waters. Each item in this exclusive collection, however, features a reproduction of the “PT 109” insignia, which the young Kennedy sent over to Kerry McCarthy’s mom during the war. “Now you too can wear John Fitzgerald Kennedy’s PT patch,” says the advertisement. “You too can be part of that Kennedy style”—and without the messy business of having to be sunk by the Japs, and maybe losing your life, as two of JFK’s crew did.

For my own part, I regret that Kerry’s slogan isn’t more Kennedyesque: “JFK PT Wear: The shorts have been passed to a new generation,” or “Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what your pants can do for you,” or “The JFK sleeveless PT-shirt: Ich bin ein bare-limber,” or “JFK PT Wear: it sums up not what we intend to offer the American people, but what you intend to ask of them (\$129.95 plus shipping and handling).” Once upon a time, style was organic: as Frank and Dino sang in *Robin and the Seven Hoods*, “You’ve Either Got or You Haven’t Got Style.” But not any more: today, style is everywhere; as the jingle puts it, “J. C.

Penney—I Love Your Style!” Style is what endures when any genuine emotional impulse has faded: long after everyone has forgotten that JFK was ever in a PT, we’ll still have the sweatshirt. Indeed, style doesn’t even have to be authentic: a future FDR designer range will not include a cigarette holder; the Eleanor Roosevelt collection will do without that familiar fox head hanging over her shoulder. Were I Vice President Gore’s couturier, I’d suggest to him reviving this stylish accessory—though obviously in his case the fox would be live.

Which raises the question of the present presidential style, and what we can expect from the inevitable WJC DC Wear (“Now you too can be part of that Clinton style! You too can have his Distinguishing Characteristics!”) Some of it is already out there on the market: for much of his political life, Bill Clinton has made it a practice to give away his underwear and claim it as a deductible item against his income tax. For example, in 1986, he claimed \$2 per pair for three pairs of used underwear donated to the Salvation Army. Though his tax return is non-specific, experts seem to agree that these were briefs, given the low valuation when compared to his 1988 tax return, where he deducted \$15 for a pair of old long johns he’d given away. All over Arkansas

the state described in Trollope’s novel *Can You Forgive Her?* when a few people were walking up a mountain, and they suddenly suffered a pang of fear: that they would not be able to make their way down in time to dress for dinner. I had a meeting of my department that night, and just enough time to catch dinner. Walking home I passed a colleague and remarked that I was on my way home to get a bite and *to change* for the meeting. I offered this report breezily because I was wearing, at the time, French cuffs, striped suit, silver-grey tie (my working clothes). But in this time of dressing down, it could be quite indecorous to arrive at a meeting with colleagues in anything much above the familiar casual mode, with khakis and sport shirt.

I HAPPEN to be serenely comfortable in my suits. They fit well, they offer pockets discreetly tucked away, and they frame me aptly for all manner of occasions. The spread collars are made for me, and they are, as they are, exactly as I wish them to be. But the curious result of course is that I find myself persistently having to apologize for arriving “dressed.” And so I have spun out a repertoire over the years, drawn from Oscar Wilde and others: Reworking a line from *The Importance of Being Earnest*, I explain that “I

make up for being over-dressed by being over-educated.” Or I will adapt a line from a Gridiron dinner of several years back: “Oh, I’m sorry, but I’ve just come from one of those Republican ‘come-as-you-are’ parties.”

Woody Allen once included, in his catalogue of courses for college, “Economics 203: Inflation and Depression—How to Dress for Each.” But we know now that the connection is not what we would suppose, since even ordinary men and women dressed to a higher standard in the Depression than they do today. Photos of Harlem in the 1930s, or of New York and Chicago in the 1940s, show men in hats and suits, women in dresses and wearing gloves. As Thomas Sowell has pointed out, it was also possible for blacks and whites to walk in the streets at night more safely than it is today. In her novel in the Forties, *Northbridge Rectory*, Angela Thirkell records the convention, in Britain, of wearing “siren suits”—something in which a woman could appear on the street when her house had been bombed out and she had no time to dress. No one imagines that there is a causal connection between the standards of dress and the current conditions of our cities, but almost everyone senses a connection of some kind: The sense of decorum in dress was bound up with an understanding

of the codes of conduct that governed people in public places. But in the early Seventies the Supreme Court started teaching very different lessons on the matter of language in public. In Justice Harlan’s famous vacuous phrase, “One man’s vulgarity is another’s lyric.” With that premise, Harlan and his colleagues offered a new maxim: that it was unreasonable to expect people to restrain themselves, or their expression, out of a respect for the sensibilities of other people in a public place. The disregard, even solipsism, shown in habits of dress is bound up with this new ethic, which has made city life far less livable.

But there has been a growing sense of late that the city can be recovered mainly by re-establishing codes of conduct in public—by restoring the small decencies, and ending the regime of small, continuing assaults of squeegee men and aggressive panhandlers in public spaces. The improvements are minor but visible, and if they take hold—if it becomes possible again to walk in Harlem at night safely, or several blocks in Midtown without being hustled—we should not be surprised to find features from a benign past re-appearing. We may think we have seen more men in evening wear or hats, or—the most telling sign of all—a professor, late for class, straightening his tie.

—HADLEY ARKES

there are guys walking around with plaques in their gussets: "William Jefferson Clinton Sat Here."

For most style arbiters of the Camelot era, the journey from Kennedy ("One Brief Shining Moment") to Clinton ("One's Momentous Shining Briefs") must surely mark a precipitous decline in presidential glamor. In no other Administration have the Chief's briefs loomed so large. His answer to the high-school student who enquired as to his underwear was the classic Clinton equivocation, definitive if not of his sartorial style at least of his political one: he "usually" wears briefs, he said, no doubt having been briefed by some pollster that briefs outsell boxers by 5 to 1, but not wishing to kiss off that crucial 80-million-per-year boxer-buying swing vote.

Style-wise, of course, the last half-century has been one accelerating striptease. Ever since the hatless JFK did for men's milliners, the Presidency has become a kind of "as bare as you dare" party: my forthcoming line of LBJ designer leisurewear, for instance, in place of a PT 109 logo has a distinctive appendix scar running across the base of every sweat and T-shirt. True, there have been temporary reverses on the road to this brief new world: President Reagan declined to jog; wore bluejeans and open-necked shoulder-piped western shirts as a projection of ruggedness rather than casualness; and confined his sartorial innovations to those distinctive jackets with large red checks. (These days, the only large red checks in the White House are from the Chinese government.) But otherwise the dress-down trend continues: Anthony Holden, the disheveled "Royal-watcher" who has been giving exclusive interviews every hour on the hour to ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN, and WZZZ-AM Presque-Isle, Maine, for the last month, is demanding that, as a sign of his commitment to a modernized monarchy, the Prince of Wales discard his Coronation robes plus matching orb, scepter, and Imperial Crown of State and instead be sworn in in a lounge suit. Even this may no longer be enough: "Why does he wear those double-breasted suits and that outsized signet ring?" complained Sally McDonald, 31, one of the grief-stricken mourners camped outside Kensington Palace. "It simply enforces that he is out of touch."

President Clinton has stayed nimbly ahead of this game. The question now, as he contemplates his place in history, is how much farther he'll go in his second term. This summer, he had a presidential hot tub installed on the White House lawn—a seven-seater no less, which suggests he's planning to host G7 summits in there. (Russia is still not a full member, so Boris Yeltsin will have to participate from an adjoining horse trough.) As with "dress-down Friday," the new informality presents even more opportunities for social embarrassment than the old days of rigorously correct form. Suppose you're standing in line to be presented to President Clinton behind a television comedienne and her movie actress lover. As the President explains his proposals on welfare reform, the ladies drape their arms about each other, idly dangle a finger over the other's cleavage, nuzzle noses in ears, and generally indulge in what older societies would have regarded as appalling lezzie-majesté. As the next in line, you'd been planning to stand up straight and listen respectfully and deferentially to the President. Clearly, this would now be a ghastly faux-pas. But what to do? Should one grab a passing

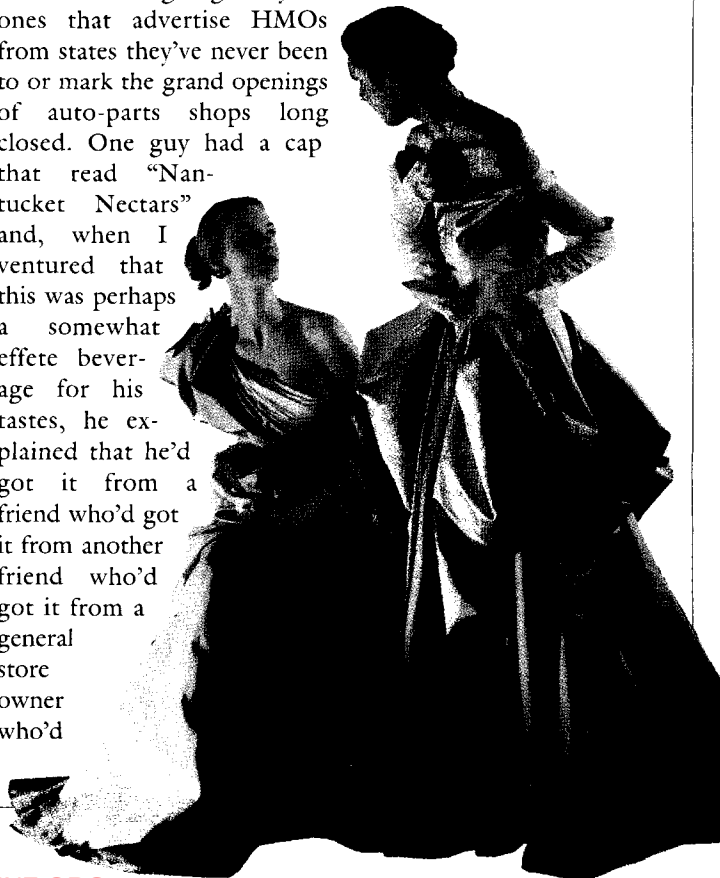
busboy and stick one's tongue down his throat? Or make a pass at President Clinton?

For those unnerved by the relaxed Clinton style, there are no easy answers. As the President himself might say, if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the hot tub. Last year, Bob Dole ignored this advice and, of the many painful moments in the months that followed, there was no more poignant sight than the newly resigned Senate Majority Leader walking stiffly down a Chicago street in a powder-blue sport coat

For those unnerved by the relaxed Clinton style, there are no easy answers. As the President himself might say, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the hot tub.

and an open-necked shirt. Dole was being forced on to Clinton turf: remember the picture of him in running shorts plus black socks and wingtips, for which he was much mocked by craven style commentators. No one leapt to his defense to say it was a witty, post-modern inversion of contemporary style: the business suit and running shoes favored by middle-ranking Hollywood vice presidents. No one hailed the Dole style as an eclectic mix that says hey, I'm laid-back but I'm uptight, too. The style fascists were merciless, no matter how hard he tried, gamely posing in a baseball cap and the last remaining unlogo-ed T-shirt in America.

Admittedly, the baseball cap did have a logo—"Farmland"—but there's something a little calculated about that. Clinton has a shrewder understanding of baseball cap chic. I would say that the trick with baseball caps is to wear ones that have absolutely no discernible connection with you whatsoever. Sure, some fellows still have "John Deere" caps, but the cutting-edge boys have ones that advertise HMOs from states they've never been to or mark the grand openings of auto-parts shops long closed. One guy had a cap that read "Nantucket Nectars" and, when I ventured that this was perhaps a somewhat effete beverage for his tastes, he explained that he'd got it from a friend who'd got it from another friend who'd got it from a general store owner who'd

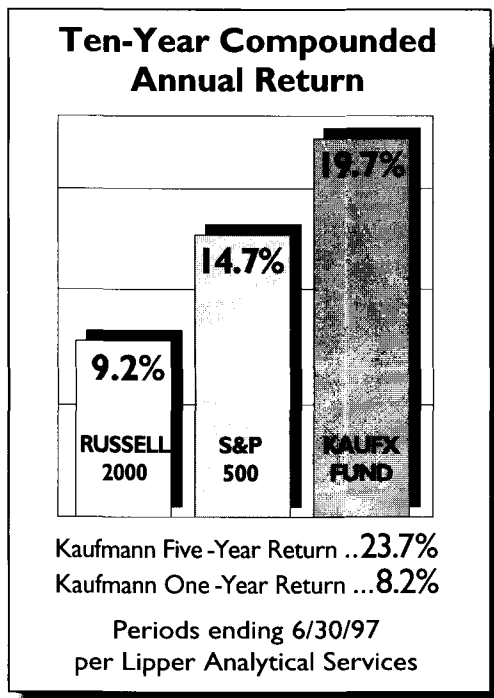


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got it from a guy who works for the distributor. Some similar process must have been at work when Bill and Chelsea appeared on the front page of a recent *New York Times* in jogging garb: Chelsea was wearing a T-shirt bearing New Hampshire's bloodcurdling state motto "Live Free Or Die," the antithesis of Clintonism. Just as gangsta rappers wear their baseball caps back-to-front, so a good White House T-shirt should get its politics back-to-front.

If young Chelsea has absorbed the master's surefootedness, the same cannot be said for the First Lady. In contrast to their predecessors, the style of this White House has been created almost entirely by the President. While the President is casual, the First Lady would appear to be indifferent: she bought her wedding gown the day before. In political terms, Mrs. Clinton is generally credited as the principled half of the team, in contrast to her husband triangulating all over the map like a dinghy of JFK PT Wear adrift off Martha's Vineyard. But, in sartorial terms, it's the First Lady who's the opportunist, mopping up anything from left or right in the hope that it'll work. In Pakistan, she mimicked Benazir Bhutto's silk tunic and headscarf; in Rome, the short-skirted suit and shades of Veronica Berlusconi. And, at formal occasions like her husband's inauguration, she goes for a bargain-basement Royal Family look—high collars, swamping hat, chunky handbag.

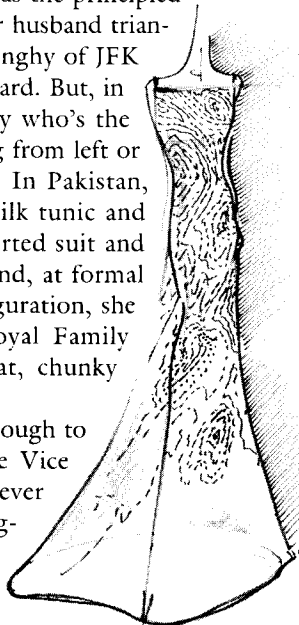
Tipper Gore is usually tactful enough to follow the First Lady's lead. The Vice President is another matter: whenever he stands vice presidentially alongside his boss, he has the same unconvincing effect as Clark Kent in *Superman*; it's an ordinary dark suit, but somehow it seems like a costume.

Still, Gore's job, fashion-wise, is to tag along. If the President opts for polo shirt and slacks, so does Al—though it only gives him the same over-pressed look as Lamar! in red plaid. This ruthless conformity was made most explicit recently when the President and Vice President dressed up as the Blues Brothers in dark suits, sunglasses and pork-pie hats. It also underlined the fraudulence of the White House style: unlike John Belushi, the White House Blues Brothers have no intention of going out in one almighty hedonistic blow-out; like patrons of the JFK PT line, they're just dressing up. It's the look that says "... but I didn't inhale."

So the question for President Clinton as he sits in the Presidential hot tub, the tides of history lapping around, is: what next? A clue might be provided by the evolution of his hair. Thirty years ago, he had Hush Puppies, a ginger suit and a ginger beard; it was in this unlikely garb that, after hearing her dismiss the female orgasm, he propositioned Germaine Greer with the line, "About that over-rated orgasm, Ms. Greer, won't you give a southern boy another chance?" In the Seventies, the ginger beard faded

away to Elvis sideburns. By the Eighties even these had gone, though the whiff of a Vegas-style pompadour still hung over his head. Maybe it's my imagination, but his coiffure seems to be shrinking—either that or, like some erubescant Pinnocchio, his nose is getting larger. Still, to the untrained eye, his hair is becoming more sober.

Caught between Hope and history, will the rest of the presidential style follow? There are a few signs: after tumbling down Greg Norman's steps, he clearly enjoyed what he felt was the gravitas his wheelchair lent him; "You too can be part of that FDR style." But, even if he doesn't change, White House style could. To reverse the debilitating, informalizing pattern of the last half-century will not be easy: Pandora's boxer shorts, once dropped, are not so easily buttoned up. But there are historical precedents. A century ago all powerful men were large: for grandees like Pierpont Morgan, eight-course dinners were routine. It was what we style commentators would now call lardbutt chic. And then William Howard Taft became President, all 332 pounds of him. Most Presidents have to bear the weight of office; this time, the office had to bear the weight of him. The accession of Taft was the apotheosis of weight, and somehow, once he was there, the rest of the country lost its appetite: in Taft, they'd gone as far as they could go, Fashion reversed itself, and, post-Taft, men of influence were svelte. We may be in for a similar turnabout: after eight years of Clinton flying by the pants of his seat, the bottom has surely dropped out of presidential exposure. □



Street Cred

JOHN SIMON interviews Oscar de la Renta



JS: Forty years ago models in high fashion—Suzy Parker, Dorian Leigh, Barbara Goalen—were adults, women. Today's models are girls. What does that tell us about fashion?

OR: Among other things that the career of a model in those times was much longer. They could work way past forty. Today—except for very successful faces—a model is almost at the end of her career at thirty. The money has changed too. When I started working back in 1965, I could book a model for something like \$50 an hour. Today, if you pay \$5,000 an hour, you will be lucky. Great models like Suzy Parker made peanuts in comparison to today. A model like Linda Evangelista can make \$10 to 12 million a year.

JS: But the youth of the models is reflected in the style of the clothes? Is that sensible?

OR: Fashion is indeed extremely youth oriented. The Sixties—with the Beatles, Twiggy, flower children and all that—changed the image of fashion and the fashion model forever. Now the biggest influence on fashion is what comes out of the street—punk and all that. That is very different from when I started in 1965 and

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

before that. In the Forties and the Fifties every woman wanted to dress like the movie stars. Then in the Sixties it was society women like Mrs. Paley. Now the models are the stars—super-models—because *they* have become the arbiters of how women dress. Fashion is no longer something for the elites. On the contrary. Today you don't make your name by selling one dress to an extraordinary lady. You make your name and your money by selling to the masses.

JS: Will it stay that way? Or change back again?

OR: I don't think it will revert exactly. It will change—but more subtly as the everyday woman becomes more secure about her role in the workplace. In the Seventies, when the Women's Lib movement was founded, women started to dress in a more aggressive manner for power—the pants suit, etc. In the Nineties the working woman now knows that she doesn't have to dress like a man in order to make it in a “man's world.” So we have seen a new approach, a softer way of dressing, after the excesses of the past two decades.

Right now I'm launching this new fragrance that's called SO DE LA RENTA. It addresses the new woman who feels that her femininity is an asset, not a liability, in the workplace.

JS: So feminism has an influence on fashion today?

OR: Absolutely. Back in the Sixties, when I designed expensive clothes, my customer was a woman whose first occasion of the day was to put on a nice dress and have lunch with a friend. She bought expensive clothes that were paid for by her husband, and if her husband liked pink, she bought a pink dress. Today she says, “I like the red, but he likes the pink; too bad, I'll buy the red.” It's not that she loves him less, it's that relationships have changed. Most of the time now she pays for the dress. The clothes I design now must make sense in a woman's life—a much more realistic one than the life she led in the Sixties.

JS: Have colors changed a lot—become more daring?

OR: Not really. Color is a selling point—the consumer is often very sensitive to what colors suit her. But when you philosophize about fashion and the impact it has on society, color plays a less important role. When a woman buys a dress today she knows that she will have to wear it many, many times. She is far more concerned with wearability and durability. Just as men wear grey and navy, women today dress in colors that are not vivid, not memorable, because they want to wear an outfit repeatedly.

JS: To what extent, then, can one make really expensive clothes today? Is it easier? Harder?

OR: If you are designing really expensive clothes, you are addressing a very small percentage of the population. If you are talking about *haute couture*—I design for the House of Balmain in Paris—the percentage is even smaller. But if you consider the economics of Balmain, or Dior, or Chanel, or Yves Saint Laurent, the publicity that our collections generate is worth a vast amount of paid advertising. If I had to replace it with space bought in the magazines, I would have to spend twenty times more. Today my biggest business is not fashion as such, but fashion-related products: perfume, accessories, and so on. My fashion business is still profitable—but for the amount of time and effort put into it, it is not profitable enough on its own. But it is my flagship business, what creates the image, and that is extremely important.

JS: Are there two camps among fashion designers? One that

sets out to make a woman look her best, another that treats her as a blank canvas on which to display his ideas? When these are extravagant ideas—I'm thinking of designers like Vivienne Westwood or Versace—don't we get clothes which the ordinary woman can't or won't wear?

OR: Certainly these two designers are extremely talented. Vivienne Westwood in particular is a designer's designer who

*In the Sixties, if a woman's husband
liked pink, she bought a pink dress.
Today she says, 'I like the red, but
he likes the pink; too bad,
I'll buy the red.'*

influences others. But today the avant-garde designers are people like Prada or Ann Demeulemeester from Belgium. The big word for this group of designers is deconstruction. But they still draw their ideas essentially from the street. Young people in the street have been the biggest providers of ideas for fashion since the Sixties with very few interruptions.

JS: Do you design anything for men?

OR: Yes, a line of men's clothes that carries the name “Oscar de la Renta Pour Homme,” expensive, carried in boutiques across the world. Also suits under the label of “Oscar de la Renta,” at about \$400, \$500 each. We do \$50 million worth of business across the United States.

JS: Who today would be an icon of fashion for men like Cary Grant or Robert Taylor in the Thirties? Brad Pitt? Yet who over thirty could think of dressing in that style or of wearing that—forgive me—permanent designer stubble?

OR: Do you think that today the movie star—male or female—seriously influences fashion? If so, I don't agree. At the time of Grant and Taylor, how a star dressed was still strongly dictated by the studios in order to develop the image of different actors and actresses. Women like Marilyn Monroe were also a great influence. Yet their looks too were really created by the studios. Today the studios do not exist, and there is no such thing as a fashion icon, either for men or for women, about whom people say, “I want to dress like that.” It's more anonymous. Fashion comes from the street and goes back to the street. For instance, a few years ago grunge was a big thing in fashion. That came strictly from the street.



JS: Did it go out of fashion because the street dropped it or did the designers move on to something else?

OR: No, it is the other way round. Once it becomes fashionable, it is no longer fashionable for the kids. *They* go on to something else.

JS: But the people with money are not the young but those in their middle years. Shouldn't fashion bear in mind the middle-aged wife of a corporate executive in Chicago or St. Louis?

OR: This is my argument with the fashion magazines, which are so tremendously influenced by youth. The real consumer is not someone thirty years old. So when I'm doing a collection, I balance several different considerations.

The most important thing for any collection is that it is identifiable as the style of the designer, but in doing that I try to arrange my collections so that they will be a balance of clothes where some will be more appreciated by the press and others by the real customer.

JS: Has the ideal of the woman's figure you design for changed greatly?

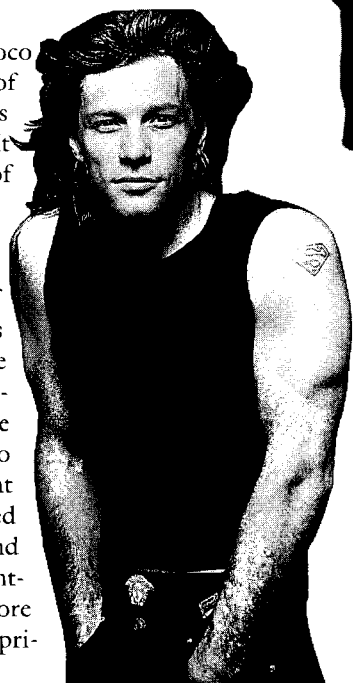
OR: Women and men today are far more conscious of their body and of exercise. Everyone is into some sport. So you will see better bodies than in the past. But when you travel outside the fashionable cities, America is terribly overweight.

JS: James Laver saw fashion as a social indicator: periods of fashion androgyny were times of social radicalism; periods when a voluptuous figure was "in" were socially conservative.

OR: I am sure that fashion reflects wider social movements, but you have to stand back and distinguish long-term trends from short-term fads to see exactly how.

Dior's New Look, for instance, beautiful as it was, turned out not to be the beginning of a major trend. It reflected the reaction against wartime and postwar austerity in the Fifties, but not the changes in people's lives as the postwar boom continued. Courrèges in the 1960s had an even shorter life. His extravagant futuristic designs reflected the future as the scientists forecast it, not the future as it turned out—a future of more work, more freedom, more independence.

Seen in this light, Coco Chanel is the designer of the century. Her suit is both *chic* and practical. It fits both the woman of fashion and the working woman. So it is the perfect expression in fashion of an age of transition for women as they move from the home into the workplace. My guess for the future—it can be no more than that—is that women, having proved themselves at work and taking a career for granted, may now invest more of their personality in pri-



vate life. If so, we may see a revival of those softer, more feminine fashions mentioned above.

JS: If somebody sought fame through assassination, would he select a fashion designer? Plainly I'm thinking of Versace. Was he killed because the designer is now a star?

OR: When someone stalks a movie star, a designer, or a writer, it's not because of their profession, but because these are famous people and the assassin can become famous by killing them—as Herostratus became famous by burning down the Temple of Diana. With the advent of tabloid magazines, new classes of celebrities have been created. Designers have become as famous as their customers. And we have to feed this public, whatever field we are in—cooking, decorating, or designing. I sell my clothes partly because I advertise my name. □

Ab Nauseam

RICH LOWRY

WHY is Susan Faludi writing for one of *our* magazines? It's a question that might occur to any male lured into picking up the October issue of the men's magazine *Details*. The cover, a photo of beautiful woman TV stars in black underwear ("The Girls That Make You Lose Remote Control"), suggests nothing untoward. But, inside, here is Miss Faludi, author of the feminist screed *Backlash*, interviewing author Sadie Plant about her daft new book arguing that the digital revolution heralds a new era of female dominance. "Lots of men," says Miss Plant, "are undergoing what's maybe a sort of post-traumatic stress."

Well, I guess so. This isn't exactly the sort of backlash we had in mind. *Details* editor Michael Caruso explains the Plant interview in his letter to readers with an air of resignation, but holds out some hope: "There are, of course, a few places left where it's still (to sample James Brown) a man's man's man's world." The football field, for instance. "Women may rule the future, but at least we still have football," writes Caruso. "That's a fair trade, right?"

Maybe not. The cover of the September issue of *Esquire* asks: "Does Football Still Matter?" The September *GQ* features an article on the "somasochism of football," titled "My Body, My Weapon, My Shame." Its author, a former Big Ten player, confesses, "I did bad things for football. Because I could. Because I was 19 years old, weighed 270 pounds, had 5 per cent body fat and muscle to burn. Forget touchdowns, I played football for the chance to hit another man as hard as I could—to f— him up . . ."

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

Behind the cleavage-intense covers and breezy celebration of "guy stuff" in today's men's magazines lurks a crisis of confidence. What does it mean to be masculine in the 1990s? If anyone knows, he is certainly not editing a men's magazine. Today's men's titles, from the upscale and literary (*Esquire*, *GQ*) to the practical and outdoorsy (*Men's Health*, *Men's Fitness*, *Verge*, *Men's Journal*) to the hip and girl-crazy (*Details*, *Maxim*, *Men's Perspective*), are all geared to a new feminized man. The Cosmo Girl is out of style. Get ready for the Cosmo Guy.

At the front of the latest *Details*, there are three consecutive advertisements: a black-and-white ad featuring a waifish model for the cologne "Obsession for Men"; a two-page spread for Evian water, including a poem: "In me lives a wildcat who chases the moon and races the wind . . ."; and a color photo of

a man in his undies for "Versace Intensive." Not so long ago someone might have flipped through these pages and asked: Is *Details* a gay magazine?

But the sensibility of those ads pervades the men's-magazine market. "KISS WITH CONFIDENCE AND BEAT BAD BREATH" and "CALM DOWN! CALM DOWN! DEAL WITH PANIC ATTACKS" are cover lines one might expect from *YM* or *Seventeen*, but instead they appear on the September issue of the British *GQ* spin-off, *GQ Active* ("Admittedly," says the article inside, "80 per cent of these [victims of panic attacks] will be women, but that still leaves 250,000 to 600,000 of your Y-chromosome-bearing colleagues suffering a debilitating condition. . .").

What's happened? First, the old masculine attitude toward personal appearance has all but disappeared. If childhood

(Continues on page 80)

Dressing Down

IT'S A DIFFICULT time of year for me. The fashion magazines have their big fall issues on the stands, bursting with style news. I buy them all and look at the pictures. It doesn't help. I'm garmentally challenged.

It's a Nineties thing. My mother, who came of age in the Fifties, is the epitome of style. I'm a slob. God knows she tried to impart her natural sense of style to me, but when I was young and impressionable, Calvin and Ralph told me I could wear jeans anywhere.

I'm not saying every member of my generation is an unkempt clod, but we miss a clothing savvy that was fundamental a few decades back. Even the very fashionable these days opt for casual ease when their time is their own. Hey, was that JFK Jr. or a bike messenger?

Women in the Fifties and Sixties saw Jacqueline Kennedy first as a trendsetter and then as a one-woman style revolution. But when I turned 18, Rosalynn Carter was First Lady—attractive woman, not a style maven. Now Hillary Clinton—interesting hair story there for a while, but not exactly a fashion role model. The Fifties career girl was Doris Day. Ours is Ellen DeGeneres. (What's with the pants all the time? Oh, right.) Their TV mom was June Cleaver. Ours—Roseanne.

We used to have standards and expectations. And hats, gloves, and hosiery to

match. Formality was *de rigueur*. Appearance counted for something; it reflected one's background and upbringing. Young people at mid-century had begun life during the Depression and spent childhood enduring a world war. So making the best of what they had was a matter of pride.

Forty years ago, women went to work in trim skirt-and-sweater sets and pearls, nylons, and high heels. Up five hundred steps to the elevated train and across 47 avenues to work, as mother tells it, in heels. No slipping into sneakers. Now we're roller-blading there.

Perhaps the decline began in the Sixties, when people had a reason for looking bad. It was a metaphor for revolution, man! But who can explain the Seventies? I spent the entire decade in a school uniform, so I don't think its groovy fashions contributed to my own lack of style.

By the Eighties, we were dressing up . . . but poorly. See any Duran Duran video for big hair, big shoulders, big skirts. Everyone was in a "big" mood.

Then, stealthily, the arbiters of fashion let us venture beyond the walls of gyms and resorts in exercise clothes. The look took. Expectations about what people would or should wear fell. To tell a woman her slip was showing had lost its relevance. A scantily clad jogger led my mother to remark, "We used to call that a bra and girdle."

When movie stars shop Rodeo Drive in bike shorts and backward baseball

caps and supermodels favor T-shirts and jeans, we mortals feel justified in our own choice of casual comfort.

SO if I don't feel like ironing, and I never do, I can throw on leggings and a huge denim shirt—the outfit I became attached to when I was expecting my kids. People won't assume I'm a vagrant or a ne'er-do-well—though once the lady who runs the fruit stand said, "Oh, pregnant again?" Still, it's comfortable and easy.

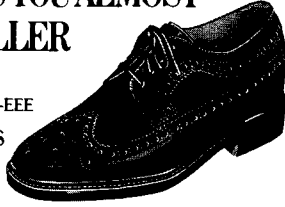
And if I want to be stylish, I'll buy a \$200 pair of sneakers or a sweatshirt that glorifies its creator: Tommy Hilfiger or DKNY. Even the fashion houses from forever have succumbed, with Chanel T-shirts and Baby Dior bibs. Clothes no longer speak for the designer—designers speak through labels and logos. Is that bodystocking suitable for afternoon tea? It must be—those three Adidas stripes racing down the rear end just scream: "Fashion!"

—SUSAN BRADY KONIG

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Mrs. Konig is a former editor of *Seventeen*.

Affirmative Reaction

*State-sponsored discrimination is
slowly being dismantled—
no thanks to Republicans.*

RAMESH PONNURU

FOR Washington state legislator Scott Smith, preferential policies hit close to home. In 1991, he and his wife, Leslie, joined hundreds of others in applying to the police academy. He scored 18th to her 287th. She got a job. He didn't. "I started asking a couple of friends, How could this happen? and they said that's what's called affirmative action," he recalls. "And it seemed immoral." Now Smith is leading the campaign for the Washington Civil Rights Initiative to abolish state race and gender preferences.

Ed Blum and his wife, Lark, saw another side of affirmative action when he ran for Congress from Houston in 1992. "During an entire year of block-walking," he says, "we realized that blacks and whites and Hispanics who literally lived across the street from each other were put in different districts based on their race. It wasn't unusual for garage apartments to be separated from the regular homes. I was a garden-variety businessman learning how bizarrely these lines had been drawn." Blum went on to mount legal challenges to race-based districting and school admissions. Now he has launched the Houston Civil Rights Initiative, which will be on the ballot this November.

Blum and Smith are not alone. While a majority of Americans has never favored preferential affirmative action, it has taken years of bitter experience for active opposition to develop. Now preferences are under attack from intellectuals, the courts, and local activists across the country. The Republican Party is lagging behind, but could yet join the fray.

In the war of ideas, preferences have suffered another setback with the publi-

cation this fall of Abigail and Stephan Thernstrom's *America in Black and White: One Nation Indivisible*. The scholarly couple has amassed data to show that the growth of the black middle class has not, as is commonly thought, been largely dependent on affirmative action. The Thernstroms also argue that race relations have improved more than proponents of race preferences acknowledge, and that they improved faster before the affirmative-action era.

Even liberal intellectuals have begun to reconsider preferential affirmative action, prompted by its illiberalism or by its unpopularity with the white working class or by both. It's a changed world in which a book called *Liberal Racism* can be published—and written by a liberal. In the September/October *Mother Jones*, editor Jeffrey Klein concludes that "affirmative action has failed as a long-term political strategy." Preference supporters increasingly feel forced to propose defensive reforms. One proposal is to base affirmative ac-

tion on socioeconomic class rather than on race. Nathan Glazer rejects this option but seeks to restrict preferences to black Americans. Glenn Loury suggests restricting them to the black underclass. Sociologist Lawrence Fuchs would limit preferences to blacks until 2010 and then eliminate them entirely. Dinesh D'Souza, author of *The End of Racism*, says, "The intellectual debate is really almost over on this subject. It's really a matter of political cleanup."

Judges are doing most of that cleanup. "It's been years since the anti-preference forces have lost a case in court," says Clint Bolick, director of litigation at the Institute for Justice. "The legal terrain is as solid as it's going to get." In *Adarand*, a 1995 case, the Supreme Court announced that federal preference programs should be subjected to "strict scrutiny." In *Hopwood* (1996), the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals held that public universities in its jurisdiction (Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi) could not use preferences to achieve "diversity." Whether or not these decisions are compatible with a jurisprudence of original meaning, they have placed the courts in the forefront of the conservative effort to change racial policy.

In the *Piscataway* case this term, the Supreme Court is expected to hold that it was unlawful for a New Jersey school district to fire a white teacher rather than an equally qualified black teacher on grounds of "diversity." Supporters of preferences can only hope that the decision is narrowly based. The Center for Individual Rights has taken the case of a white girl who was excluded on the basis of race from a federally funded science program in Texas. It is also challenging admissions preferences at the



Mr. Ponnuru is NR's national reporter.

University of Washington in a case that could be "*Hopwood II*."

With fine even-handedness, the Center is also representing a black graduate student at Alabama State University who couldn't get a cushy scholarship because it was reserved for whites so as to diversify the historically black institution. (The NAACP won't come near the case.) The Institute for Justice is filing a claim for a Hispanic student who was denied a tutoring position at UCLA for refusing to endorse preferences. The Pacific Legal Foundation is litigating to make state and local agencies in California enforce Proposition 209, the California Civil Rights Initiative. And more cases are likely to be brought against major public universities. It seems safe to predict that the public-interest law firms will win almost all of these cases.

THE Clinton Administration's civil-rights enforcers have reacted to these decisions with a policy that critics describe as "massive resistance"—which isn't entirely fair, since Orval Faubus was at least open in his defiance of the Supreme Court. The theory that the judiciary doesn't have a monopoly on interpreting the Constitution went out of style decades ago, and probably hasn't occurred to the Clintonites. Instead, the Administration brazenly insists that each and every one of the scores of federal preference programs comply with the Court's decision in *Adarand*, not to mention the criteria of Clinton's "Mend it, don't end it," policy. There are only two exceptions: a program the Republican Congress repealed in 1995, and another the Administration abandoned when it became clear a court was going to strike it down. Clinton, with typical shamelessness, takes credit for eliminating both.

The Administration has performed even more contortions in the *Piscataway* case. George Bush's Justice Department had sided with the fired white teacher, and Bill Clinton's continued the case and won it in trial court. But then Clinton appointed Deval Patrick as his chief civil-rights enforcer, and the department switched sides—an unusual move that got it thrown out of court as a party in the case. Mr. Patrick then urged the Supreme Court not to hear *Piscataway* at all: it was too idiosyncratic a case on which to base law. "In a sign of the high regard with which the Court holds the Clinton Administration Civil

Rights Division," chortles Clint Bolick, "it did exactly the opposite." The Administration's current position is that the Court should rule for the fired teacher but not make a wider ruling against considering "diversity" in employment decisions.

Meanwhile, the Administration is punishing the University of California for abandoning preferences. It has been unable to make good on former Chief of Staff Leon Panetta's threat to deny federal funds to the system. But Norma Cantú, head of the Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights, has launched an investigation of the system. She says it isn't being investigated for dropping preferences, but this is obfuscation. Her argument is that giving greater weight to test scores and grades can have a "disparate impact" on minorities—which basically boils down to the Orwellian argument that to refrain from racial discrimination is to commit racial discrimination. Moreover, the investigation was demanded by the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund, Miss Cantú's former employer, clearly as a response to the new policy. Miss Cantú also tried to pressure universities in the Fifth Circuit to circumvent *Hopwood*, until she was overruled by then-Solicitor General Walter Dellinger.

The color-blind public universities of Texas and California are now at the center of the political debate over preferences. Defenders of preferences have made much of declining black and Hispanic enrollment there. "I don't know why the people who promoted this in California think it's a good thing to have a segregated set of professional schools," President Clinton told the National Association of Black Journalists in July. Opponents retort that these declines merely prove that they were right about how much preferential treatment was given in the past. (The news hasn't reached everyone: in late August, Sue Anne Presley reported in the *Washington Post* that the University of Texas Law School's old policies had "led to the acceptance of minorities with slightly lower test scores than those of whites." Memos uncovered during the litigation, however, show that officials knew full well that they were applying "radically different admissions standards.")

Curiously overlooked in this debate are Asian-Americans' dramatic gains—this year's entering class at UCLA Law will have 81 per cent more of them than

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last year's, for instance. In his *New York Times* column in May, Anthony Lewis warned that "many law school and other classes in Texas and California may be lily-white next year," as if Asian-Americans had suddenly been bleached. The *L.A. Daily News* reported, "Minorities Show Drop at UCLA," when in fact, counting Asians, the number will increase 25 per cent. In a paper for the Center for Equal Opportunity, Stephan Thernstrom points out that preference supporters are making Asians into "honorary whites," as the South African government used to designate resident Japanese businessmen. Quips Linda Chavez, president of the Center, "The liberal definition of minority is somebody who does poorly."

Asian-American success certainly seems to vex liberals. Yvonne Lee, a Clinton

appointee to the Civil Rights Commission, complains about "overrepresentation of Asian-Americans in certain so-called honor groupings or advanced classes," where they "get labeled as whiz kids and they get stuck in the upper rank and never get exposed to other opportunities." Clinton himself revealed the ominous thrust of this line of thinking in a 1995 interview with the *Sacramento Bee*, where he questioned whether one could "tell who the best qualified people are" "just by reading paper"—i.e., grades and transcripts—and warned that "there are universities in California that could fill their entire freshman class with nothing but Asian-Americans." In other words: Asian-Americans may look good "on paper," but we're notoriously neither well-rounded nor clubbable—just like the Jews of yesteryear.

While California adjusts to the aftermath of ending state-imposed preferences, other states are following the example of its Proposition 209. Just as taxpayer activists rushed to copy the success of California's tax-capping Proposition 13, merely substituting their state's name in the initiative language, so are anti-preference activists elsewhere adopting the Civil Rights Initiative's language wholesale. Ward Connerly's American Civil Rights Coalition is helping these activists organize and raise funds. Other states—chiefly Arizona, Ohio, and New Jersey—are considering anti-preference legislation.

Houston and Washington's efforts are the furthest along. In Houston, Mayor Bob Lanier has managed to get unfavorable language on the ballot, setting the stage for court battles that will tie up

Minority Ruling

ADARAND Constructors, Inc., a small family-owned Colorado Springs company that builds highway guardrails, made history in 1995 when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in its favor in its challenge to several laws that require federal officials to award highway contracts on the basis of race. The Court ordered federal lawyers to meet the "strict scrutiny" test, and sent the case back to federal district court in Colorado.

On June 2, 1997, after nearly two years of Clinton Administration delays, Judge Kane found the federal laws, and their implementing regulations, to be unconstitutional. Applying the Supreme Court's requirement that race-based programs be "narrowly tailored," Judge Kane found the program constitutionally flawed as "both underinclusive and overinclusive." "Indeed," he declared, "under these standards, the Sultan of Brunei would qualify [as socially and economically disadvantaged]." Judge Kane, who was appointed to the federal bench in 1977 by President Carter, also enjoined the Federal Government from "administering, enforcing, soliciting bids

for, or allocating any funds" under the program.

With the federal issue settled, Adarand turned its attention to the State of Colorado and the Colorado Department of Transportation (C-DOT). Most highway contracts awarded in Colorado are awarded by C-DOT—and the federal laws declared unconstitutional by Judge Kane are the basis upon which C-DOT runs its highway program.

Colorado Attorney General Gail Norton reviewed Judge Kane's 71-page opinion and concluded that the federal program was dead and that Colorado's program was therefore "indefensible." Attorney General Norton was right. When the Clinton Administration asked Judge Kane to narrow his ruling, he gave a one word response: "DENIED." Then when the Administration asked to intervene in Adarand's lawsuit against Gov. Roy Romer, Judge Kane denied its motion, saying the Administration's arguments were "fatuous" and "fallacious," and that they "flagrantly ignore [this court's] recent ruling."

Nonetheless, Gov. Romer rejected Attorney General Norton's advice and hired former Colorado Supreme Court Justice Jean E. Dubofsky to defend C-DOT's race-based program. In order to demonstrate that C-DOT's program was unlike the federal program invalidated

by Judge Kane, she argued that although C-DOT's program was required by federal law and set forth in detail in federal regulation, C-DOT had the authority to ignore those federal requirements. Furthermore, she asserted that Gov. Romer had the authority, without the adoption of any legislation by the State Legislature, to award C-DOT contracts on the basis of race. Finally, she tried to convince Judge Kane that C-DOT's program was substantially different from the federal program because it used different standards—although the brief provided few details. The testimony by C-DOT officials was even more enigmatic.

Rather than initiate a lengthy inquiry into these complex matters, Judge Kane took Gov. Romer at his word—that C-DOT's program was based, not on race as the federal program had been, but on "disadvantage." Then in a remarkable twist he declared that Randy Pech, a white male, was disadvantaged as a result of the long enforcement of an unconstitutional federal law that awards contracts on the basis of race.

JUDGE Kane's ruling is a shocker—and a serious setback for Gov. Romer and for federal officials who were quietly supporting his effort. While Romer has ostensibly saved C-DOT's program, he is left with no real program to implement since white males may now qualify as disadvantaged. The response of the Clinton Administration, and other governors, should be fascinating to watch.

—WILLIAM PERRY PENDLEY

Mr. Pendley is president and chief legal officer of Mountain States Legal Foundation. He argued and won Adarand Constructors, Inc. v. Peña before the U.S. Supreme Court.

the anti-preference side's resources at the height of the campaign. If Ed Blum and his allies fail—the first time any anti-preference initiative fails, for that matter—expect a spate of national coverage about the wind leaving the movement's sails.

Scott Smith is working with businessman Tim Eyman to promote the Washington State Civil Rights Initiative. Eyman came up with an innovative way to get Young Republican, Libertarian, and United We Stand groups to help gather signatures: each club will receive \$3,000 for getting 10,000 signatures. It's cheaper than most paid signature-gathering, and it makes fundraising easier if donors are, in effect, giving to two causes at once. Once the initiative gets the signatures, the legislature can enact it without waiting for Asian-American Gov. Gary Locke's assent. "If everybody who told me they'd vote for it votes for it," says Rep. Smith, "it won't have to appear on the ballot." Eyman and Smith are, however, prepared for a ballot campaign, and they are getting fundraising help from the likes of Connerly and William Bennett.

Activists in Colorado and Florida are having a tougher time. In Colorado, organizers have spent months deciding whether or not to deal with issues of sexual orientation as well as race and gender, and other activists have kept their distance until the matter was resolved—which it now has been, in favor of keeping the initiative as simple as possible. The problem in Florida is the desire of influential Republicans to keep the issue off the ballot. They think it's too divisive and might injure Jeb Bush's shot in the governor's race next year. John Barry, who's leading the fight, says, "I don't expect any help from the Republican Party. They'll probably try to suppress our fundraising."

Republicans in D.C. haven't been much more eager to address the issue. Rep. Charles Canady (R., Fla.) and Sens. Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.) and Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) have introduced the Civil Rights Act of 1997, which would end preferences in federal contracting, employment, and programs. But when Rep. Canady and then-Sen. Bob Dole (R., Kan.) sponsored it in the last Congress, it languished because of the combination of a crowded legislative schedule and an unenthusiastic House leadership. Says Bolick, "Last time it was an endless series of hurdles that the sponsors had

to jump never knowing it would be endless. We know that we can't take [Newt Gingrich] at face value."

The reluctance of leading Republicans is somewhat surprising, considering the uniformly high poll numbers opposition to preferences generates. "This is fast becoming an 80-20 issue," says pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick. It unites economic and social conservatives, Reagan Democrats, and Perot types while splitting Democratic politicians' constituencies. At a time of peace, prosperity, and blurred distinctions between the parties, it's an issue Republicans could use to get traction. "It's a very American issue," muses conservative strategist Jeff Bell, "the issue the country was founded on: the nature of human equality." Even prominent moderate-to-liberal Republicans like Reps. Tom Campbell (Calif.) and Marge Roukema (N.J.) and ex-Rep. Susan Molinari (N.Y.) recognize the principled and political case for rolling back preferences.

So why can't most Republican leaders? Partly it's because the issue doesn't appeal to big campaign donors and corporate interests; most of them have made their peace with quotas. A related tendency is the perennial pursuit by Jack Kemp-style Republicans of what writer Michael Lind calls a "rainbow conservatism." Their type of conservatism doesn't just seek to attract blacks and other minorities as fellow Americans; it would rather win one black vote than two white working-class votes, which don't have the same cachet.

Then, too, many Republicans lack the confidence of their convictions. They would prefer not to have preferences, but they worry that fighting them will stir the embers of white racism. "They feel vaguely guilty about opposing preferences," says Bell. "They feel that they're slumming." That fear has a flip

side, as Sen. McConnell explains: "Nobody likes to be called a racist. And the tactics of supporters is to attack anyone who opposes preferences as a racist. I was called by the newspaper in my state a Jesse Helms Republican, which from their point of view is not a compliment."

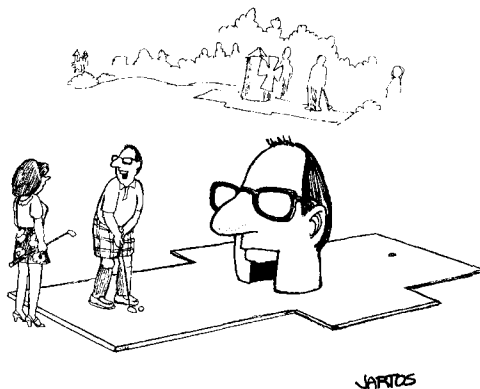
*Watts is one of many
Republicans who oppose
preferences but don't
know whether the
time is right to act on
that opposition.*

These Republicans live in fear that they will inadvertently say something foolish during a debate on preferences. Racial and sexual politics is, after all, a rhetorical minefield: Ross Perot had no idea what he'd done wrong when he drew boos at an NAACP convention in 1992 for referring to blacks as "your people." (Nobody ever hissed when black speakers referred to blacks as "our people.")

Hence the yearning among Republicans for a "positive agenda" to offset the supposedly negative agenda of color-blind law. Hence also the dysfunctional relationship between white Republicans and their minority allies. On the one hand, the whites constantly overestimate the willingness of minority conservatives to carry all the water on racial issues. On the other hand, white Republicans can indulge and defer to these minorities to the ultimate detriment of all concerned.

Something like that appears to have happened to Rep. J. C. Watts (R., Okla.). Watts is one of many Republican congressmen who oppose preferences but don't know whether the time is right to act on that opposition. They say that a consensus has not yet been reached on the issue, though they never propose any practical steps to develop that consensus. What sets Watts apart from other foot-draggers is that he is black and, as a consequence, has uniquely been allowed to hold back the entire Republican conference while he has played Hamlet on the issue.

All these fears are exaggerated. Proposition 209 won more black and Hispanic votes than Bob Dole in Cali-



"I own this hole."

fornia. And it isn't as if Democrats relish a frank debate on preferences. Norma Cantú has gone to absurd lengths to avoid facing critics on television. Nor do Republicans have a monopoly on gaffes. After Rep. Canady's subcommittee held hearings featuring victims of preferential programs, Rep. Maxine Waters (D., Calif.) huffed, "You have a few little stories of a few little people . . ." (Think of her as the Leona Helmsley of preferences.)

Finally, one exasperated Hill staffer offers this sage advice: "Those Republicans who are afraid they'll say something dumb could always keep their mouths shut or, better yet, find other jobs."

Republicans will have a number of opportunities in the next few weeks to improve on their lackluster performance. First up is re-authorization of transportation funds, which include some of the largest set-asides in the Federal Government. This bill is a runaway train carrying pork to most congressional districts, and it's unlikely that preference opponents will be able to slow it down. Congress might even re-authorize programs that have been specifically struck down in court. A fight might, however, shame some members into supporting the Canady bill later.

Another target is Bill Lann Lee, head of the Western regional office of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, whom President Clinton has nominated to replace Deval Patrick as head of the Civil Rights Division. The Senate Judiciary Committee could turn the nomination into a referendum on the Clinton Administration's civil-rights policy. Lee's office joined the Administration's legal assault on Proposition 209. His office also successfully urged the Labor Department to launch another investigation of the University of California—this one on the inventive theory that, without preferences in graduate-school admissions, the system's hiring of teaching assistants would be out of compliance with guidelines for federal contractors.

Anti-preference activists are keeping their eyes on the big prize: the Canady bill. After months of criticism from conservatives, Newt Gingrich has been on his best behavior recently. The dozens of observers I interviewed were almost unanimous in their assessment that the bill would pass if it were put to a floor vote. But that's still a big if.

In July 1995, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Vice President Al Gore had "stunned one staff meeting by declaring, 'I don't get this. . . . I don't

understand why we have to give up anything'" on affirmative action. So far, Republicans have vindicated his political judgment. □

Managing Diversity

Republicans have embraced 'diversity' doctrines for a variety of reasons—none of them good.

FREDERICK R. LYNCH

ONE of the great ironies in recent political history is that it was a conservative think tank's population forecast that inadvertently launched "diversity management," a seductive, business-friendly version of affirmative action. A typographical error in the executive summary of the Hudson Institute's 1987 population forecast, *Workforce 2000*, gave the impression that only 15 per cent of new hires in the 1990s would be white males. Other errors, and distortions of the report's more subtle emphasis on changing labor demographics, were seized upon as the *raison d'être* for an army of "diversity consultants," who proffered the alluring message that employers might achieve a "competitive advantage" by hiring a workforce that ethnically resembles a domestic population increasingly drawn from the Third World. To link "dollars and demographics," consultants crooned, employers must modify their "white male workplace cultures" in order to compete effectively for women and for minorities no longer content to assimilate.

In addition to capitalizing on changing domestic demographics, savvy consultants dangled the keys to "capitalizing upon cultural differences" of overseas workers and markets.

Not long after *Workforce 2000* appeared, the Labor Department began "glass ceiling" audits of government contractors—investigations of alleged "invisible" discriminatory barriers that limited the advancement of women and minori-

ties. Glass-ceiling lawsuits involving ethnic or sexual discrimination in promotions were against major corporations such as Texaco and Home Depot. Diversity consultants then put another spin on "dollars and demographics": the regulation and litigation costs that might be saved or reduced by at least the appearance of "valuing differences" and transforming "white male monoculturalism." Official diversity campaigns by business and by government agencies demonstrated for judges and the general public "good-faith efforts" in the never-ending battle against discrimination.

There remains no systematic evidence that a multiethnic or multicultural workforce per se enhances productivity and customer service in global markets: indeed, the success of Germany, Japan, and the other Asian tigers quickly refutes such claims. As for consultants' boasts of reducing ethnic tensions and creating a more "welcoming climate," for every public testimonial from a corporate champion of diversity there is a horror story of confrontational blowups or widespread employee cynicism toward diversity campaigns—especially when mandatory training sessions are prescribed in the wake of a scandal or court case, as they often are.

Yet all manner of business and government leaders now chant the diversity machine's mantra: "Diversity is our strength." Why?

"Greed, fear, and public relations!" snorts Glynn Custred, co-author of California's quota-ending Proposition 209 ballot initiative—ignored or opposed by many of the state's major corporations. Despite Prop. 209's victory, corporate and conservative elites—from the Beltway to Texas—remain hooked on quotas. They're afraid to let go.

Mr. Lynch is Carthage Scholar at Claremont McKenna College and author of The Diversity Machine: The Drive to Change the "White Male Workplace" (Free Press, 1997).

Having acquiesced to affirmative action in theory and practice for twenty years, many managers and CEOs now find that the idea of ethnically matching workers and customers comes naturally to their harried minds. Political correctness is mingled thoroughly with public relations. Few leaders can "just say no" to diversity. Indeed, the diversity machine's greatest ally has been high-level silence, confusion, and complicity.

Conservative critics have been so preoccupied with unmasking diversity management as a protection racket that they have completely missed the allure of attracting Third World customers and minority voters through affirmative action.

DIVERSITY management's siren song of "dollars and demographics" attracts rhetorical reciprocity from the pro-immigration, pro-growth, pro-globalism proponents of sunny-side-up Republicanism—notably Jack Kemp, Newt Gingrich, and the editors of the *Wall Street Journal*. Their tacticians have long warned of alienating black and Latino voters with attacks on uncontrolled immigration and on diversity programs—voiced most recently in a voting-trends analysis prepared for the California state Assembly's Republican Caucus. But such strategies always ignore the greater costs of driving away far larger numbers of white middle- and working-class voters—who overwhelmingly voted for Proposition 209, for the earlier Proposition 187 (which banned access to public service by illegal aliens), and for many Republican candidates.

The contrived celebration of ethnic diversity at the 1996 Republican National Convention points up the danger that the GOP's heavy diversity rhetoric is edging even conservatives sliding toward acceptance of the diversity model. Indeed, rhetoric is becoming outright repression in Houston, where businessmen and conservative leaders are desperately trying to thwart a municipal initiative modeled upon California's Proposition 209.

From the White House to Wall Street, many organizations have been willing to "buy in from the top" (as diversity consultants themselves put it) to the diversity-management world view. This orthodoxy has spread throughout society, notably in the news and entertainment media, government, professional associations, and education-related indus-

tries—diversity management has become a major theme in business textbooks.

The importance of demographic forecasts, immigration, and globalization in all this cannot be overstated. It moved the debate from the past to the future, from moralism to alleged "bottom-line" pragmatism. *Workforce 2000* was a godsend for affirmative-action advocates weary of hectoring hard-nosed CEOs with moralistic appeals to "right past wrongs." Getting a workforce that "looked like America" now carried the mandate of demographic destiny, espe-

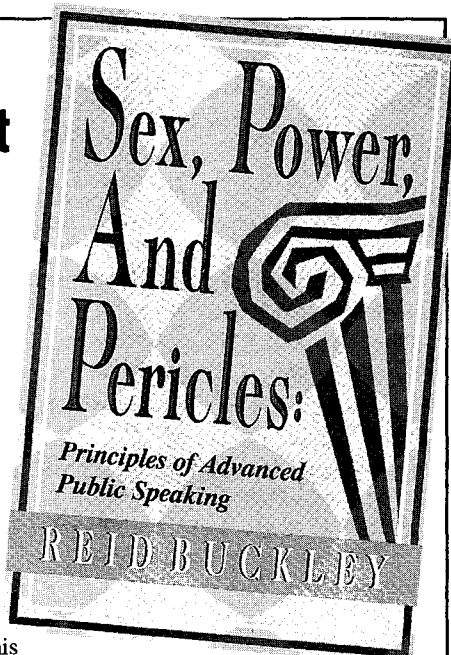
cially as exemplified by bellwether California. "The future is now in L.A!" was a popular diversity-management slogan before the nation's multicultural mecca exploded into the 1992 riots and the O. J. Simpson trial. (Despite such diversity downers, the appeal of California as the nation's multicultural future persists. President Clinton carefully revived the idea of Golden State as harbinger of the nation's multicultural future—and as a strategic asset in global trade—in a more optimistic San Diego setting at the UC San Diego commencement on June 14.)

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Ironically, the L.A. riots and the Simpson circus hint at multicultural management's deeper, darker, and thoroughly bi-partisan appeal among America's corporate and political elites: fear and social control. The diversity-man-

agement prescription for taming ethnic tensions through training and social engineering appeals to CEO hubris and plays on fears of a polarized, riot-plagued society. Outgoing UCLA chancellor Charles Young was embarrassing-

ly blunt when he declared that "if it weren't for [affirmative action], it wouldn't be an occasional uprising in South-Central Los Angeles or midtown Detroit. We'd be in a battleground." (Yet many high-level affirmative action-

First Do No Harm

UNTIL recently, Patrick Chavis's claim to fame was that he was admitted to the University of California at Davis Medical School as an affirmative-action student in 1973—the year Allan Bakke was rejected. Because of Chavis's outspoken advocacy of racial preferences, the media sometimes referred to him as "the" student admitted in Bakke's place—although, strictly speaking, he was one of several possibilities.

Chavis went on to become an obstetrician/gynecologist in Compton, California, a mostly minority suburb of Los Angeles. Chavis also became a much-celebrated symbol of racial preferences. When the *New York Times Magazine* published Nicholas Lemann's ten-page paean to affirmative action in 1995, Dr. Chavis's picture graced the cover. Inside was a full-page photograph of him cradling a newborn.

During the Proposition 209 campaign, his name was difficult to escape. Sen. Edward Kennedy (D., Mass.) called him a "perfect example" of the enormous dividends affirmative action has paid. Tom Hayden and Connie Rice argued that by practicing medicine in Compton, Dr. Chavis had contributed more to society than Dr. Bakke had: "Bakke's scores were higher, but who made the most of his medical-school education? From whom did California taxpayers benefit more?"

Then came the fall from grace. Two months ago, citing his "inability to perform some of the most basic duties required of a physician," Judge Samuel Reyes ordered Dr. Chavis's license suspended. His "gross negligence" and "incompetence" had led to the death of one patient and near-fatal injuries to others. Allowing Chavis to continue

practicing medicine, the judge wrote, would "endanger the public health, safety, and welfare."

It turns out that Chavis—no stranger to disciplinary actions even before his suspension—was in the liposuction business. He learned the procedure at a four-day seminar at the Liposuction Institute of Beverly Hills; he never bothered with the program's second half. For \$2,580, Dr. Chavis would send a limousine to whisk you away to his office; he would have you back home before dinner, thinner and lovelier.

That's how it was supposed to work. Yolanda Mukhalian had a very different experience. Hours after her surgery, she was vomiting, incontinent, and unable to stand without assistance. Blood poured down her legs. Instead of getting her to the hospital, however, or even checking her vital signs, Dr. Chavis took her to his home. There she lay for 40 hours, with shockingly little supervision, her blood soaking the towels and sheets. During her last 24 hours there, neither Chavis nor his nurse even looked in on her.

Afterward, Miss Mukhalian repeatedly sought Dr. Chavis's help for bleeding, pain, and delirium. He prescribed heat packs and massage, again without examining her. When she finally went to a hospital, she was found to be suffering from serious infection. She had lost 70 per cent of her blood. The medical board filed ten separate charges of gross negligence against Chavis on account of her treatment.

But she at least survived, as did another liposuction patient who had a similar experience. Tammara Cotton was less fortunate. She died despite desperate attempts by emergency-room doctors to revive her.

This tragedy obviously doesn't prove that most doctors who received preferences are incompetent, just as the origi-

nal story didn't prove they are all saints. It's a counter-anecdote neutralizing the original story's rhetorical effect. As such, its use is fair: live by the anecdote, die by the anecdote.

More importantly, the story is a reminder that medicine is too serious to be driven by ideology or political pork, with qualifications overridden when some group doesn't get its "fair share" of slots. Bakke's college GPA was 3.46; his scores on the verbal, quantitative, science, and general-information portions of the Medical College Admission Test were in the 96th, 94th, 97th, and 72nd percentiles, respectively. The average student admitted through the diversity program had a GPA of 2.88 and MCATs in the 46th, 24th, 35th, and 33rd percentiles. Entering credentials matter.

A study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1994 reports that failure rates for the National Board of Medical Examiners Part I exam—which measures minimum competence in the scientific core of modern medicine, including basic anatomy, pharmacology, and pathology—were 51.1 per cent for African-American medical students, compared to 12.3 per cent for their white counterparts. Preferences were almost wholly to blame for this gap, which mostly disappears when MCAT scores and undergraduate GPAs are taken into account.

While they undermine the quality of medical practice, racial preferences don't much improve inner-city access to medicine. The average minority medical student is only somewhat more likely than other students to open a practice in the inner city. If the University of California were really interested in that goal, a loan-forgiveness program for doctors who practice in under-served areas, regardless of skin color, would be vastly more effective than racial preferences.

The number of minority students at UC medical schools will probably decrease this fall. When you stop rigging the numbers, the numbers change. What's more important is that standards will have gone up—something for which patients of all shades can be thankful.

—GAIL HERIOT

Gail Heriot is a professor of law at the University of San Diego.

advocates must realize, however dimly, that preferential policies' use in preventing social conflict is largely symbolic; middle-class and wealthier minority members are the prime beneficiaries of ethnic preferences, not the chronically poor or other members of "dangerous classes." Meanwhile, disaffected middle-class whites simmer or conjure up more Prop. 209-style initiatives.)

Though much of the conservative and Republican establishment has acceded to demographically driven multiculturalism, a chagrined Hudson Institute has belatedly tried to cage the diversity-management monster it loosed a decade ago. In its new report, *Workforce 2020*, the Institute openly denounced the "diversity craze" and emphatically disowned the "diversity industry." Authors Richard W. Judy and Carol D'Amico chastised "diversity entrepreneurs" for exaggerating the decline of white males in the workforce and fostering the "myth . . . that a majority of tomorrow's workforce will consist of non-whites and women." Judy and D'Amico noted that "what new workers principally need—whether they are white and male or female and minority—are the skills that education must provide, not managers trained in diversity and sensitivity." The most important development in the nation's future workforce, they argued, is the impact of the maturing baby-boomers, the "greying" of the labor force.

EVEN as the authors of *Workforce 2020* tried to correct exaggerations about ethnic changes in the nation's labor markets, however, they reinforced other bogus rationales for top-down multicultural meddling. First, they confessed that, although the percentage of Hispanics and Asians in the nation's workforce will grow incrementally, the "national averages mask great regional differences." The report confirmed projections for some Western regions, of "minorities" being in the majority by 2020, (with 42 per cent of the California population being Hispanic and 18 per cent Asian). Second, the report emphasized the speed with which global workforces and customer bases are crystallizing—good news for the increasing numbers of consultants gravitating to the hot new subfield of "managing global diversity." Third—and most important—*Workforce 2020* vividly animated the hobgoblin of a polarized future. The authors delicately separated

the discussions of the economic and ethnic dimensions of the hourglass nightmare, but experienced readers will quickly recognize the grim *Blade Runner* scenario of an educated and highly paid upper tier of whites and Asians and a much larger lower class that is disproportionately black and brown.

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Conservatives who favor relatively open borders and globalism but who also wish to preserve Western culture and prevent the revival of identity politics have a formidable task ahead. The "capitalist" causes of free-flowing immigration and globalism are now allied with a vast left-wing institutional network that champions managing this new cultural diversity with a slick, hidden agenda of affirmative action—often accompanied by a fierce critique of the nation-state and "white male" culture. Through their domination of higher education, the foundations, media, and government, they control the terms of diversity debates.

Indeed, the blasé-to-enthusiastic response of high-level corporate and government officials to multicultural management reflects the prowess of the diversity machine, and long-term con-

servative neglect of these issues; it also corroborates the late Christopher Lasch's thesis that America's globally oriented elites are adopting fashionable group-oriented multiculturalism and abandoning adherence to Western values, especially those of individualism, universalistic criteria, free speech and association, and equality of opportunity.

Diversity consultants who provide politically neutral cross-cultural education argue that the skills they teach may provide at least "an edge" in achieving more effective sales and customer service in overseas markets and in U.S. urban areas with high immigration. Perhaps. The problem in cultivating even such "sensible sensitivity," though, is how to prevent market-focused cosmopolitanism from sliding into the color-coded identity politics, ethnic proportionism, and "permanent pluralism" celebrated by the wider diversity machine. This, in turn, assures the continued growth of the related panoply of politically correct ills: ethnic separatism and hostility; oversensitivity that mutates into censorship; dual and declining standards in everything from school admissions to employment to jury decisions; white flight and geographic balkanization; and the wholesale lying and evasion that accompanies all this. Instead of trying to tame diversity management, it is far better to end ethnic and gender preferences, strive forthrightly to reform immigration, and bolster equal treatment and assimilation to Western values whenever and wherever possible. □

Racial Monologue

*Clinton's racial advisory board has a suspicious
lack of diversity.*

EVAN GAHR

TALK about liberals in a hurry: The first meeting of President Clinton's racial advisory board was barely under way when a key member offered her decidedly ambitious plan for educating Americans on race.

California lawyer Angela Oh called for the creation of a federal department

charged with promoting racial harmony. The department, she explained, would be modeled on the "ministries of unity" in Indonesia, where the government has

Mr. Gahr writes regularly on education and culture for The American Enterprise magazine in Washington.

Travel Industry Agog: *National Review* Throws Weight Around, Forces Fare Reduction on 1998 Star-filled Luxury Cruise to Beautiful Bermuda

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By SANDI BEECH
NR Cruise Correspondent

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As reported in the last edition of *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*, all-inclusive per-person prices for *NR*'s fifth cruise were to start at \$2,295. But in a new development—the result of weeks of negotiations with travel industry officials—prices have been further reduced dramatically: per-person fares for this incredible cruise experience now begin at a low \$2,024!

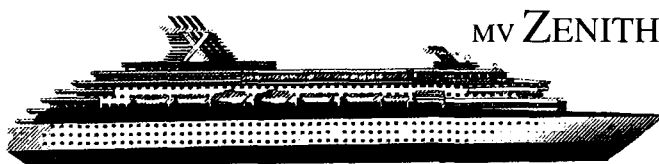
Even before news of the exciting voyage was reported by your faithful correspondent, anxious and eager *National Review* "cruise alumni" were burning up the phone lines to The Cruise Authority—*NR*'s travel partner—seeking news on the Bermuda trip. "The grapevine is buzzing," says TCA president Howard Moses, who reports that scores of callers—anxious for information about "the next *NR* cruise"—have besieged his office in recent weeks.

Things are reportedly worse at *NR*'s New York headquarters, where cruise callers "overloaded circuits and burned out the switchboard," according to magazine receptionist Victoria Manca. Meanwhile, a search party of editorial assistants was successful in saving mail-room chief Alex Batey, who was trapped in what one staffer described as "a postal avalanche" composed of responses to a Bermuda cruise ad run in the previous issue of *NR*.

As faithful readers will recall, the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*, scheduled for May 23–30, 1998, will take place

aboard Celebrity Cruises' *MV Zenith*, the stunning vessel labeled "indisputably gracious, airy, and comfortable" by Fodor's authoritative *Worldwide Cruises*.

Joining Editor John O'Sullivan and Washington Editor Kate O'Beirne in what should be the magazine's best-yet sail are Judge Robert Bork, author Dinesh D'Souza, FOX News's Brit Hume, racial-quota foe Ward Connerly, *U.S. News & World Report* columnist John Leo, syndicated columnist Mona Charen, former *NR* Publisher William Rusher, and Media Research Center founder Brent Bozell.



CELEBRITY'S FIVE-STAR SHIP WILL PAMPER *NATIONAL REVIEW*'S PASSENGERS WITH EVERY LUXURY AND AMENITY, FROM "A TO ZENITH."

As on previous cruises, the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* will showcase a series of stimulating seminars, featuring editors and special guests, that, says Publisher Edward A. Capano, "focus on the two issues which raise the most passion

among conservatives—media bias and political correctness."

In addition to the seminars, the cruise will be the setting for a number of other exclusive events, including several cocktail receptions ("Always wonderful parties," says one *NR* official, "where our subscribers get to meet, mingle, and schmooze with our special guests"), and an *NR* cruise tradition: late-night poolside "smokers" featuring classic H. Upmann cigars and top-shelf cognac.

Seasoned travelers will know why *NR* officials selected Bermuda as the magazine's next cruise destination. "I've been there several times," says Capano, "and like a lot of people who keep coming back again and again to Bermuda, I don't know of another place that can match the island's unique combination of beauty, tradition, and style. There is so much to see and do there."

Triangle-Sun

WEATHER: Bermuda High
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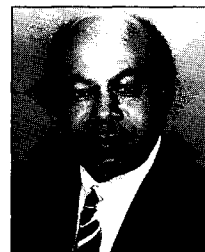
Robert Bork



Dinesh D'Souza



Brit Hume



Ward Connerly



Mona Charen



John Leo



Brent Bozell



Kate O'Beirne



John O'Sullivan



William Rusher

ISLAND NIGHTS FILLED WITH CONSERVATIVE STARS: the *National Review* 1998 Bermuda Cruise is your special opportunity to meet, dine, and schmooze with an all-star galaxy of luminaries. The cruise's seminars will serve as the hot spot for our speakers' special commentary and expertise on those two issues permanently embedded under conservative skins: political correctness and media bias.

Graced by Mother Nature, Bermuda is famous for its turquoise waters, purple-flowered pawpaw trees, yellow-feathered kiskadee birds, pastel cottages painted lilac, lemon, and lime, the pink sands of Warwick Long Bay, an array of secluded beaches and hideaway coves. And then there's the island's British heritage: old-fashioned neighborhood pubs, "bobbies," town criers, and regimental guards in full regalia, cricket games, afternoon teas, and so much more.

"To sum it up," says Capano, "the *National Review* 1998 Bermuda Cruise will be a full week of warm, sunny days, balmy, star-filled nights, stimulating conversation, beautiful sights, private, sandy beaches, exhilarating social events, sumptuous cuisine, rest, relaxation, and conservative camaraderie and revelry."

Officials in NR's Office of Cruise Affairs are also planning "at least one" golf tournament while on the island. "How can you go to Bermuda, of all places, and not play golf?" one aide queried.

And how can you *not* go to Bermuda on the *Zenith*? Fodor's describes the ship's cabins as "modern and quite roomy," and the choicest staterooms—the suites—are "enormous" (each features a large sitting area, whirlpool bath, private butler service, and a host of other amenities!). The food is "superior" (indeed, Celebrity is

renowned for having the best cuisine on the High Seas), the entertainment "lavish," the service "friendly and first-class," and the facilities are, well, endless: the *Zenith* has a complete spa and health club, oodles of bars, lounges, shops, pools (2), whirlpools (3), and a show room, casino, disco, card room, library, plus activities of all types and for all ages—just about *everything* you'd expect of a world-class vessel.

Prices for the *National Review* 1998 Bermuda Cruise include participation in all NR seminars and social events, your stateroom, all meals, plus taxes, port fees, and gratuities, and start at a low \$2,024 per person. (Sign up before December 1, 1997, and *National Review* will reduce your fare another \$100!).

As usual, "single" cabins are available, and if you wish to "share" a cabin with another person, NR will gladly play matchmaker and try to set you up with another right-minded "fellow traveler" (if you'll pardon *that* expression).

To get your FREE copy of the *National Review* 1998 Bermuda Cruise Information Kit, call 1-888-332-4001 (do it *today*—before the cabin of your choice is *gone*!).

Until next time, this has been Sandi Beech, NR Cruise Correspondent for *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*.

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Offer in \$US, per person, double occupancy. Rates include port charges, taxes, and gratuities. Space is subject to availability. Categories are on a first come, first served basis. Guests in attendance are subject to change without notice. Celebrity Cruises' Zenith is of Liberian registry.

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undertaken population transfers in order to achieve racial balance.

This proposal, the *Washington Post* reported, could "provoke lively discussion down the road." Perhaps. But it didn't seem to bother Miss Oh's six colleagues on the racial advisory board, which has all the ideological diversity of an Ivy League college faculty.

Given that commission members have done everything from calling Supreme

The promised national discussion on race will prove to be a stern lecture from the Clinton Administration.

Court Justice Clarence Thomas a "Jud-as" to blaming the Los Angeles riots on social injustice, it's a safe bet that the promised national discussion on race will prove to be a stern lecture from the Clinton Administration—and a thinly veiled attempt to impute insensitivity and even bigotry to anyone who questions racial preferences or otherwise dis-sents from liberal orthodoxy.

That's too bad. The country could benefit from some uninhibited talk about racial matters. There's no shortage of politicians voicing platitudes such as "Let's value our differences," or "We have a long way to go." But it's a rare day when "racial dialogue" tackles such thorny questions as why newspapers omit the color of crime suspects, whether workforce quality suffers when civil-service exams are dumbed down for the sake of "diversity," or why wealthy blacks should be accorded special privileges under "affirmative action."

It's doubtful, of course, that the commission—despite an ample \$4.8-million budget—will explore such matters. Indeed, executive director Judith Winston, who will oversee a staff of some 25 people, has long worked to ensure that anyone who voices politically incorrect sentiments on race incurs the wrath of the Federal Government.

As general counsel to the U.S. Education Department, Mrs. Winston helped foist a federal speech code on universities nationwide. In 1994, the Department's Office of Civil Rights

issued guidelines for its investigators that defined racial harassment so broadly that statements by anyone from students to cafeteria workers were deemed grounds for a federal probe. Indeed, Mrs. Winston even suggested that the guidelines would prohibit law students expressing opposition to "affirmative action" in classroom discussions.

And now she is responsible for running a panel that promises a national conversation on race. Talk about leaving the wolves to guard the sheep.

Still, Judith Winston's sensibility seems perfectly in tune with that of commission chairman John Hope Franklin. The retired Duke University historian has deemed questions regarding affirmative action outside the commission's scope. "The white side has been in control of virtually everything, so they're the ones who need educating on what justice and equality mean."

Franklin, an old-style liberal and devout integrationist, made his reputation with his 1947 book, *From Slavery to Freedom: A History of Negro Americans*. In recent years, he has exhibited little tolerance for anyone, black or white, who questions racial preferences.

In his 1993 book, *The Color Line*—dedicated to quotameister Mary Frances Berry, who currently heads the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights—Franklin calls Republican opposition to affirmative action a racist ploy—and implicitly blames the GOP for the abuses black students are said to endure on college campuses. "In an atmosphere of tolerance of racial bigotry parading under the banner of racial neutrality, white students have been encouraged to intimidate, terrorize, and make life miserable for African-American students at many of our institutions of higher learning."



Blacks who favor judging people by the content of their character and not the color of their skin also enrage Franklin. His take on Clarence Thomas: "You always have such people in any group. . . . I suspect they may be Judases of a kind . . . betrayers, opportunists, immoral opportunists. It's very tempting, I suppose, for people of weak character to be co-opted by the majority that can use them."

Tough words. (They didn't make the slavish *Washington Post* profile of Franklin.) But Franklin's language sounds downright genteel compared to the verbal salvos his fellow commission member AFL-CIO Vice President Linda Chavez-Thompson has fired at Republicans.

In a speech last year, Mrs. Chavez-Thompson gave a decidedly multicultural twist to GOP bashing, urging the union faithful gathered in Georgia for a workshop on organizing to tell "corporations and Republicans . . . 'Kiss my como se llama.'"

Mrs. Chavez-Thompson—a former organizer for the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees who skyrocketed through the AFL-CIO ranks thanks to new president John Sweeney's penchant for militancy and ethnic "diversity"—also warned that the AFL-CIO wouldn't allow that "como se llama Newt Gingrich to destroy Medicare."

The Texas native offered much the same sentiments in a 1996 interview with the Communist Party publication the *People's Weekly World*, calling on the labor movement to uproot the "mean-spirited people"—particularly Gingrich—who dominate Congress.

While Mrs. Chavez-Thompson sees the pernicious influence of Republicans everywhere, Angela Oh is oblivious to any form of malfeasance—particularly criminal activity among the youths who terrorized law-abiding shop owners during the 1992 Los Angeles riots.

"The people I saw running into the markets were stealing basics—diapers, food, dish racks," Miss Oh told *Ms.* magazine. "These were not luxury items that they were taking."

Really? She must have missed the rioters who absconded with such "basics" as televisions and liquor—including \$150,000 worth of booze lifted from one Korean-owned store alone.

And despite the virulently anti-Asian nature of the riots—some two thousand businesses owned by Asian-

Americans were destroyed by looters who often passed by shops that posted "Black-owned" signs—Miss Oh, a self-appointed spokeswoman for her fellow Korean-Americans, refused to cast any blame on the looters. In the days following the riot, she made a name for herself by explaining on *Nightline* and *Donahue* and to every print reporter who interviewed her that the real culprit was society. "There is no way in hell that the events of the past several days can be placed on our shoulders, black or Korean," she asserted. "The chaos was the result of much larger failures—political, economic, and social."

Her penchant for assigning blame isn't likely to win much criticism from fellow commission member Tom Kean. The former New Jersey governor has also cast his lot—both in office and as president of Drew University in Madison, N.J., since 1990—with folks who see racism and sexism as endemic in America.

During Kean's tenure the Garden State launched its New Jersey Project, a taxpayer-financed effort to introduce the topics of "race, class, and homophobia and heterosexism" into the curricula of the state's colleges.

As Drew University president Kean has been lauded for his outspoken support of affirmative action and has spearheaded efforts to force mandatory tolerance on faculty and staff. At his prodding Drew recently instituted "diversity training workshops" for its staff, and it expects to do the same for students shortly, according to a university spokesman.

Kean is the commission's token Republican. And true to form, he has denounced the "far right" and called for the input of "thoughtful Republicans." The commission is predictably devoid of any genuine conservatives, or of iconoclastic thinkers on racial matters.

No wonder the closest thing to racial dialogue at the commission's first meeting this July was Angela Oh and John Hope Franklin in a mad contest to out-victim each other. Miss Oh called for the U.S. to go beyond a "black-white paradigm." But she won a stinging rebuke from Mr. Franklin, who repeated his belief that "This country cuts its eye-teeth on racism with black-white relations."

Expect more "discussion" along these lines as the commission completes its work over the next year. Everything else is likely to be off limits. □

The New Faith

The Left has turned its attention from running the economy to managing relations among races.

JOHN O. MCGINNIS

OVER the last half-century the political project of the Left has greatly changed in its particulars. Its celebration of centralized economic planning has been muted as it has become clear that statist economic intervention is more often a cause than a cure for poverty. The Left's focus has shifted instead to the management of relations in areas where the memory of real injustices offers a better prospect for justifying the expansion of the state.

Nevertheless, the essence of modern liberalism's agenda has remained the same, revealing the underlying ideological and psychological structure of liberal politics. Both centralized economic planning and the centralized management of relations among races and ethnic groups and between the sexes are attempts to seize power under the banner of a secular religion. Marxism and its paler socialist and social-democratic versions justified the enormous breadth of state control over the economy as the only means to realize in this world a paradise of perfect equality without alienation. Similarly, modern liberalism now defends preferences in educational institutions and the workplace as the only means to realize the underlying diversity of humanity itself.

The greed for power and the need to hide that greed under the cloak of a faux religious sensibility have been constant correlates of left-liberal thought since the French Revolution. Politically, formulating a crusade in millennialist terms helps whip up support by tapping into the longing for solidarity that is the marker of much religious feeling. This is the principal reason why an enduring objective of modern liberalism is the extirpation of actual religions from the public square. Real religious sensibility is a fearsome competitor to the ersatz: when people are seized of the possibility that more traditional ideals of transcendence can help organize their personal and social lives, the political agenda of the Left looks both mechanistic and hollow. Modern liberalism is also hostile to

the family because it too is an alternative locus of sentiments that the Left attempts to harness in the service of aggrandizing the state.

The displaced religiosity of the Left, however, is a psychological as well as a political phenomenon. The need to understand politics as process for transfiguring a corrupt world fills a void in the hearts of the architects of modern liberalism. Often journalists or university professors, these theorists are generally not religious themselves. But they make a kind of priestly living, providing reasons for actions and analyzing social symbols and portents. To fulfill their own innate need for religious feeling, they must understand their work as providing a compelling route to universal good.

This explains the popularity of the theory of social construction among present-day academics: the social world is conceived as infinitely malleable so that the modern liberal can transform it into a utopia of his choosing with his own symbols and words. It is ironic that the Left rails against creationists, because to defend their ideals of social transformation they too are creationists, except that for God they substitute the far more implausible idea that man is

Mr. McGinnis is a professor at Cardozo Law School, Yeshiva University, in New York.



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the creator of man. Modern liberalism is thus a political project that is simultaneously perilous and pitiable because it is at bottom an unnatural projection of natural feelings. It makes a religion of secular power and creates secular power by displacing religion.

The new regime of preferences is designed to cool the traditional melting pot and leave ethnic groups organized around the possibility of state action.

The regime of ethnic and gender sorting is the logical successor to socialism and centralized planning as a means of creating a state powerful enough to be venerated. Our economy is no longer structured around large corporations with capital and unskilled and semi-skilled workers. Instead, most capital takes the form of human capital owned by individuals with the greatest set of skills the world has ever known. State power thus cannot any longer be increased principally by exploiting the fault lines between employers and employees. Instead fault lines among employees themselves must be developed. In the case of ethnicity and race the strategy has been to take existing ethnic groups and sustain and increase their social distinctiveness by making their legal rights turn on membership in the group. In the case of gender the strategy is first to create newly defined groups—genders rather than sexes—so as to obscure the distinctions on which many sensible social norms rested, and then to make legal rights turn on membership in *these* categories.

Sexual and ethnic politics thus replace class consciousness as the dynamo of leftward social transformation. The groups to whom preferences are extended (first blacks, then Hispanics, Asians, and women, and now in some cases homosexuals) promise a seemingly inexhaustible list of new factions that will support state power because they can use it to redistribute wealth and opportunity to

themselves. Such a spoils system inevitably creates or exacerbates conflict among groups, but the Left then turns the prospect of such social discord into yet another argument for the expansion of the state. It calls for new initiatives to forestall ethnic strife and bloodshed, just as it called for the New Deal programs as a way to prevent class warfare and revolution. This is what Angela Oh, one of the commissioners of President Clinton's new race initiative, was getting at when she suggested that America needs a whole new Cabinet department to manage "unity."

Preferences also connect to another aspect of the Left's attempt to seize power—the demographic transformation of America into an electorate more friendly to statism. One of the effects of the welfare state was to increase the proportion of immigrants who came for handouts rather than work, enlarging the population who would be long-term allies of the Left. Today welfare benefits are being curtailed and the norms demanded by work may begin to integrate more such immigrants into society, preventing them from remaining isolated wards of the welfare state. By creating an America where individuals may continue to receive a whole new class of benefits defined by ethnicity, the new regime of preferences is designed to cool the traditional melting pot and leave unassimilated ethnic groups organized around the possibility of state action.

The creation of ethnic consciousness and impediments to assimilation are, of course, antithetical to a country founded on the ideal of liberty rather than the fact of ethnicity. Thus they could be expected to meet substantial resistance. Hence the Left is trying to fold the campaign for preferences into a crusade

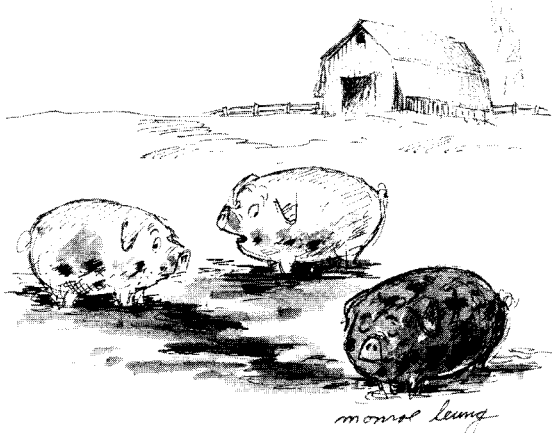
for good even more transcendent than that represented by America's heritage.

The Left has thus largely abandoned the traditional language of political justice—such as giving redress to victims of injustice—with which it previously defended affirmative action. Such rationales are now seen as defective in any event because they cannot extend to the wide-ranging set of preferences for the number of groups required to fashion a winning coalition. Moreover, because such a political framework cannot avoid assigning guilt to those held responsible for injustice, they hardly comport with an emollient strategy capable of converting the marginal voter.

In contrast, today's slogans for preferences, not unlike the doctrine of some modern religious denominations, are vaguely metaphysical while at the same time being resolutely no-fault. We need preferences and quotas, it is said, to create "a gorgeous mosaic" or to "celebrate the diversity of the human spirit." These slogans trade on innocuous American traditions of ethnic pride represented by some parades and social clubs. At a deeper level, however, they claim that diversity is necessary because it mirrors the nature of things. In instituting diversity programs the Left implies that we are honoring a profound truth about humanity itself and not simply paying off groups that are part of its political coalition.

Of course, under any analysis the rhetoric of diversity raises serious questions about propositions on which the arguments for racial and sexual equality had previously been based. For instance, if racial and ethnic groups are so different that each must have a substantial presence on campus to encompass the breadth of humanity, why would we expect such groups to be at all proportionately represented in different walks of life? If groups are essentially different, where is the commonality of interest on which the polity can be founded? The old proposition of the civil-rights movement that racial and sexual identity captures only the inessentials is still publicly embraced by most liberals but is gravely undermined by the logic of their diversity program.

The contradiction inherent in today's diversity mantra—that groups are simultaneously essentially dif-



"I don't like his 'dirtier than thou' attitude."

ferent and essentially the same—again underscores the counterfeit spirituality on which modern liberalism's project depends. In the Western religious tradition apparent contradictions have always had a prominent place: God is omniscient and omnipotent, but man nevertheless has free will. Christ is both divine and human. But a sensibility that may be wholly appropriate to adumbrate the ineffable is not a suitable framework for social policy. Indeed, in politics, such a mode of discourse inevitably leads to Orwellian double-speak and double-think. If the diversity talk takes hold, fewer will notice when the Ministry of Unity turns out to be the Ministry of Division.

The public confusion created by such contradictions is precisely the reason why the subject is tailor made for a "conversation" directed by President Clinton. If one begins an inquiry with self-contradictory premises insulated from criticism, any conclusion is possible. Without logical constraints, the answer will be shaped to maximize the political advantage of the moment.

Liberals also condone the contradictions at the heart of their new race and gender program because they perform the useful political function that religious contradictions sometimes have—generating a strong set of taboos. We must mindlessly chant a paean to diversity without ever identifying any substantial diverse particulars. If one praises a group that has made enormous contributions to our intellectual heritage despite social discrimination, there is nervousness about the adverse inferences that may be drawn about other groups. Thomas Sowell, the most careful chronicler of what actually determines the economic success of various cultures, is in fact a pariah to the diversity crowd precisely because of his inquiries. We are to build inherently divisive concepts rooted in the notion of essential differences into the fabric of our political life without ever questioning the meaningfulness of an inquiry into whether one group is essentially like another.

Fortunately, just as the regime of centralized planning was intellectually undermined by the diffusion of knowledge about the market's relative efficacy, so the Left's regime of race and gender centrality is likely to founder on science. For instance, as Wayne State law professor Kingsley Browne has noted, both biological theory and empirical studies

suggest that men and women are emotionally neither essentially different nor essentially the same. Instead individual men and women differ *on average* in their emotional affects. For instance, the average man is more aggressive, the average woman more nurturing. Given that average differences in emotional affects between the sexes are not due to social construction, men and women will be inclined to engage in various professional and personal activities in substantially uneven proportions.

THIS scientific understanding of sexual difference is routinely suppressed in social policy because it raises questions about the project of achieving a pattern of proportionate representation decreed by modern liberalism. A free society unburdened by such decrees would, however, have no difficulty accommodating these facts. There each woman would be able to choose a way of life that is suited to her own particular personality and talents, whatever they may be.

If liberalism's policy on race, ethnicity, and the sexes lays bare its modern soul, it also has important general lessons for conservatism. Most funda-

mentally, it reminds us of the reasons why conservatism must never degenerate into a party that worships the market alone, and that social conservatism is integral to the cause of the Right. Traditional religious values inoculate society against the transcendental nostrums that are the most dangerous and potent weapons in the liberal political arsenal. Idolizing the market, in contrast, will ultimately disillusion potential supporters because no set of social policies can insulate man from chance and folly. Modern conservatives should retain more of the eighteenth-century sensibility about the place of politics that Samuel Johnson neatly summarized: "How small, of all that human hearts endure, / That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

Fortified by such realism, conservatives can then deliver a withering critique of the contradictions and grandiloquent inanity of liberalism's new ersatz religion. Just as the opponents of socialism exposed the shibboleths of the Left's last crusade, today the language and premises of the ubiquitous diversity-mongers should be a constant target. Ridicule of nonsense is the first step to political sanity. □



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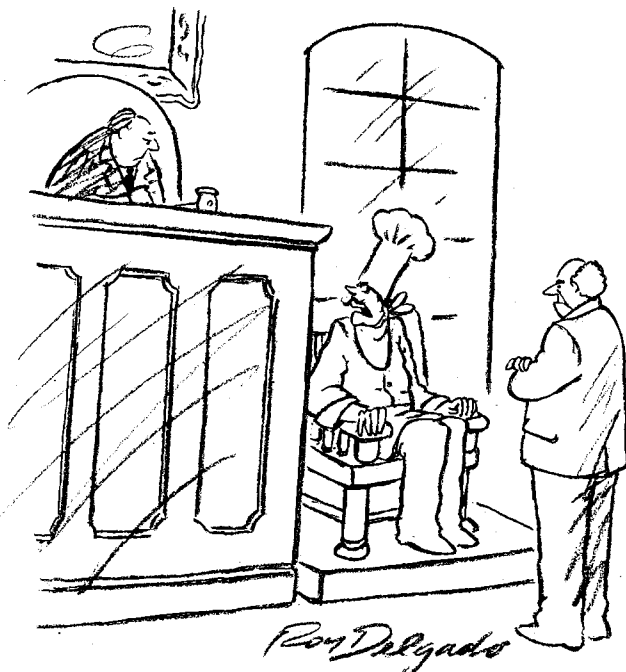
On Being Regal

*Give me stiff and chilly queens
With forbidding backs, and miens
So severe, the barons pale
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Folksy sovereigns might as well
Dine with Bridget. What the hell.*

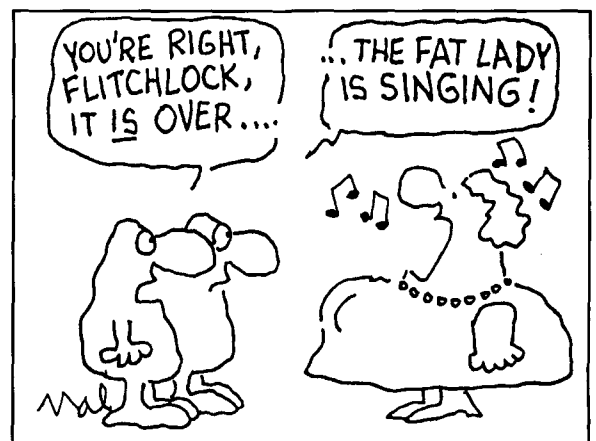
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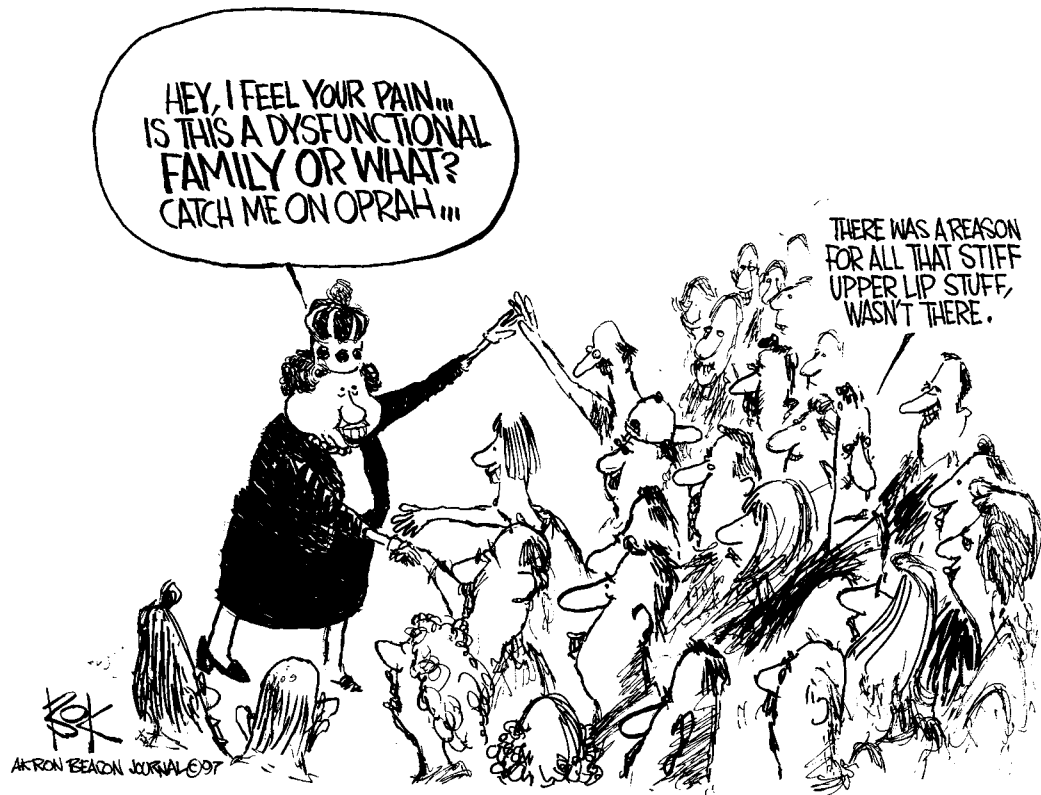


"It's a 'get well quicker' card from your insurance company."



"Deadly, yes . . . but the sauce was not lumpy . . ."







THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

September 22, 1997

Dear Rusty,

To be honest, I was awfully surprised to hear that you read The Weekly Standard, much less buy it at the newsstand in Brazil.

And just to clarify, while there were parts of its recent cover article on me that one might be able to call "essentially true," let's be frank: it was a hatchet job, pure and simple. I look forward to the rebuttal in The New Republic. I've just finished proofreading it and it's terrific.

Sorry to sound snippy. My pants are a little tight these days. I've gained a little weight—something Bill calls the "Janet Reno Fifteen." Also, my bald spot is getting bigger. This kind of thing happens to innocent people who suddenly find themselves requiring the services of a media consultant. Tipper calls it the "Jim Carville Hair Treatment."

Worse, I had to hire two lawyers this week, and I snapped at Tipper this morning.

"Al," she said, "Hillary has offered us the use of her image consultant and her shredder."

"Well, that's just great," I said. "We're getting their special-prosecutor hand-me-downs now."

"Al, I'm as upset about this as you are. You have no idea how galling it is to get a so-sorry-about-your-legal-troubles call from Hillary Clinton."

"Sorry, Tip," I said. "I guess they've rubbed off on us. You start shredding documents and I'll start cornering pretty interns in the Xerox room."

She was silent.

"It was a joke, Tipper."

"Well, it wasn't funny," she said.

I stalked off. This is going to be a rough couple of weeks. When I'm snippy with Tipper I'm going to be snippy with everybody.

In the office that morning, I went over the initial fees from my new lawyers, Jim Neal and George Frampton. The initial consultation is going to cost me \$4,500, with an additional \$1,500 fee tacked on because I called them both after 2 A.M. (I panicked, I guess, and now I'm paying the price.) From then on, after the retainer has been eaten up (thank the Lord for Earth in the Balance!), the price sort of levels off. TV appearances on my behalf are fully billable, though if either Neal or Frampton writes a book about his experiences, or gets his own talk show, I get reimbursed.

All in all, a fair deal, I think.

The good news, of course, is that I'm getting it out of the way early. Being investigated these days is pretty much routine. Bill and Hillary are kind of the standardbearers in this respect. Jim Carville explained it to me for \$5,200.

According to Jim, it's pretty much impossible to be in public life with an unsullied reputation—though I think until the last few weeks I was the exception that proves the rule. So better to get all of this . . . sully . . . out of the way before the primaries. Again, according to Jim, that will enable me later to roll my eyes and say something like, "Hasn't this been covered? Isn't this old news?"

Jim then explained the Clinton strategy, and outlined how it might work for me, for an additional \$12,000.

"Al," he said, "you should either be totally and completely uninvestigated, or have special prosecutors crawlin' all over your life, you get me? If you're spotless, great. If you're covered with spots, people just ignore 'em. But if you're a lily-white slice of angel food, and a big old tarantula crawls on you, people notice pretty fast. Do you get what I'm drivin' at?"

I had to admit that I did. Then the phone rang. It was Bill, calling from Palo Alto.

"Hey, Bill, what's up?"

"How're you doing, Al? Holding up? Read the piece in The Weekly Standard. Tough break. You know, I suppose at the end of the day, 'no controlling legal authority' didn't quite cut it."

I could practically hear him smiling smugly over the phone. Bill and I are close friends, Rusty, you know that. But this holier-than-thou, sanctimonious s-h-you-know-what really gets on my nerves.

"I'm doing all right, Bill," I replied. "But the lawyers are expensive and the press is calling me for statements. This having-your-integrity-questioned business is expensive."

"Tell me about it. I've lived with it for five years."

"Yeah, but I think Janet Reno is going to appoint a special prosecutor."

"Boo hoo, Al. I've had three lookin' at me. Listen, be grateful for what you've got. The last thing you need are some female-type scandals swirling around, take my word for it."

Suddenly it hit me. "Why the hell shouldn't I?" I asked. "Then I'd be three for three, right?"

"You okay, Al? You're getting weird."

We hung up.

But seriously, Rusty, what do I have to lose?

Your pal, Al

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

What the Doctor Saw

TERRY TEACHOUT

TENNESSEE Williams, self-taught, does it; Kinsey with a deafening report does it; "Let's do it, let's fall in love," Noël Coward suggested in an updated set of lyrics he wrote for Cole Porter's classic song, confident that his listeners would get the point. It was a safe bet. No scientific treatise since *The Origin of Species* has been more widely read, widely discussed, widely criticized, or widely remembered than Alfred C. Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. Forty-nine years after its publication, the book universally known as the Kinsey Report continues to influence American thinking on sex, even though its major findings have been disproved or significantly modified by later studies; whenever you encounter the oft-repeated claim that one in ten Americans is homosexual, you are hearing a distant echo of Kinsey's original research.

Alfred C. Kinsey: A Public/Private Life, by James H. Jones (Norton, 937 pp., \$39.95)

Among the most striking things about the Kinsey Report was the speed with which the public at large accepted its conclusions. To be sure, Kinsey was subjected to withering criticism—and not just by tent-show evangelists and Republican congressmen, either. Statisticians were appalled by his homemade methodology; intellectuals were no less appalled by his crudely reductive view of human nature. But most people merely gulped and took Kinsey's word for it when he assured them that "at least 85 per cent of the younger male population could be convicted as sex offenders if law-enforcement officials were as efficient as most people expect them to be." He was, after all, a scientist. Why would he lie about such things? Innumerable scholars of repute were just as naïve about Kinsey's motives,

Mr. Teachout, the music critic of *Commentary*, is writing a biography of H. L. Mencken.

and for the same reason: they assumed that scientists were by definition disinterested seekers of truth, who through their best efforts would help turn America into a clean, well-lighted place.

It helped, of course, that Kinsey himself seemed so utterly normal. An Eagle Scout and a fraternity man, he lived in



Bloomington, Indiana, had a wife and three children, and looked like the family doctor in a Norman Rockwell painting. When famous visitors came to his home for dinner, Mrs. Kinsey served

them persimmon pudding for dessert. The effect was charming—and lulling. "I do not have the impression," one bemused visitor wrote in his diary, "that [Kinsey] or any of his associates have any morbid or pathological preoccupation with any particular aspect of sex."

The diarist in question was Alan Gregg, director of the medical division of the Rockefeller Foundation, who was so impressed by Kinsey that he persuaded the foundation to pump tens of thousands of dollars into the Institute for Sex Research, thus making possible the writing of the first Kinsey Report and its 1953 sequel, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. To the end of his life, Gregg believed Kinsey to be a man of absolute rectitude whose sole purpose in life was to expand the horizons of scientific knowledge. Presumably it never occurred to him that one of the many things for which the Rockefeller Foundation was unwittingly picking up the tab was the making of movies in which Kinsey personally demonstrated for posterity his preferred methods of masturbation, and his wife was shown having intercourse with one of the co-authors of the Kinsey Report.

Such gamy revelations make it somewhat easier to slog through the nine-hundred-plus pages of James H. Jones's *Alfred C. Kinsey: A Public/Private Life*, a book which is otherwise as heavy-handed as its clunky subtitle. Mr. Jones, a history professor at the University of Houston, has been studying Kinsey for a quarter-century—he wrote his doctoral dissertation on the Institute for Sex Research—and like most academic biographers, he feels compelled to tell absolutely everything he knows, resulting in a bloated tome that would have benefited immeasurably from ruthless pruning. Nevertheless, Mr. Jones deserves full credit for having dug up the sordid truth about Alfred Kinsey, and though he continues to regard his subject as a basically admirable man, readers of his book are likely to come to a very different conclusion indeed.

The truth about Kinsey is that he was no impersonal gatherer of scientific data, but "a genuine revolutionary, a man who intended to use science to attack Victorian morality and to promote an ethic of tolerance." Moreover, he had a

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personal stake in seeking to overturn traditional morality, for he was also a bisexual voyeur who engaged from adolescence onward in increasingly violent masochistic masturbation, the specifics of which are described by Mr. Jones with sickening exactitude. Not only did Kinsey practice what he preached, he expected his colleagues to do the same: wife- and husband-swapping was virtually compulsory among the upper-level staffers of the Institute for Sex Research (at least two of whom had sex with both Kinsey and his wife), and their diverse couplings and singlings were regularly filmed in the attic of the Kinsey home, all in the sacred name of science.

Kinsey blamed his sexual peculiarities on his religious upbringing—his father was an old-school Methodist—and once he obtained his doctorate in science from Harvard in 1919, he burned ever after with the hard, gem-like flame of a convert to atheism zealously determined to reform society along rational lines. Appropriately enough, he started out as a taxonomic entomologist specializing in evolutionary patterns of the gall wasp, but soon realized that in order to achieve his goal of becoming “a second Darwin,” he would require a wider field of fire.

In 1938, Kinsey began teaching a course in sex education at Indiana University, in the process collecting from his students the first of the 18,000 sex histories that ultimately formed the backbone of the two Kinsey Reports. By the time of his death in 1956, he had personally interviewed 7,985 Americans (among them his wife and children) about their sexual behavior, asking each of them hundreds of questions covering everything from age and occupation to frequency of sexual contact with animals. Unversed in modern statistical methods, Kinsey chose his subjects not at random but as opportunities presented themselves, relying on the sheer size of his data base to create a representative sample. But from the outset of his research, he sought out as many male homosexual interviewees as possible, both because little was then known about homosexuality, and in order to discreetly engage in anonymous sexual relations with men in the large cities to which he traveled in search of data.

For this reason—and also because he similarly oversampled prison inmates—Kinsey vastly overestimated the incidence of homosexual behavior among Americans (possibly by more than three

times, according to later surveys based on statistically reliable random samples of large populations). It is impossible to know whether his interviewing practices

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rational lines.*

were consciously designed with a hidden agenda of advocacy in mind, but the fact remained that, in Mr. Jones's words, “his methodology and sampling technique virtually guaranteed that he would find what he was looking for.” Nor can there be any question that his books were written in order to persuade readers that all forms of human sexuality, including his own, were equally acceptable:

As a son of the Enlightenment, Kinsey never doubted that knowledge would bring understanding. As he put it in his best fatherly tone, “most human sexual activities would become comprehensible to most individuals, if they could know the background of each other's individual behavior.” In other words, people had only to learn the truth, and understanding and tolerance would follow. Few propositions reveal more fully the values and assumptions of the Progressive Era, whose optimism and naïveté had shaped Kinsey's life so profoundly in youth.

Kinsey's own tolerance of “sexual variation,” as he called it, was so complete as to include pedophilia. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* contains a chapter on “early sexual growth and activity” in which the orgasms of children are described in detail. This chapter, says Mr. Jones, appears to have been based almost entirely on the reminiscences of a man who claimed to have engaged in sexual relations with six hundred pre-adolescent boys and two hundred pre-adolescent girls. When offered the opportunity to acquire the diaries and photographic archives of “Mr. X,” Kinsey jumped at it. “There is nothing

else quite like it and nothing that has been published in the scientific literature,” he wrote to Mr. X in 1944. “Everything that you accumulated must find its way into scientific channels.” His enthusiasm was so warm as to arouse—for once—the moral disapproval of his biographer:

Whatever the putative value to science of Mr. X's experiences, the fact remains that he was a predatory pedophile. Over the course of his long career as a child molester, he masturbated infants, penetrated children, and performed a variety of other sexual acts on pre-adolescent boys and girls alike. Betraying a huge moral blind spot, Kinsey took the records of Mr. X's criminal acts and transformed them into scientific data.

Yet no contemporary reviewer of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* seems to have boggled at Kinsey's suspiciously vivid accounts of pre-adolescent orgasms (in the course of which he blandly remarks that some children “will fight away from the partner and may make violent attempts to avoid climax, although they derive definite pleasure from the situation”). Instead, he was portrayed in the mainstream press as a cool-headed, courageous researcher seeking to enlighten the masses. It was, perhaps surprisingly, the intellectuals who had reservations about Kinsey's count-the-climaxes approach to explaining human sexual behavior. Reinhold Niebuhr testily observed that he had made “the achievement of orgasm . . . the *summum bonum* of his value scheme”; Lionel Trilling noted his “extravagant fear” of “all ideas that do not seem . . . to be, as it were, immediately dictated by simple physical fact.”

But these criticisms went mostly unheard in the predictable clatter of applause for *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, as did the devastating analyses of statisticians who showed that Kinsey's sample was so skewed as to preclude its use as the source of valid generalizations about the sexual practices of Americans as a group. Kindly Dr. Kinsey was telling his anxious patients just what they wanted to hear: sex was good, and the more of it they contrived to have, the better for their mental health. “Perhaps you've ‘broken the ice,’” one woman told him in a fan letter, “and by the time my six-year-old son has found my daughter-in-law, she will have a much happier time of all-around living.”

Perhaps she did, but given the cultural havoc wrought by five decades of sex-

ual liberation, one may take leave to doubt it. Seen in retrospect, Alfred Kinsey looks less like a shining light of modernity than the last of the late Victorians, those science-loving reformers who, stranded by the ebbing of the sea of faith, sought to reshape the world in their own earnest image, instead causing it to collapse upon the heads of their grandchildren. As for Kinsey's

own quest for personal liberation, it ended in pain and squalor: he developed a massive pelvic infection as the result of his masochistic practices, almost certainly hastening his death at the age of 62. Growing up at the turn of the century, he had been exposed to countless tracts warning that masturbation led to insanity and death. In his case, they may have been onto something. □

avant garde we always try to find some other word to describe them.

What Arthur Herman has done in this wide-ranging and powerfully persuasive survey is to show just how permeated with traditional declinism the cultural theorists of the Left are today. This is a matter not just of noting surface similarities, or picking out a few suggestive quotations such as the one from Cornel West given above, but rather of tracing the deep root-systems of their arguments.

Professor Herman has devised, in effect, a genealogy of the jeremiad. Gloomy denunciations of the modern world have an extensive family tree; behind and beyond the eco-warrior inveighing against technology, or the multiculturalist attacking the sterility of white European civilization, there stands an array of intellectual ancestors, including some pretty disreputable ones. Among the granddaddies, cousins, and in-laws of this family one finds, for example, Adolf Hitler and Arthur de Gobineau, the founder of modern racism.

But "racial degeneracy" is just one possible form of declinism, and it is not

The Descent of Decline

NOEL MALCOLM

THE idea of decline, you may suppose, ain't what it used to be. The words "decadence" and "degeneracy," so commonly invoked by politicians and cultural critics three or more generations ago, are scarcely the key terms of present-day political debate. Grandiose pessimistic theorizing of the sort that gave us Brooks Adams's *The Law of Civilization and Decay* or Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West* is out of fashion; the last person to attempt it, Arnold Toynbee, was slowly taken to pieces by other historians and is little read today.

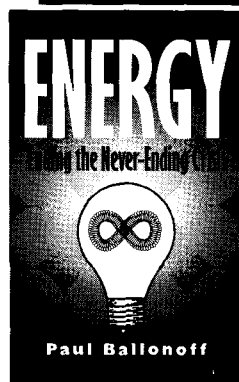
But although theoretical system-building may be outmoded, the mindset of radical declinism, and many of the central claims of the classic theorists of

The Idea of Decline in Western History, by Arthur Herman (Free Press, 521 pp., \$30)

decadence, are alive and well. "We live in an age of cultural disarray and social decay, an age filled with ruins and fragments," is one typical remark. It comes not from Spengler, nor from Nietzsche or Carlyle, nor from Count Volney—whose *Les Ruines* (1787) helped set off the fad of romantic pessimism—but from Cornel West's *Race Matters*, published just four years ago. And there are plenty more of such classic-sounding declinist *cris de coeur* to be found in the works of radical multiculturalists and Afrocentrists, not forgetting eco-pessimists such as Albert Gore and his spiritual soulmate, the Unabomber.

The great mistake most of us proba-

bly make about declinism is to assume that it is the natural preserve of the Right. Surely, we say to ourselves, people who go on about decline must be nostalgic conservatives, and probably middle-aged ones at that. As for "degeneracy," we all know that it is a word out of the fascist lexicon; Hitler organized exhibitions, for jeering purposes, of *entartete Kunst* ("degenerate art"), and however wearied or repelled we might be by some of the products of our own



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Mr. Malcolm is an historian and a former political columnist for the London Daily Telegraph.

the main theory dealt with in this book. The central idea, the dominant family trait uniting critics from the Left and from the Right, is the belief that modern civilization is by its very nature dehumanizing, rotten, and spiritually corrupt. In one of the most compelling sections of his narrative, Professor Herman describes how a version of this idea, drawn from Nietzsche as well as from Marx, was implanted in American intellectual life by the social theorists of the "Frankfurt School" (Horkheimer, Adorno, Fromm, Marcuse) and subsequently reinforced by their French counterparts (Sartre, Merleau-Ponty, Foucault).

All in all, the Frankfurt School represented a triumph of theory over experience. Its leading members spent the Second World War as guests of Columbia University, "ensconced," as Herman puts it, "in Morningside Heights amidst an unfamiliar sea of American affluence." They lived through the defeat of fascism and witnessed the vitality and resilience of American society at first hand; yet they continued to believe not only that Western civilization was spiritually dead, but also that it was itself the ultimate exemplar of fascist oppression.

Everything about life in the West seemed to bother them. Donald Duck cartoons, according to Horkheimer and Adorno, were part of a diabolical system of social control. Noticing that the doors of American cars and refrigerators had to be slammed, Adorno was reminded of "the violent, hard-hitting, unrelenting jerkiness of fascist maltreatment." And as Marcuse observed, "the fact that we cannot point to an SS or SA here simply means that they are not necessary in this country"—so deeply were fascistic mentalities embedded in the mechanistic, consumerist society of modern America.

As that last quotation may suggest, there was little confidence among the Frankfurt theorists that Western civilization was just about to collapse. On the contrary, it seemed to them a resourceful enemy: it had developed ever more subtle instruments of control, in the form of "ideologies" which tricked the dehumanized masses into believing that they were not unhappy at all—indeed, that it was rather nice to own a car and a refrigerator and watch the occasional Donald Duck film. Hence the increasingly desperate attempts of radicals in the Marcuse-Fromm tradi-

tion to devise strategies of "liberation": if Western civilization was not falling down, it would have to be knocked down, hard.

At this point one senses that the real subject of Arthur Herman's book diverges somewhat from the title he has put on it. To most readers, "the idea of decline" leads on to an idea of imminent collapse. "Declinism" has connotations of the *inevitability* of decline; so too does "cultural pessimism," a phrase Professor Herman also uses. But the main theme of the theorists whose works he cites is not that civilization is *inevitably* collapsing; rather, it is the idea that civilization is intrinsically bad. Whether it continues to exist in a steady state, or rises, or falls, seems very much a secondary matter.

Of course if the theorists start fantasizing, as Afro-nostalgics, eco-utopians, and assorted radical sub-Frankfurters often do, about some pre-civilizational state of human existence (happy, communal, non-alienated), then they will



think there has been a decline from that state to our present one. Yet this argument implies nothing about the future trajectory of Western civilization.

In other words, the prophecy of civi-

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lization's further decline does not follow logically from the denunciation of it as it now is. But then, if enough people can be persuaded to hate the civilization which has nurtured them, that prophecy may well prove self-fulfilling. Let us hope that some of them read this book instead. □

Blue-Bloods, Blah Blah Blah

JONATHAN FOREMAN

WITH the possible exception of William S. Burroughs, no twentieth-century American writer has received as much undeserved praise as Louis Auchincloss. Years ago, Gore Vidal, who is Auchincloss's cousin,

The Atonement and Other Stories, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin, 288 pp., \$24)

in, wrote an essay in which he claimed that Auchincloss had been denied the prizes he deserves because the New York literary scene had been taken over by a modernist Jewish cabal. Not having read any Auchincloss when I read Vidal's essay, I did not dismiss this argument as quickly as I should have done.

Like many people, I regret the passing from American literary fashion of authors who describe the way the world really works, who mine the veins of power and status. Today's minimalist realism cares so exclusively about emo-

tions that the world of work scarcely seems to exist. (Given that so few present-day authors have ever worked, except for teaching in creative-writing programs, this is not surprising.) Auchincloss is a lawyer, and so I looked forward to his insights on that profession. Unfortunately, the firms he describes are like cardboard façades, no more real than television's *L.A. Law*. Strangely, one gets no sense that he knows anything about the substance of law either—though as a longtime partner in major firms, Auchincloss must have encountered it. And if the reader is hoping to learn something interesting about the conflicts that grip people who inhabit powerful old law firms, exclusive clubs, and Mount Desert Island, he will be equally disappointed. Mr. Auchincloss is no John O'Hara or John Cheever of upper- (as opposed to upper-middle-) class life. He's more like Michael M. Thomas without the spite.

Not all the 11 stories in this collection are bad as stories. In some of them—especially the ones about marital infidelity—there is material that would

Mr. Foreman is a contributing editor of City Journal.

have made perfect grist for the mill of, say, Somerset Maugham. All the stories concern life among those Northeast-erners who consider themselves America's aristocracy. In content, these tales resemble something that might have been written by Nancy Mitford or Evelyn Waugh had they possessed no sense of humor or insight into human nature. Unfortunately for Mr. Auchincloss, snobbery alone—whether it connotes a heightened sense of social rank, or a conviction of one's own membership in a superior group—does not make for interesting fiction.

The plots follow similar patterns: A WASP banker or lawyer is tempted by a less well-bred colleague, usually a Jew, to do something dishonorable like insider-trading; an upper-class woman marries a vulgar nouveau-riche type for his money, regrets it, but somehow keeps her lofty values intact; or an upper-class woman rebels in some way against the customs of her class—by having an affair or getting divorced—but triumphs in the end. The stories written from the female point of view tend to be stronger and more convincing. Only one story really came alive for me: a story about homosexual teachers at a Groton-like boarding school.

The stories here are written in a number of voices. Among the narrators are a middle-aged investment banker circa 1982, an aged English interior decorator circa 1943, a society divorcée of a certain age in 1961, a retired English actress writing to a titled friend in 1905, and the seventy-year-old female retired editor of a smart fashion magazine in 1987. All of them sound exactly the same. Nor do they differ in the slightest way from the author's own voice in those stories that have no character-narrator—a voice that is excessively prone to saying things like: “and why, pray, was he having such snippy thoughts?” Auchincloss writes like an old woman: perhaps a maiden aunt possessed by the spirit of a prep-school headmaster. In case I sound too harsh, here is the extraordinarily long first sentence of the story “Ars Gratia Artis:”

Living in the past is constantly derided, particularly by those who like to pride themselves on being abreast, if not actually ahead of, the passing moment, but there comes a time in life for some of us, alas, when it seems the only place where we *can* live; and that is certainly the case of an infirm and antiquated bachelor living alone—except for a loyal caretaker and an

uncertain cleaning woman—in his old family stone *gentilhomme* (I'm sorry; I like the French term) on the Yorkshire moors.

The dialogue is even more ridiculous, though less effeminate. Perhaps the author assumes that, because the stories

*Auchincloss writes
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aunt possessed by the
spirit of a prep-
school headmaster.*

are all set in the past, readers might be gulled into thinking that people actually talked this way at some time. They never did, except perhaps in Errol Flynn movies or novels that deliberately pastiche Jamesian speech. Here is a sample from the title story, set in the early Eighties:

“Oh Sandy, here's another of those terrible cases!”

“What cases?”

“Another of these insider traders. Really, one begins to wonder if any of the firms are free of it.”

“Are you beginning to wonder about mine, my dear?”

“No, of course not. But don't you think that something must have happened to our moral standards when there are so many of them? What is this consuming greed? Where does it come from?”

This sort of guff wouldn't be so bad if the author were not so afflicted by a deluded sense of his own cleverness. Mr. Auchincloss has been praised by critics for his “erudition,” and he constantly drops little reminders that he is a terribly cultured fellow. As well as Wharton and James, he has read Milton, Shakespeare, and Browning—all without any apparent effect on his writing. And he knows some history too: one character “felt like the mad Ludwig of Bavaria, who had dotted the countryside with his crazy castles to make the world seem something it wasn't.” In this habit, Mr. Auchincloss reminds one not of the great novelists of the early part of this century, but the trendy young writers of today, who flatter and impress some readers by making pointless references to Nietzsche and Plato, as if to say “See, I went to a good college.” If I had to choose between taking all Mr. Auchincloss's oeuvre, or all of William S. Burroughs's, to a desert-island exile, I would definitely choose Mr. Auchincloss's, but only because there is so much more of it. □

In the Company of Stupid Men

RICH LOWRY

I'M the right guy to review this book. I've practiced “Stupid Chivalry,” “Stupid Independence,” and “Stupid Boyishness,” aspired to but never quite managed “Stupid Sex,” and

Ten Stupid Things Men Do to Mess Up Their Lives, by Dr. Laura Schlessinger (Cliff Street Books, 320 pp., \$24)

look forward to “Stupid Matrimony” and “Stupid Husbanding” in preparation for “Stupid Parenting.”

It is as an expert, then, that I rate the latest offering from radio personality Laura Schlessinger, a/k/a “Dr. Laura,” a joke. Writing books ranks high on the list of stupid things talk-show hosts do to get rich (somewhere ahead of mugs,

ties, T-shirts, and newsletters), and so it's no surprise that *Ten Stupid Things* should be a pastiche of recycled on-the-air material.

In fact, it's barely readable. To get through all the clichés, indecipherable sentences, wince-inducing banalities, CAPITAL LETTERS AND EXCLAMATION POINTS!!!, you'd have to have an insatiable taste for the letters, phone conversations, and poetry of men remarried to alcoholic women with three illegitimate children by three strangers.

It's a taste best left unacquired. But Dr. Schlessinger's new book is probably destined for the best-seller lists nonetheless. It's the companion to her best-sell-

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

ing *Ten Stupid Things Women Do to Mess Up Their Lives* and will as a matter of course be snatched up by some of the 18 million people a week who listen to her syndicated daily radio show.

Dr. Schlessinger is the Rush Limbaugh of radio psychologists. Like Limbaugh, whom she rivals in some markets, she uses language meant to jolt ("slut," "bum," "hussie," etc.). Like Limbaugh, she is politically conservative, although her focus is exclusively on cultural and personal issues. And finally, like Limbaugh, she fills a yawning gap in public discourse.

Dr. Schlessinger, in a radical departure from our reigning therapeutic culture, wants to hear nothing about feelings or victimization. With her callers, she's tough and censorious, brokering no excuses for any abdication of personal responsibility. If you are flipping through the AM dial and hear painful silences punctuated by sobs you're probably listening to a caller on the Dr. Laura show.

It makes for arresting and satisfying listening, a slightly toxic reassertion of values and standards long considered passé. Most of the callers seem to want this treatment, as even the ones reduced to tears are often muttering, "You're right," to Dr. Laura by the end. Heaven knows, most of them deserve it.

To listen to Dr. Laura or read her books is to get a disturbing picture of the bombed-out zone of emotional devastation in which so many Americans live. Unhappiness may be the human lot, but presumably it was once possible to achieve it without quite so many divorces, step-children, adulterous affairs, out-of-wedlock children, and serial marriages.

It is in this context that Dr. Laura has her value—because when she says "stupid things" she's not kidding. Take this typical letter in her new book, from listener "Art": "I have been married eight times to five different women. Because of you I finally got it right. You being so direct and to the point is what got my attention. My wife and I both listen to you—I am 60 and my wife is 63. This is her fourth marriage. The point I have always missed in all prior marriages was commitment. . . ."

The advice Dr. Laura gives is generally sound. For most of the stupid things men do, she blames insecurity or selfishness. So, both "Stupid Chivalry" (going out of your way to find a dysfunctional woman) and "Stupid Sex" (bedding lots

of women, developing relationships with none) are ways for men to avoid rejection.

She is particularly good on marriage, reminding readers that it must be "based on a sense of purpose beyond

*I'm the right guy
to review a book about
the Stupid Things
Men Do to Mess
Up Their Lives.*

immediate and personal gratification" to succeed. "Since your feelings for the other person may wax and wane . . . your commitment to your marriage vows must override the moment."

Arguably, Dr. Laura is the country's most influential cultural conservative, routinely staking out brave positions and defending them for an audience of millions. She's against premarital sex. She hates abortion. She's brutal on the topic of child care. And she regrets the

denigration of male virtues by our feminized culture.

But there is a paradox at the heart of Dr. Laura's popularity. At the same time she is against the culture, she is very much a part of it. After reading a few of the letters in her book—many composed by weeping men—it's hard to think you've escaped that far from Oprah Winfrey after all.

Indeed, Dr. Laura too surfs on the let-it-all-hang-out emotionality of our age (she has cried on the air, confessing her shortcomings just like one of her callers). As a result, she can seem strangely ungrounded. Her proposal to mandate premarital therapy by law, for instance, bears a resemblance to feminist-inspired campus dating codes: a legalistic attempt to recapture a restraint and chivalry long lost.

My guess is that men were best at handling their feelings back in the days when they supposedly didn't deal with them at all, but when all manner of social codes worked to keep them in line as husbands and fathers. That genie, of course, is now out of the bottle, and no talk-show host is going to put it back. What's a stupid guy to do? □

RELIGION

Burn, Tyndale, Burn

JEFFREY HART

THE William Tyndale exhibition, recently on view at the New York Public Library's main building on 42nd Street, was perfectly splendid. Located in a small gallery on the main entrance level, its material displayed in accessible glass cases with excellent accompanying commentary, it offered a fine opportunity to reconsider Tyndale (1490–1536), a figure of great historical and literary importance.

A graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a Roman Catholic priest, Tyndale was a prodigious scholar. Working directly from the Hebrew and Greek—rather than like previous translators, from the Latin of the Vulgate—he translated into English the complete text of the New Testament

(1525), and had finished about half of the Old Testament by 1536 when he was arrested by Church authorities, stripped of his priesthood, painfully imprisoned, and then finally attached to a stake, strangled, and burned in Vilvorde in the Netherlands. This was a tragedy, but not quite the utter outrage that it must seem today.

The focus of the exhibition was two priceless volumes, the only known surviving copies of Tyndale's translations. Tens of thousands were printed, but the authorities rounded up as many of them as they could and burned them along with Tyndale himself.

One of these two books, published at Stuttgart in 1526, is a small and very thick volume still bound in its sixteenth-century cover. The second surviving volume is quite different, a huge book—perhaps two feet lengthwise, a foot or

Mr. Hart, a senior editor at NR, is an emeritus professor of English at Dartmouth.

so across, and about eight inches thick—and decorated gloriously with line drawings. It was re-bound in an eighteenth-century leather cover, however. It was published at Antwerp in 1537 after the execution of Tyndale and brought out by John Rogers, the chaplain of the English House in that city, where Tyndale had been living and writing until his arrest. Rogers could not put Tyndale's name on the volume, and so this book is ostensibly by one "Thomas Matthew," a version of the Gospel writer's name, possibly with an allusion to the great Thomas à Becket. (The old black-letter type face in those two original Tyndale volumes is difficult

*William Tyndale
was the major
source of the prose
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King James Bible.*

to read, but Professor David Daniell of London University, besides writing the best modern biography of Tyndale, has brought out editions of Tyndale's Old and New Testaments with modern type faces and spelling.)

The exhibition at the Library surrounded these remarkable objects with much other valuable material—Foxe's important book of martyrs, Tyndale's written plea from his frigid prison cell for his hat, overcoat, and Hebrew Old Testament, other early Bible translations, memorabilia, and various materials relevant to the Reformation.

One thing that came as a revelation to me is of the first importance. I had long assumed that the magnificence of the King James Version (1611) is due a) to the inherent strength of seventeenth-century prose, and b) to the excellence of the group of translators James I assembled at Hampton Court under the supervision of Lancelot Andrewes.

A plausible theory. But wrong.

William Tyndale himself was the major source of the prose strengths of the KJV. An astonishing percentage of the familiar phrases in the KJV come right out of Tyndale, who wrote almost a century earlier, his prose strengthened by Gloucestershire speech rhythms and perhaps by Welsh, which was spoken just across the Severn River from where he grew up.

Now, the execution of Tyndale and the destruction of his translations were not, so to speak, an outrage against the First Amendment. This was a deep tragedy revolving around the status of the Bible and, especially, the Latin version—the Vulgate—of St. Jerome.

In Tyndale's time, the Hebrew text of the Old Testament was in print and available, as was the Greek text of the New Testament, but useful only to the very few scholars who could read those languages. For the larger but still small educated class, therefore, St. Jerome's fourth-century Latin translation (itself a scholarly revision of the "Old Latin" translation) was the functioning Bible. The Vulgate had served very well for more than a thousand years.

In the sixteenth century, however, the superlative linguist Erasmus found errors in Jerome's translations (although, unlike Jerome, Erasmus was ignorant of Hebrew).

That there might be errors in Jerome's work came as terrible news to the Vatican. The errors were by no means major, and Erasmus's commentaries were respectful, but he had shaken the foundations of the sacred text, every line of which had been considered authoritative.

The Vatican snarled at Erasmus, but by that time he was too powerful a force in Europe to be penalized. He was a suave diplomat, a devout Catholic, and a powerful weapon in Rome's war against Martin Luther. Facing his Erasmus problem, the Pope could do little more than gripe.

Yet on the huge question of versions of the Bible, Rome did have a strong case against volunteer translators. Every line mattered. The text had been commented upon learnedly for centuries. Alterations in the text by means of translation could be momentous.

To illustrate that point I will provide one example, a relatively easy one. The exhibition at the Library was called "Let There Be Light," God's famous words—in Tyndale's translation—from Genesis 1. This translation does not exactly correspond to the simpler Hebrew wording (although it does parallel the Vulgate's "*Fiat lux*").

God in Genesis is supposed to be utterly alone before the Creation; so, to whom might He be addressing that courtly command "Let there be . . ."? The translation implicitly imagines God as a monarch politely speaking to . . . someone. There is thus a hint of polytheism here.

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Nothing in the Hebrew text requires "Let there be . . ." In Hebrew the words are "y'hi ohr," which may be translated (as Jack Miles does in his book *God: A Biography*) simply as "Light!" With that, God "turns on" the universe. Such a translation preserves the sense of monotheism.

My point is that translation here involves profound issues, and does so throughout the vast Biblical text. Rome did not want, could not possibly put up with, a horde of individual translators running around Europe raising vast problematical questions through a variety of translations. I have not seen or heard of any idiosyncratic translation decisions made by Tyndale. But from Rome's point of view his whole project was deeply suspect, and immortal souls were potentially at stake.

Father Tyndale, in addition, was carrying some very heavy baggage that had nothing to do with translation. Though a priest, he held that the sole authority

for Christians is the text of the Bible, thus wiping out centuries of commentary, reflection, and developing understanding. He also held that, translations aside, every Christian should read the text—and, of course, interpret it in the process of understanding it. He thus devolved interpretation on countless individuals of uncertain erudition. Rome could not but see that, too, as a formula for chaos.



Worse still, Tyndale believed that faith, not conduct, was the means to salvation. Many of his closest associates had abandoned Rome altogether and gone over to Luther and justification by faith alone. For that, none other than Thomas More rose up to denounce Tyndale's dangerous theology.

Exciting stuff. But, beyond the religious and political hurricanes, Tyndale was a great prose artist, one of the greatest who ever wrote in English, and also a large historical figure. The exhibition at the Public Library was entirely worthy of its great subject. □

FILM

Games People Play

JOHN SIMON

EVEN though it may be the worst new film around, I found *The Full Monty* offputting because I had serious trouble understanding it. There was a brief period when British films featuring Cockney or regional speech were subtitled, a practice I applauded. But the practice soon died out—whether for economic reasons or from shame at seeming condescension, I don't know. And here I was left struggling with the street talk of Sheffield.

It may have to do with my being foreign born, but the first twenty or thirty minutes proved well-nigh impenetrable, and even the remainder rather hit-or-miss. To be sure, I am not one of those who kid themselves into laughing along without full comprehension. In any case, though, *The Full Monty*, written by Simon Beaufoy and directed by Peter

Cattaneo, is deft and interesting. Some unemployed steelworkers stumble onto a Chippendale club: male strippers performing for an all-female audience. Gaz, the protagonist, actually sneaks in with his young son, Nathan, and is astounded by the participatory zeal of four hundred women customers roaring their approval at handsome, muscular males who strip down to a g-string.

Meanwhile he and his mates, such as the overweight Dave and the overage Gerald, their office supervisor before he was let go, cannot find employment. Gerald has to lie to his wife and pretend he goes to work; Gaz cannot meet his child-support payments, and his remarried wife threatens him with a jail sentence. So the fellows conceive the desperate idea of becoming strippers even though they are scrawny or obese, over the hill or under a passel of inhibitions. But they propose to make up for such deficiencies by revealing the full

monty—Australian slang for a horse that is a sure bet. In this case, total nudity.

The film contains riotous scenes, notably the audition for a few additional strippers, with little Nathan handling the music from a ghetto-blaster. The men get into trouble with wives, mothers, and the law, and especially with one another; yet throughout their physical-fitness training and attempts to learn to dance, their solidarity grows. One chap gets a job as a department-store floor-walker at the very place from which the others propose to steal clothes for the show, and more such shenanigans. It's funny, it's pathetic, and it's believable. Even so, I wish I had gotten more of it.

The cast is certainly a motley crew. Robert Carlyle (the sociopathic Begbie from *Trainspotters*) is a persuasive Gaz, but, great Scot! (or great Yorkshireman!) is he hard on the eye! English teeth are notoriously bad, but Carlyle manages to look carious all over. Tom Wilkinson is solid as always as Gerald (he was, among other things, the clergyman living in concubinage in *Priest*); Mark Addy, as the adipose Dave almost quitting from embarrassment at his fat, is fine; Emily Woof manages to register even in the tiny part of Gaz's ex-wife; and the nine-year-old neophyte William Snape is wonderfully unspoiled as Nathan. All the others are right too, scruffy and unstilted, and the locations positively ooze authenticity. The climactic scene—the big strip, and how the men and women take to it—couldn't be more awkwardly funny, eliciting both mischievous and compassionate merriment.

An additional bonus is the total absence of prurience. The dialogue, as far as I followed it, was amusing in a wholly natural way, and the production design and cinematography help make it, like Lear's hand, stink of humanity. Even if you get no more than half, you won't be half bored. Only a trifle frustrated.

■ No doubt coming up with original ideas for movies is not the easiest thing these days, especially since they have to be greenlighted by persons with very little light in the cranium, green or otherwise. The concept of *The Game*, dreamed up by two former *Harvard Lampoon* writers, John Brancato and Michael Ferris, was bought by MGM in 1991, but made only now by the ominously titled Propaganda Films' co-

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

founder David Fincher, who also directed the justly acclaimed *Seven*. I find it hopelessly far-fetched.

Deadly games, to be sure, have been a staple of the movies, but this one is bizarre to the point of benightedness. We are to believe that a company called CRS (Consumer Recreation Services), operating out of London, San Francisco, and other far-flung cities, will, for an astronomic figure, tailor an exciting, extended game to your particular qualifications. You undergo a day's mental and physical testing, but even so you are not told anything about the game. Nicholas Van Orton (Michael Douglas), a filthy rich, egocentric, and ruthless businessman, had been celebrating his 8th birthday when his father jumped off the roof; on his 48th, he reluctantly accepts the game as a birthday present from his scapegrace brother, Conrad (Sean Penn), who insists that playing it in London transformed his life.

As Nicholas is portrayed at the outset, doing global business from his office or from his palatial San Francisco mansion, this is not a man to get thus involved even at the urging of a dozen brothers. Divorced and living only for his wheeling and dealing, he lets himself be wheedled and diddled by Conrad and a snotty CRS clerk (James Rebhorn, a specialist in smarminess, not always intentional), smartass and patronizing to the *n*th degree. But CRS is large, with ostentatiously prosperous premises; Nick's curiosity is piqued.

There are no instructions; everything is to be a surprise. Sure enough, returning home in his BMW one evening, Nick, who has been duly assured that he can opt out at any time, finds a life-sized clown doll in his driveway, in the very posture of his father after the fatal leap. He takes the grotesque clown into his living room, ensconces him in an armchair, and settles down to watch the evening business news as delivered by Daniel Schorr.

The program becomes weirdly deviant, and lapses into Schorr's addressing insulting remarks directly to Nick, finally ordering him to extract the clown's preternaturally long tongue, at the end of which he finds a key with a CRS tag. (Other such keys, and even a wrench, will materialize later.) The key will be needed somewhere, someday. It turns out that a device in the clown's eye was able to subvert Schorr's image and voice into hectoring Nicholas.

Now, even if we swallow the notion

of the film's Game, why should we buy into the mug's game of this scene? Why would Nick place the leering clown opposite the TV rather than in any of another hundred places, not excluding the trash? Surely the gruesome reminder of his father's suicide should have induced him to quit—although this later turns out to be impossible. Pretty soon we must also wonder how CRS gets the fountain pen in Nick's shirt pocket to leak; or what this has to do with bullying a business associate (Armin Mueller-

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Stahl) in a subplot that has a hard time elbowing its way into the story. And why doesn't Nick become suspicious when a waitress at his club spills a trayful of food all over him?

Christine, the waitress, brash and foul-mouthed, reeks of complicity with CRS, especially as played obnoxiously by Deborah Kara Unger. Yet Nick makes her his partner in dodging what becomes an increasingly deadly game. This is supposed to be life-transforming? Well, I suppose death is quite a change from life.

As the movie progresses, everyone is, or may be, in on this charade. And somehow the action always leads to CRS headquarters, which, continually expanding, end up occupying an entire modest skyscraper. What this tells us about our mores, economy, and intelligence I hesitate to speculate about. I don't know which I would suspend higher: my disbelief or David Fincher.

■ For a truly great performance I recommend to you Judi Dench's Queen Victoria in *Mrs. Brown*. There are other good things about this respectable *Masterpiece Theater*-style picture—notably Anthony Sher's mischievous Disraeli and Geoffrey Palmer's grave Ponsonby—but the stunner is Miss Dench's Queen: a complex, ambivalent human being finely observed and embodied with almost unsettling realism. □

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Anthem Abuse

BALINT VAZSONYI

ANYONE who suggests that national identity is a crucial component in the life of nations is likely these days to run into resistance. In our age of imprecise word usage, people confuse a healthy appreciation for national character with aggressive nationalism. But national character (or identity) has many virtues, and it can be manifested in many ways. Among these, one of the most important is a country's national anthem.

These vary in musical quality, from Joseph Haydn's incomparable gift to the Austrian people, to the mind-boggling triteness of Italy's anthem. Yet all anthems do the job of representing their respective countries. Frequently played and sung, the tune becomes imprinted on the souls of children who hear it. They learn to associate their national song with their homeland.

To be recognizable, a piece of single-line music, such as a national anthem, requires two elements: melody and rhythm. Melody is a succession of pitches, rhythm is a succession of time values. A note can be higher or lower, longer or shorter. If it has a different pitch or a different length, it's a different note altogether. Consequently, if you change the pitches and the durations of notes of an anthem it becomes a different piece of music.

All this needs to be repeated, given what has become a widespread practice, namely the performance of various primordial-sounding chants meant to resemble our national anthem but doing so only vaguely. The text is "The Star-Spangled Banner," but the music is improvised. I don't know who started the practice, but it occurs at sporting events, inaugurations, banquets—celebrations of all kinds. It is highly irritating.

In strict musical terms, on the international scale of anthems, ours probably ranks as a Class B piece. In emotional and symbolic terms, it is much more important than that. Not only is it part

of our identity as Americans, it is also the song to whose tune the world has been saved time and time again throughout this century. Like the flag it celebrates, it ought to make us turn in-

*We are treated,
predominantly by
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of consciousness.*

ward and contemplate everything America means to us.

Instead it makes us cringe. We are treated, predominantly by female singers, to a kind of musical stream of consciousness, and to the belting out of assorted high notes, apparently chosen at random. Even the text is distorted,

as by Olivia Newton-John, with her "na-ha-haite" (in place of "night") or "ho-ho-home." Worse yet is the utter disregard for time. Every note takes as long as the performer decides on the spot. What emerges is something you



BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Letters of Nancy Mitford and Evelyn Waugh, edited by Charlotte Mosely (Houghton Mifflin, 527 pp., \$40)

THE correspondence between Nancy Mitford and Evelyn Waugh was conducted with one paramount aim: to amuse. They wrote as actors mount the stage: however low their personal fortunes might fall, the show goes on. In this self-conscious way, their friendship flourished at a distance; in person it was another matter. She was a cosmopolitan aristocrat with pronounced socialist sympathies.

would hear from a person inebriated to the point where her driver's license might be suspended for good. If the original is Class B, the renditions we get today are musical nonsense. These performances add nothing; they only take away, diminishing the role of the anthem as a symbol of our national identity.

That is why I have formed the strong suspicion that the prevalence of anthem abuse has as much to do with politics as it does with music. Surely these never-twice-the-same anthems meet with the approval of those who advocate "diversity" in language, culture, lifestyle, and morality. In the opinion of such Americans, the very idea of national identity is to be opposed and suppressed.

As for singers who wish to display their vocal range, or the reserve capacity of their lungs, they can choose from thousands of vehicles in the literature of opera and song. Improvisation has always been highly valued in the realm of music, but not as a replacement for the original.

Look at it this way. On an American flag, it is not a discretionary decision whether to depict 50 or 69 stars. It is not acceptable, just because the manufacturer feels like it, to substitute 8 blue and green squares for the requisite 13 red and white stripes. When singers are hired for ceremonial functions, they should be hired on the condition that the singing of the anthem be the singing of the anthem. Perhaps someday the National Endowment for the Arts will commission an all-new multicultural anthem. Until then, let us stick with "The Star-Spangled Banner." □

Waugh, playing reactionary to her fashionable worldliness, enjoyed calling her a Communist and threatened to unleash Sen. McCarthy on her. True, their epistolary performances often make it difficult to draw the line between theatrics and reality, but that's more than half the fun. Just as interesting are the letters in which the mask slips. When Miss Mitford chides Mr. Waugh for sucking up to the papist aristocracy in *Brideshead Revisited*, he bluntly lets her have it: "We are all very lower class to God and our cleverness and second-hand scholarship bore him hideously." Amen.

—GEORGE MCCARTNEY

Mr. Vazsonyi is director of the Center for the American Founding, in Washington, D.C.

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LOWRY

(Continued from page 51)

memory serves, my father's acts of personal up-keep were mostly limited to shaving and putting on a tie. So, it's hard to imagine him interested in articles on "A Flat Belly for the Beach" (*Verge*), or, the three new men's fragrances for the fall season (*GQ*), or even, for that matter, "The New Fall Suit" (*Esquire*). But somewhere along the line men became less concerned with being strong and silent, and more worried about making themselves pretty.

It's this attitude that drives the consuming interest among men in fitness and health. The hottest men's magazine is *Men's Health*, with a circulation of 1.5 million, up 400 per cent over the last six years. "Lose 10 lbs Fast," boosts its October cover, which features a loving photo of a buff guy in a bathing suit. Considered a model for the rest of the industry, *Men's Health* is full of advice on how to make low-fat chicken wings, how to wear leather jackets, and, especially, how to pump up your biceps and tone your gluteals.

Oddly enough, nearly every body part is trumped in men's magazines by "abs." Having a tight, sculpted stomach is a cherished goal of the Cosmo Guy. "This is tough for me to admit," writes one work-out expert in *Men's Fitness*,

"but here it is: Some people hate me. Not because I'm beautiful . . . but because I have abs. And not just any abs. I was in an *Abs of Steel* video." Since the practical effect of having steel abs is limited—how many people see your stomach on any day?—my guess is that the ab obsession arises because, just like women, men now want to look like the models in underwear ads.

To dispel the suspicion that they are encouraging men to act like girls, men's magazines have a couple of fall-back positions. The first is "stuff": laptop computers, cell phones, sport utility vehicles, satellite dishes, global positioning systems, all those gadgets and appliances that are supposed to thrill the normal guy. On the one hand, the magazines revel in how these gizmos are the exclusive realm of man. On the other, the term universally applied to them is "stuff" ("tons of useful stuff" is the motto of *Men's Health*). Stuff, of course, has boyish connotations, suggesting that this realm of man isn't to be taken too seriously.

Men's magazines also pump up their readers with lots of articles about adventure. These articles about taking death-defying safaris seem analogous to all those articles about hot, casual sex in *Cosmopolitan*: nice to think about, rarely practiced. What are the chances of me (or anyone I know) diving with whale sharks in the Indian Ocean off the Maldives (*GQ Active*) or running a marathon across Antarctic tundra (*GQ*)? But at least I can pretend, which is also the impulse behind the spat of boxing articles in men's magazines as well.

There's nothing that defines Philip-Marlowe manliness quite like fisticuffs. Which is why, I imagine, at least three of the magazines I recently flipped through had articles on boxing. But only in *GQ* is the fighting article geared to self-defense, and even then it is also sold as a great work-out. "I'm seeing my stomach muscles for the first time in my life," writes the *GQ* fighter. Hey, Marlowe must have had great abs! In *Maxim*, sparring is billed as "fun cardiovascular training without the mindless reps." In *Men's Health*, working out on a punching bag is a "new way to relieve tension."

How to relieve tension and stress is another constant topic in men's magazines. *Men's Perspective* suggests

transcendental meditation, which "has been shown to lower blood pressure and heart-rate as well as improve concentration and bestow other health benefits." This is so necessary because the Cosmo Guy is, despite the gadgets and abs, rather fragile. You thought women were moody and the creature of their hormones? Think again. After an argument with your girlfriend, advises *Men's Fitness*, "Before you check her calendar . . . consider this: It might not have been her hormones that ran amok; it could have been yours."

Another sign of the sense of vulnerability or inadequacy of the Cosmo Guy is his obsession with impotence. Men's magazines are geared primarily to young readers, who should be in their sexual prime. But fears of impotence stalk them anyway. Penile implants, sex pills, and erection shots make regular appearances. *Men's Health* warns that bicycle riding may cause impotence. But not to worry. The magazine, in a separate article, quotes a doctor explaining that some impotent men give up erection shots because "they may have realized that there's more to sex than an erect penis."

Given this, the content of men's magazines, all the nearly naked girls are a sort of relief. At least we can agree they are something that should interest most men. Every magazine features them, even *GQ* and *Esquire*, which try to publish serious articles as well. But a couple of start-ups—*Maxim* and *Men's Perspective*—focus on them almost exclusively, featuring lush, revealing photos and two-page centerfolds. Both recently had covers with busty MTV star Carmen Electra, who also appears on the *Details* black-underwear cover.

There has to be an excuse for the covers, so all three magazines interview Miss Electra. The result is often painful. She assures readers of *Maxim* that when she posed for *Playboy* she "didn't feel pressured into exposing myself in a way I didn't think appropriate." But given a choice between this and a feminist interviewing another feminist about why women rule, it shouldn't be a contest. Sadie Plant at one point tells Susan Faludi that some forward-looking men are developing more feminine ways of interacting: "I'm thinking of people working in music and club scenes." And the editors of men's magazines? □

TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 F	2 d	3 V		4 c	5 V	6 M	7 G	8 d	9 C		10 X	11 C	12 b		13 b	14 K	15 M	16 a	17 O	18 Z		19 I	20 A	21 H	22 D	23 E	24 C
	25 V	26 J	27 Z		28 Y	29 Q	30 N	31 Z	32 W		33 S	34 C	35 d	36 Z		37 a	38 N	39 H	40 d	41 F		42 W	43 X		44 N	45 X	46 d
47 l	48 K	49 Z	50 T	51 M	52 D		53 c	54 G	55 A	56 P		57 H	58 D	59 C	60 v		61 c	62 Q	63 d		64 D	65 B	66 M	67 U		68 c	69 b
	70 d	71 M	72 G		73 P	74 C	75 M		76 A	77 G	78 M	79 N	80 C	81 F	82 b	83 I		84 E	85 I	86 C	87 Q		88 W	89 d	90 N	91 P	92 M
	93 V	94 d	95 A	96 H		97 d	98 P	99 T	100 E	101 Z		102 C	103 P		104 J	105 K	106 F	107 P	108 I	109 d	110 Y	111 D		112 H	113 B	114 T	115 A
116 X	117 F	118 M		119 H	120 O	121 L	122 G	123 F		124 R	125 H		126 V	127 J	128 Q	129 U	130 G	131 I		132 T	133 P		134 H	135 I	136 A	137 Y	
138 N	139 Q		140 P	141 d	142 T		143 X	144 J	145 V	146 G		147 K	148 X	149 V		150 J	151 I	152 c	153 F	154 T	155 V		156 U	157M		158 Y	159 d
160 X	161 I		162 S	163 M	164 H	165 N		166 Q	167 O	168 K	169 R	170 W	171 P		172 H	173 U		174 Z	175 F	176 I	177 a	178 G	179H	180 d	181 L	182 O	
183 b	184 R		185 R	186 K	187 Z	188 B		189 W	190 L		191 M	192 V	193 E	194 X		195 O	196 D	197 B	198 a	199 b	200 E		201 W	202 I		203 I	204 N
205 U	206 S	207 A	208 P	209 L	210 M	211 Q	212 F		213 E	214 G		215 Y		216M	217 U	218 V	219 T	220 A	221 X								

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| A. Norse underworld | 95 | 220 | 76 | 136 | 115 | 20 | 55 | 207 | | | |
| B. Irritating rash | 113 | 188 | 197 | 65 | | | | | | | |
| C. Minos' maze | 80 | 11 | 102 | 24 | 9 | 34 | 59 | 86 | 74 | | |
| D. Christian name of England's last king | 196 | 111 | 64 | 58 | 22 | 52 | | | | | |
| E. Hoover Institution Thomas (<i>Race and Culture, The Vision of the Anointed,</i> , etc.) | 193 | 213 | 84 | 200 | 100 | 23 | | | | | |
| F. Recompenseth, answereth | 123 | 175 | 106 | 117 | 81 | 153 | 212 | 1 | 41 | | |
| G. Garden wriggler | 130 | 77 | 178 | 146 | 54 | 72 | 122 | 214 | 7 | | |
| H. Hangman's quarry (2 words) | 134 | 21 | 57 | 119 | 179 | 112 | 164 | 172 | 39 | 125 | 96 |
| I. Quirk, peculiarity | 108 | 19 | 85 | 135 | 176 | 83 | 202 | 47 | 131 | 203 | 161 |
| J. Major branch of Islam | 150 | 144 | 127 | 104 | 26 | | | | | | 151 |
| K. Reeds/grasses on a roof | 168 | 48 | 14 | 147 | 105 | 186 | | | | | |
| L. Mighty river which waters Dresden, Magdeburg, Hamburg | 181 | 209 | 121 | 190 | | | | | | | |
| M. This childhood disease can weaken your heart (2 words) | 6 | 92 | 66 | 163 | 191 | 71 | 118 | 210 | 78 | 157 | 51 |
| N. Stand in on short notice (hyphen) | 44 | 90 | 30 | 204 | 138 | 38 | 79 | 165 | | | |
| O. Tarry, tolerate | 120 | 195 | 167 | 182 | 17 | | | | | | |
| P. It's no stretch to say this Greek giant's hospitality falls short of Lincoln bedroom standards | 208 | 171 | 98 | 91 | 133 | 107 | 56 | 73 | 103 | 140 | |
| Q. Staggered formation of F-14's, for instance | 166 | 211 | 87 | 139 | 128 | 29 | 62 | | | | |
| R. Senate sponsor of Reagan tax cuts | 184 | 124 | 185 | 169 | | | | | | | |
| S. Cut down, scythe | 162 | 206 | 33 | | | | | | | | |
| T. Beyond the Missouri (2 words) | 132 | 99 | 219 | 142 | 154 | 50 | 114 | | | | |
| U. Neophyte | 67 | 156 | 129 | 217 | 205 | 173 | | | | | |
| V. Like Patsy Schroeder's rosy vision of the military | 149 | 155 | 5 | 126 | 218 | 192 | 93 | 145 | 25 | 3 | 60 |
| W. English variant of the tetragrammaton | 32 | 201 | 42 | 88 | 170 | 189 | | | | | |
| X. I sensed (arch.) | 221 | 43 | 143 | 10 | 116 | 45 | 160 | 148 | 194 | | |
| Y. Equipped for self-defense | 215 | 158 | 28 | 110 | 137 | | | | | | |
| Z. Jerry Garcia groupie | 101 | 31 | 49 | 18 | 36 | 27 | 187 | 174 | | | |
| a. Ox, lummoX (Scot.) | 16 | 198 | 37 | 177 | | | | | | | |
| b. Poured forth pathos | 13 | 199 | 183 | 82 | 69 | 12 | | | | | |
| c. Rod, beam | 152 | 68 | 61 | 4 | 53 | | | | | | |
| d. White House coffee/tea drinker (2 words) | 70 | 2 | 141 | 63 | 180 | 40 | 89 | 94 | 46 | 159 | 97 |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. FLORENCE KING: *The Volunteer Summit*: "The attempted restoration of the Republic of Texas is looking better and better since the President's Summit gathered in Philadelphia to finish off the Liberty Bell. Another country would come in handy now that Bill Clinton has redefined citizenship to include compulsory volunteerism."

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Shock Time at Yale

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16

We note the strange situation at Yale. The background: freshman student Elisha Dov Hack enrolls and is reminded (he knew about such arrangements beforehand) that he is expected to occupy living quarters one flight above, one below, living quarters occupied by Yale coeds.

Now theoretically a flight of stairs between Gentlemen and Ladies is as impermeable as the markings that distinguish Men from Women in hotel or airport lavatories. But young Mr. Hack, who is an Orthodox Jew, objects in principle to the sexual proximity of such arrangements and empirically to the renowned permeability of upstairs-downstairs college lodgings. So what did he do?

He appealed to Yale against the ordinance that freshmen and sophomores have to occupy university quarters. There is an easy way out of this, but costly. If you pay Yale for your room and board (\$6,850), who cares where you actually live?—in an apartment down the street or at the other end of the city, as far as official Yale is concerned. But Mr. Hack is a creature of the current culture, which opts for a lawsuit wherever possible. So he is cranking up a complaint alleging that Yale is discriminating against his religion. The reasoning is as follows: My religion says I shouldn't live cheek-by-jowl with a member of the opposite sex unless we are married. Yale enforces such arrangements. Therefore Yale discriminates against my religion.

It would seem a loony charge, but *Time* magazine reports that the lawyers are ready to take it on, among them Alan Dershowitz. And there is a speck of a precedent in the recent case where a student offended by the seamlessness of college living arrangements sued the University of Nebraska and was permitted to seek shelter off campus.

The intimate-life arrangements are defended by Yale as elsewhere everywhere on the grounds that by such experience men learn about women and vice versa. But young Elisha makes a persuasive point, by pleading that the impulse to climb the flight of stairs and have at it is by no means energetically discouraged on campus. He has noticed the omnipresent supplies of condoms and the course on safe sex, to which he declined to expose himself.

Now he may sound a bit of a prude, but by coincidence, the issue of the *Yale Daily News* that welcomed incoming freshmen last week published a page on social life at Yale, one part of which was headed, "Yalies find strange sites for sex." The story by Isaiah Wilner, manifestly *not* an Orthodox Jew, was exuberant on the matter of opportunities on campus. "Yale offers more than its share of breathtaking vistas from its Gothic towers—students make use of the centuries-old halls, residential colleges, and libraries first as places of study—but secondly as kinky havens of intercourse." The reader doubts the reporter intended to use the word "kinky" because the balance of the article suggests absolutely orthodox fornication. But the idea is certainly conveyed to the freshmen that sex on campus is what one . . . does, like canasta or lacrosse. Indeed, that sex is a challenge of sorts. And by no means confined to bedrooms. "[I]n its mythic proportions, if not in reality, public sex predominates. 'I have a friend who's made a pact with one of his best friends that if neither has sex in the stacks before graduation they'll hook up together,' said one Yale student." And the reporter advises the incoming class that "Some seniors have goals of having sex in Yale's famous places, such as Harkness Tower and the Sterling Memorial Library stacks. Others just get busy in public restaurants and laundry rooms."

The whole business of sardine-in-the-can living between the sexes was explored in Yale's conservative monthly, *The Free Press*, last year, with students of both sexes giving their views in the matter. One earnest contributor recited learned anthropological and philosophical reasons against coeducation-become-cohabitation by concluding, "On top of all that, it's just plain icky."

If there is a moral question to be considered one supposes that a Yale student could

discover it in the library stacks among the discarded condoms. But Yale is hardly alone on the matter: the Playboy philosophy rules. But there are other impulses lurking. John Cloud of *Time* writes, ". . . the growth of religious conservatism could rekindle the flames. 'Today you have a larger interest among students in religion, whether it's Orthodox Judaism or . . . Fundamentalist Christianity,' says David Merkwitz of the American Council on Education. One survey indicates that half of freshmen identify themselves as Protestant, up from a third 15 years ago." And plaintiff Rachel Wohlgeleer says, "I don't think it's a uniquely Jewish issue. It's a moral issue." Jumping Jehoshaphat—what will they come up with next! □

Curb The Press? Stop The Presses?

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9

A British journalist and historian of great eminence has shared with me (we are old friends) letters he has sent to editors and proprietors of British newspapers pressing his case for a privacy law that would serve as a durable monument to the experience of Princess Diana. "This morning the *Daily Mail* which I have long taken, admired, and frequently written for—printed one of the most repellent front pages I have ever seen on a British newspaper, with a huge caption:

CHARLES WEEPS BITTER TEARS OF GUILT

"Not only was it hitting, most unfairly, at an unhappy man when he is thoroughly down, but in making such deplorable supposition it was also extremely bad journalism; how can your journalists possibly have known what the sentiments of a weeping Prince actually were?"

Several American public figures have expostulated to the same end: that something should be done to enforce privacy laws. These laws, fancied or implied, have after all been casting a very wide net. Privacy has been judged to give the mother exclusive right over the fetus, the man over his extra-marital life, the homosexual over his living arrangements. But privacy's carapace doesn't by any means shield everyone's privacy. The morning paper carries a story of five Jewish freshmen prepared to sue Yale University for requiring them to live in unisex dorms. And of course the Princess Diana matter has raised questions about a) whether the protections even of public figures should be increased, and b) is this possible, in the American situation, under the First Amendment.



"Hey kid, don't worry—the era of big government isn't really over."

Many who have given up on anti-pornography laws, the journalist James Jackson Kilpatrick conspicuous among them, have done so pleading a simple but insurmountable problem that the line can't be drawn that, ultimately, distinguishes between *Ulysses* and *Hustler*. Consider an existing mini-point. Concerning Princess Diana, the consensus among journalists is that no photograph taken during the critical moments should be published. But it is said that the French police have a picture that shows her with left hand raised to shield her face. Deduction: That hand could not have been raised except to give protection from a photographer traveling parallel to Diana. The implications of this—that the paparazzo was speeding in on his motorcycle abreast of the Mercedes—suggests hot pursuit at a level clearly threatening not only to privacy, but to life and limb. If such a photograph exists, can we reasonably expect editors to refuse to publish it? Suppose there is a photo of the princess lying wounded while a photographer is firing away at one side?

Gary Hart, contending for the presidential nomination, taunts the press to document any moral delinquency in his behavior and a few days later consorts with a lady of ostensibly irregular virtue, is photographed, and loses what appeared to be a winning primary series. The defense (Free Press even for paparazzi) pleads that whatever privacy rights Sen. Hart had were effectively forfeited when he issued his challenge. But we learned that the *Miami Herald*, even before the challenge was made, had decided to stalk the senator and had a photographer in place outside his house in Washington. Would such a law as we seek distinguish between the *Miami Herald's* photographer and another sent in after the challenge? How exactly would one phrase that law?

My British correspondent urges the traditional sanction—collective defense. He writes to one paper, for which he had begun a book review, and advises the editor that he will not complete his task or any other, so long as the paper is owned by the same corporation that owns a tabloid that regularly transgresses on a defensible code. Mrs. Ramsey, the mother of the murdered 6-year old, urges, as others do, boycotts of *The Globe* and *The Star* and other such journals. But these are sold mostly at counters of supermarkets where the traffic is not made up of the kind of people who are readily mobilized for boycotts in pursuit of an ideal. The same woman who will decide not to vote for Sen. Hart because he is a philanderer is by no means committed not to buy a copy of a paper that proves him to be one.

Are the complications indeed insupera-

ble? My own guess is that reform would need to begin at the top. "Obviously any privacy law would need sharp teeth," my correspondent writes in his letter to the editor of the (London) *Times*. "May I remind your readers that in March 1963, under Harold Macmillan, two prominent journalists were sent to prison for six months for contempt of court? Macmillan's comment on the ensuing howl is perhaps relevant today: 'The Press represented them as martyrs, but the man in the street was more skeptical.'" □

Massive Retaliation

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5

You will remember the Unabomber, whose day at trial is coming soon. One of his letter bombs arrived, in the spring of 1993, at the office of Professor David Gelernter, who teaches computer science at Yale. The bomb ruined one eye, destroyed his right hand, and consigned him to surgery for days, weeks, and months. There comes from this experience the most salvific fire-hose of contempt for and resentment of fashionable liberal cliché-thought since Randall Jarrell's *Pictures at an Institution*.

In his little book *Drawing Life: Surviving the Unabomber*, Gelernter begins his learned and refreshing diatribe by asking why it is that we are not supposed to be "judgmental." Why not? Take the bomber. Incessant references to him in the media were to the "mad bomber," to the "genius." "But a society too squeamish to call evil by its right name has destroyed its first best defense against cutthroats."

What happened in America in the Sixties was the transfer of effective social power from a routine elite—the businessmen, lawyers, craftsmen, churchmen, the military, tradesmen—to the intelligentsia. Their governing world-view is Tolerance. Tolerance is okay, but it doesn't answer major questions. Free speech is certainly okay but it is obvious that what matters about free speech is ultimately what is said, and what matters about tolerance is that the better, not the lesser, should prevail.

Gelernter takes on ultra-feminism with mad, spring-cleaning fervor. Here is a passage that belongs in an anthology of Noble Scorn. A *Washington Post* columnist had written that the Virginia Military Institute existed in a "medieval time warp, in which brotherhood is forged through sado-masochistic rituals in a forgotten monastery supported by the state for its own Byzantine purposes." Mr. Gelernter observes, "A state senator from Virginia notified the world that she had 'trouble

with young men who want to shave their heads and shower together.' The elite hated VMI, and no doubt VMI hated the elite—another even matchup, except that when it occurred to the elite one afternoon on the way to the water cooler that VMI's way of life ought to be wiped out (just a casual notion, inasmuch as the likes of VMI hardly matter to the elite one way or other), it was duly crushed like a beer can under a tank tread and the Institute is now, needless to say, co-ed. Having put things right and fundamentally refashioned the quirky, proud old college, the elite is unlikely to think about it again for the next hundred years."

There is a smashing wholesomeness in the prose of which the mad bomber was the catalyst. What most infuriates the professor of computer science ("There are many reasons I wound up in computer science . . . [an important reason] is my dislike of intellectuals and my unwillingness to be one. I wanted a trade") is modern feminism, "the most disastrous consequence of the civil rights religion." Professor Gelernter has zero objections to the professional woman. "I wouldn't hurt them for the world; how they live is none of my business and I don't begrudge them their high standing with *Sesame Street* and their fellow citizens; what angers me is the housewife's low standing. But when a working mother like the First Lady condescends (as she did in her infamous remarks about not staying home to bake cookies) to women like my grandmothers and my mother and my wife, I am furious and despise her."

Eventually, Professor Gelernter was able to resume teaching. The interval was one in which he had to come to terms with the nightmare of losing, along with the loss of his right hand, the faculty to paint. The following is an incidental result of the Unabomber's spree: "With my right hand gone I believed I would never paint again. The mental stockpile of pictures I had worked on assiduously over the years, with only an occasional quick sketch to record a detail—none of those pictures, I supposed, would ever be painted. And at my pilot's controls the ground loomed up suddenly, the canned warning message thoughtfully built in by the manufacturer for just such an occasion triggered—'wrong career, wrong career'—and gales of mocking laughter and moments later the smash, and I could picture all too clearly what it would be like. The epitaph would read: 'D. H. Gelernter, who outsmarted himself and, worked into a decorative rose garland on top: 'Too Clever by Half.'"

It's hard to imagine we owe any debt to the Unabomber, but it is so. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

WHEN Princess Diana made her televised confession in 1995, the press quoted an unidentified Palace official who said, "In the old days we could have beheaded her." In the last few months, however, the real possibility arose that she could step on a land mine.

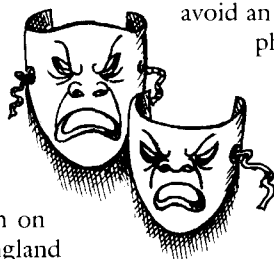
The once and former Merry England would have found it irresistible, reminiscent of those bizarre historical incidents, like Clarence drowning in a butt of malmsey, that provided material for "Beyond the Fringe." It would have recalled Evelyn Waugh's novel about African missionaries that contains the line, "Come quickly, the Bulanga have eaten Lady Tip-pett!" Martyrdom to a noble cause on the one hand, while on the other a denouement in the Peter Sellers-Terry Thomas tradition of high farce.

But Diana died a People's death on Labor Day weekend and Merry England is now an oxymoron. I heard the news late Saturday night, just moments after I had finished writing the column that ran in the last issue. My first thought was to scrap it and write a new one on Diana, but to do that I needed to watch TV, so I made coffee and dug in. I stayed there the whole week, including two replays of the funeral, until they were down to interviewing the jeweler who made the ring. I'm now waiting for Barbara Walters to interview the flag-pole and ask it, "If you were an English flower, what kind would you be?"

The coverage mesmerized me because it illustrated everything I've been writing about in this space for the last six years: feminization, democratization, emotions run amok, rhetorical chaos, litter as love, familiarity as contempt, vulnerable role models, passive heroes, mass empathy, gimp chic—I felt as if I were leafing through back issues of *NR*. If Diana's life passed before her eyes last week, so did mine.

My saturation viewing helped me

make a vital decision. For some time I had been thinking of emigrating to England to bring my nationality in line with my blood, but I have now abandoned the idea. There is no England, just this demi-realm, this scepter'd loony bin set in a sea of rotting flora, this U.K. of Utter Kitsch where the crud de la crud build teddybear temples to a gilded hysteric who was nothing more than Judy Garland with a title. If I must live in a country where people who once tipped their hats now tip the scales, I might as well stay home and save myself the trouble of learning to look right instead of left to avoid an oncoming hug. My hy-



phen, right or wrong. So much for sharing my innermost self-doubts. Now to my predictions.

I knew Diana's burial site was a mistake when I read what one Mrs. Irene Randall, interviewed as she pushed her disabled daughter in a wheelchair, told a reporter: "I don't like the idea of her being alone on that island." In 1950, four Scottish students stole the 450-pound Stone of Scone from under the Coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, took it back to Scotland, and kept it for four months. Count the graverobbers in Dickens.

Diana often pulled people up in mid-curtsy, so we can expect an official announcement soon that obeisance is "optional." In democracies that means you don't dare do it.

Titles will be downplayed, something already underway to judge from the crowds of women who imperiously summoned "William, William!" to their sides and offered advice to "Charles, Charles!" First to go probably will be "the Honourable" for children of hereditary peers of the lower degree (e.g., the Hon. Nancy Mitford, daughter of a baron). Next to be shorn will be younger sons of dukes and marquesses (Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Alfred Douglas). And so on and so forth—

Tony Blair's version of Bill Clinton's creeping health care: start with the kids.

I also think Blair will try to put in place changes for the next reign modeled on the Bourbon restoration. As a sop to republicans, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis-Philippe were all called "King of the French" instead of "King of France." Blair no doubt prefers "King of the British People."

We can be sure that Diana would champion all of these innovations, both from her stated wish to modernize the monarchy and her demonstrated subconscious wish to destroy it. They will be her legacy in death, but what would have been her legacy in life? Suppose she had lived to old age?

ONE commentator cast her as Elizabeth of Austria, estranged from Franz Josef, wandering the world but returning from time to time to brighten her stodgy husband's life. True, Elizabeth was obsessed with staying slim, ate sand for colonic cleansing, and was attacked by an anarchist while exercising. But she was also an intellectual who traveled with a Greek tutor, a sexual iceberg, and a Wittlesbach, a family too far gone into making brain waves to produce a mere neurotic.

Time's Roger Rosenblatt foresaw a future Diana basking in serenity, "the King's mother . . . the hair whiter, the skin a bit more lined," but it is impossible to visualize her aging gracefully. If you think the funeral coverage was excessive, imagine forty years of tummy tucks, skin peellings, the first face lift ("The New Di!"), the first nervous breakdown, the menopausal spiritual trek to Tibet ("At last I've found peace"), the second face lift, the "Hairdresser Plot," two more nervous breakdowns, the lawsuit over the third face lift, the disappearance from the Swiss sanitarium, and the amnesia attack ("I adore Spokane").

I foresaw her marrying Dodi Fayed ("At last I've found true love") and producing a son. Women and their he-hen accomplices would get so caught up in tremulous analyses of What This Baby Means that they would miss the one thing it actually did mean: a pretender to the throne. Trouble for the monarchy, yes, but a dream come true for the London bag lady who told CNN that she came to Diana's funeral because "I just want a bit of 'istory."

'Ere it is, ducks: Bonnie Prince Mohammed. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader and other books.